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13.

VIRGIL

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THE POEMS OF
VIRGIL

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

VIRGIL, 70–19 B C.

PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO was born October 15, 70 B C., on a farm on the banks of the Mincio, near Mantua in the region north of the Po Although

with the best available education

Somewhere between the ages of ten and twelve he was sent to school at

had as pupils the young Octavian and Mark Antony But Virgil did not find rhetoric congenial, and after pleading one case before the courts, he abandoned the forensic life for philosophy

Virgil left Rome and became associated with "the Garden ' a school of philosophy at Naples directed by Siron the Epicurean He remained under his tutelage until the philosopher s death and is said to have inherited his villa Poetry as well as philosophy was discussed at ' the Garden " and many of the rising generation of poets gathered there to read Catullus and Lucretius and to write verses modeled upon the Alexandrians A number

into Caesar s army, it was for a very brief period In 42 B C the year of the battle of Philippi, it is known that he was "cultivating his woodland Muse The year following his father s land and his home were involved in the confiscations made for the benefit of the soldiers of the triumvirs He is thought to have used his influence with powerful friends to obtain their restitution although it is not known whether he succeeded The event figures prominently in Virgil s first published work the *Eclogues*

These pastoral poems which had been commenced at his home in the country were completed and published in Rome when he was about thirty They immediately established him as the most celebrated poet of the day, and Tacitus records that on one occasion when Virgil was present at a theatre where the *Eclogues* were recited the audience arose and acclaimed him as they did the Emperor He enjoyed the friendship and protection of powerful patrons and in addition to an income was given a house on the Esquiline near the garden of Maecenas Here he made the acquaintance of Horace, Varius the epic poet, and other men of letters and became the head of the group which, under the patronage of Octa

vian and Maecenas, functioned as a kind of semi official committee on literature for promoting the peace and well being of the Empire

ity was interested in reviving agriculture and commending to the sol diers newly settled on the land the traditional virtues associated with the

life were spent on the composition of the *Aeneid*

In the *Eclogues* there
ing an epic When I
twitched my ear ." E

battles and bring him lasting fame By 25 B C he was at work upon his epic poem, for in that year Augustus, although involved with the cam paign in Spain wrote to Virgil requesting to see selections from it Virgil replied Regarding my *Aeneas*, if I had anything worth your hearing, I would gladly send it, but the thing is so inchoate that it almost seems to me that I must have been out of my mind to have started such a work" The selections were provided two or three years later when Virgil read from the *Aeneid* to Augustus and Octavia, he was famed for his beautiful reading voice, and Octavia fainted when he recited the passage from the Sixth Book relating the death of her son, Marcellus

In 19 B C. the *Aeneid* was finished although not corrected, and Virgil set out for Athens intending to pass three years in Greece and Asia, to

The poem was saved, it is said, only by the intervention and command of Augustus it was published within a year of his death by Varius and Tucca, the two friends he had designated as his literary executors

On September 21, a few days after landing at Brindisi, in Calabria,

"Mantua gave me birth, Calabria took me away, and now Naples holds me, I sang of pastures, farms leaders

CONTENTS

THE ECLOGUES

ECLOGUE I

MELIBOEUS TITYRUS

MELIBOEUS

You, Tityrus, 'neath a broad beech canopy
Reclining on the slender oat rehearse
Your silvan ditties I from my sweet fields,
And home s familiar bounds, even now depart.
Exiled from home am I, while, Tityrus you
Sit careless in the shade, and, at your call,
"Fair Amaryllis" bid the woods resound

TITYRUS

Oft with its life blood shall his altar stain
His gift it is that, as your eyes may see,
My kine may roam at large, and I myself
Play on my shepherd s pipe what songs I will *10*

MELIBOEUS

I grudge you not the boon, but marvel more,
Such wide confusion fills the country side
See, sick at heart I drive my she-goats on,
And this one, O my Tityrus scarce can lead
For 'mid the hazel thicket here but now
She dropped her new yeaned twins on the bare flint,
Hope of the flock--an ill, I mind me well,
Which many a *time, but for my blinded sense,*
The thunder stricken oak foretold, oft too
From hollow trunk the raven's ominous cry
But who this god of yours? Come, Tityrus, tell *18*

TITYRUS

The city, Meliboeus, they call Rome,
I, simpleton, deemed like this town of ours,
Whereto we shepherds oft are wont to drive
The younglings of the flock so too I knew
Whelps to resemble dogs, and kids their dams,
Comparing small with great, but this as far
Above all other cities rears her head
As cypress above pliant osier towers

MELIBOEUS

And what so potent cause took you to Rome?

TITYRUS

Freedom, which, though belated, cast at length
Her eyes upon the sluggard, when my beard
'Gan whiter fall beneath the barber's blade—
Cast eyes, I say, and, though long tarrying, came,
Now when from Galatea's yoke released,
I serve but Amaryllis for I will own,
While Galatea reigned over me, I had

32

Never with laden hands returned I home

MELIBOEUS

I used to wonder, Amaryllis, why
You cried to heaven so sadly, and for whom
You left the apples hanging on the trees,
'Twas Tityrus was away Why, Tityrus,
The very pines, the very water springs,
The very vineyards, cried aloud for you

TITYRUS

What could I do? how else from bonds be freed,
Or otherwhere find gods so nigh to aid? 41
There Meliboeus, I saw that youth to whom
Yearly for twice six days my altars smoke
There instant answer gave he to my suit,
'Feed as before, your kine, boys, rear your bulls"

MELIBOEUS

So in old age you happy man, your fields
Will still be yours, and ample for your need!
Though, with bare stones o'erspread, the pastures all
Be choked with rushy mire, your ewes with young
By no strange fodder will be tried, nor hurt

50

Shall oft with gentle murmur lull to sleep,
While the leaf-dresser beneath some tall rock
Uplifts his song, nor cease their cooings hoarse
The wood pigeons that are your heart's delight,
Nor doves their moaning in the elm tree top

TITYRUS

Sooner shall light stags therefore, feed in air, 59
The seas their fish leave naked on the strand,
Germans and Parthians shift their natural bounds,

And these the Arar, those the Tigris drink,
Than from my heart his face and memory fade

MELIBOEUS

But we far hence, to burning Libya some,
Some to the Scythian steppes, or thy swift flood,
Cretan Oaxes, now must wend our way,
Or Britain, from the whole world sundered far
Ah! shall I ever in aftertime behold
My native bounds—see many a harvest hence
With ravished eyes the lowly turf roofed cot
Where I was king? These fallows, trimmed so fair,
Some brutal soldier will possess, these fields
An alien master Ah! to what a pass
Has civil discord brought our hapless folk!
For such as these, then were our furrows sown! 72

[illegible]

Hang from the bushy rock, my songs are sung
Never again will you, with me to tend
On clover flower, or bitter willows, browse

TITYRUS

81

And, see, the farm roof chimneys smoke afar,
And from the hills the shadows lengthening fall!

ECLOGUE II

Alexis

The shepherd Corydon with love was fired
For fair Alexis, his own master's joy
No room for hope had he, yet, none the less,
The thick leaved shadowy soaring beech tree grove
Still would he haunt, and there alone, as thus,
To woods and hills pour forth his artless strains
'Cruel Alexis, heed you naught my songs?
Have you no pity? you ll drive me to my death
Now even the cattle court the cooling shade
And the green lizard hides him in the thorn
Now for tired mowers, with the fierce heat spent,
Pounds Thestilis her mess of savoury herbs,
Wild thyme and garlic I, with none beside,

13

Of Amaryllis, or Menalcas wooed,
Albeit he was so dark, and you so fair!
Trust not too much to colour, beauteous boy,
White privets fall, dark hyacinths are culled
You scorn me, Alexis, who or what I am
Care not to ask—how rich in flocks, or how
In snow white milk abounding yet for me
Roam on Sicilian hills a thousand lambs,
Summer or winter, still my milk pails brim

22

I sing as erst Amphion of Circe sang,
What time he went to call his cattle home
On Attic Aracynthus Nor am I
So ill to look on lately on the beach
I saw myself when winds had stilled the sea,
And if that mirror lie not, would not fear
Daphnis to challenge, though yourself were judge
Ah! were you but content with me to dwell

31

Pan first with wax taught reed with reed to join,
For sheep alike and shepherd Pan hath care.

Nor with the reed s edge fear you to make rough
Your dainty lip, such arts as these to learn
What did Amyntas do?—what did he not?
A pipe have I, of hemlock-stalks compact
In lessening lengths, Damoetas' dying gift
'Mine once,' quoth he, 'now yours, as heir to own'
Foolish Amyntas heard and envied me
Ay, and two fawns, I risked my neck to find
In a steep glen, with coats white-dappled still,
From a sheep's udders suckled twice a day—
These still I keep for you, which Thestilis
Implores me oft to let her lead away *43*
And she shall have them, since my gifts you spurn
Come hither, beauteous boy, for you the Nymphs
Bring baskets see, with lilies brimmed for you,
Plucking pale violets and poppy heads,
Now the fair Naiad of narcissus flower
And fragrant fennel, doth one posy twine—
With cassia then and other scented herbs,
Blends them, and sets the tender hyacinth off
With yellow marigold I too will pick
Quinces all silvered-o'er with hoary down,
Chestnuts, which Amaryllis wont to love,
And waxen plums withal this fruit no less
Shall have its meed of honour, and I will pluck
You too ye laurels, and you, ye myrtles, near,
For so your sweets ye mingle Corydon,
You are a boor, nor heeds a whit your gifts
Alexis no, nor would Iollas yield,

And the wild boar upon my crystal springs! *59*
Whom do you fly, infatuate? gods ere now,
And Dardan Paris, have made the woods their home
Let Pallas keep the towers her hand hath built,

In wanton sport the flowering cytisus,
And Corydon Alexis, each led on
By their own longing See, the ox comes home
With plough up tilted, and the shadows grow

wit? *69*

Your vine half pruned hangs on the leafy elm
Why haste you not to weave what need requires
Of pliant rush or osier? Scorned by this
Elsewhere some new Alexis you will find *73*

ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS DAMOETAS PALAEMON

MENALCAS

Who owns the flock, Damoetas? Meliboeus?

DAMOETAS

Nay, they are Aegon's sheep, of late by him
Committed to my care

MENALCAS

O every way

DAMOETAS

Hold! not so ready with your jeers at men!
We know who once and in what shrine with you—
The he-goats looked aside—the light nymphs
laughed—

MENALCAS

Ay, then, I warrant, when they saw *me* slash 10
Micon s young vines and trees with spiteful hook

DAMOETAS

Or here by these old beeches, when you broke
The bow and arrows of Damon, for you chafed

MENALCAS

With thieves so daring, what can masters do?

Gather your flock together, Tityrus,"
You hid behind the sedges 20

DAMOETAS

Well, was he
Whom I had conquered still to keep the goat
Which in the piping match my pipe had won!
You may not know it, but the goat was mine

MENALCAS

You out pipe *him?* when had you ever pipe
Wax welded? in the cross ways used you not
On grating straw some miserable tune
To mangle?

DAMOETAS

Well, then, shall we try our skill

Two young ones at her udder say you now
What you will stake upon the match with me 31

MENALCAS

Naught from the flock I'll venture, for at home
I have a father and a step-dame harsh,
And twice a day both reckon up the flock,
And one withal the kids But I will stake,
Seeing you are so mad, what you yourself
Will own more priceless far—two beechen cups
By the divine art of Alcimedon
Wrought and embossed, whereon a limber vine,
Wreathed round them by the graver's facile tool,

Marked out for all men the whole round of heaven,

43

DAMOETAS

For me too wrought the same Alcimedon
A pair of cups, and round the handles wreathed
Pliant acanthus, Orpheus in the midst,
The forests following in his wake, nor yet
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by
Matched with a heifer, who would prate of cups?

MENALCAS

You shall not balk me now, where'er you bid,
I shall be with you, only let us have
For auditor—or see, to serve our turn,
Yonder Palaemon comes! In singing bouts
I'll see you play the challenger no more 51

DAMOETAS

Out then with what you have, I shall not shrink,
Nor budge for any man only do you,
Neighbour Palaemon, with your whole heart's skill—

For it is no slight matter—play your part

PALAEMON

Say on then since on the greensward we sit
And now is burgeoning both field and tree
Now is the forest green and now the year
At fairest Do you first Damoetas sing
Then you Menalcas in alternate strain
Alternate strains are to the Muses dear

DAMOETAS

From Jove the Muse began Jove filleth all 60
Makes the earth fruitful for my songs hath care

MENALCAS

Me Phoebus loves for Phoebus his own gifts
Bays and sweet blushing hyacinths I keep

DAMOETAS

Gay Galatea throws an apple at me
Then hies to the willows hoping to be seen

MENALCAS

My dear Amyntas comes unasked to me
Not Delia to my dogs is better known

DAMOETAS

Gifts for my love I ve found mine eyes have marked
Where the wood pigeons build their airy nests

MENALCAS

Ten golden apples have I sent my boy 70
All that I could to morrow as many more

DAMOETAS

What words to me and uttered O how oft
Hath Galatea spoke! waft some of them
Ye winds I pray you for the gods to hear

MENALCAS

It profiteth me naught Amyntas mine
That in your very heart you spurn me not
If while you hunt the boar I guard the nets

DAMOETAS

Prithee Iollas for my birthday guest
Send me your Phyllis when for the young crops
I slay my heifer you yourself shall come

MENALCAS

DAMOETAS

Fell as the wolf is to the folded flock 80
Rain to ripe corn Sirocco to the trees
The wrath of Amaryllis is to me

MENALCAS

"As moisture to the corn to ewes with young
Lithe willow, as arbute to the yeanling kids,
So sweet Amyntas, and none else, to me"

DAMOETAS

My Muse, although she be but country bred,
Is loved by Pollio O Pierian Maids,
Pray you, a heifer for your reader feed!'

MENALCAS

'Pollio himself too doth new verses make
Feed ye a bull now ripe to butt with horn,
And scatter with his hooves the flying sand"

DAMOETAS

'Who loves thee, Pollio, may he thither come
Where thee he joys beholding ay, for him
Let honey flow, the thorn bush spices bear"

MENALCAS

Who hates not Bavius, let him also love   90
Thy songs, O Maevius, ay, and therewithal
Yoke foxes to his car, and he goats milk'

DAMOETAS

[illegible]

MENALCAS

"Forbear, my sheep, to tread too near the brink,
Yon bank is ill to trust to, even now
The ram himself, see, dries his dripping fleece!'

DAMOETAS

'Back with the she-goats, Tityrus, grazing there
So near the river! I, when time shall serve,
Will take them all, and wash them in the pool"

MENALCAS

[illegible]

DAMOETAS

[illegible]   100

MENALCAS

"These truly—nor is even love the cause—
Scarce have the flesh to keep their bones together
Some evil eye my lambkins hath bewitched"

DAMOETAS

"Say in what clime—and you shall be withal

My great Apollo—the whole breadth of heaven
Opens no wider than three ells to view"

MENALCAS

PALAEMON

Not mine betwixt such rivals to decide
You well deserve the heifer, so does he,
With all who either fear the sweets of love,
Or taste its bitterness Now, boys, shut off
The sluices, for the fields have drunk their fill *111*

ECLOGUE IV

Pollio

Muses of Sicily, essay we now
A somewhat loftier task! Not all men love
[illegible]

Justice returns, returns old Saturn's reign,
With a new breed of men sent down from heaven. 7
Only do thou, at the boy's birth in whom
The iron shall cease, the golden race arise,
Befriend him, chaste Lucina, 'tis thine own
Apollo reigns And in thy consulate,
This glorious age, O Pollio, shall begin,
And the months enter on their mighty march
Under thy guidance, whatso tracks remain
Of our old wickedness, once done away,
[illegible] 14

Be seen of them, and with his father's worth
Reign o'er a world at peace For thee, O boy,
First shall the earth, untilled, pour freely forth
Her childish gifts, the gadding ivy spray
With foxglove and Egyptian bean flower mixed,
And laughing-eyed acanthus Of themselves,
Untended, will the she-goats then bring home
Their udders swollen with milk, while flocks afield
Shall of the monstrous lion have no fear 22
Thy very cradle shall pour forth for thee
Caressing flowers The serpent too shall die,
Die shall the treacherous poison plant, and far
And wide Assyrian spices spring But soon
As thou hast skill to read of heroes' fame,
And of thy father's deeds, and inly learn
[illegible]

Yet shall there lurk within of ancient wrong
Some traces, bidding tempt the deep with ships,
Gird towns with walls with furrows cleave the earth. *33*
Therewith a second Tiphys shall there be,

man,
No more shall mariner sail, nor pine tree bark
Ply traffic on the sea, but every land
Shall all things bear alike the glebe no more
Shall feel the harrow s grip, nor vine the hook,

Now with soft flush of purple, now with tint
Of yellow saffron, teach his fleece to shine

45

54

And Linus fair Apollo Nay, though Pan,

Begin to greet thy mother with a smile,
O baby boy! ten months of weariness
For thee she bore O baby boy, begin!
For him, on whom his parents have not smiled,
Gods deem not worthy of their board or bed *64*

ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS MOPSUS

MENALCAS
Why Mopsus being both together met,
You skilled to breathe upon the slender reeds,
I to sing ditties do we not sit down
Here where the elm trees and the hazels blend?

MOPSUS
You are the elder tis for me to bide
Your choice Menalcas whether now we seek
Yon shade that quivers to the changeful breeze,
Or the cave s shelter Look you how the cave
Is with the wild vine s clusters over laced!

MENALCAS
None but Amyntas on these hills of ours
Can vie with you

MOPSUS
What if he also strive
To out sing Phoebus? 9

MENALCAS
Do you first begin
Good Mopsus whether minded to sing aught
Of Phyllis and her loves or Alcon s praise
Or to fling taunts at Codrus Come begin
While Tityrus watches o er the grazing kids

MOPSUS
Nay then I will essay what late I carved
On a green beech tree s rind playing by turns,
And marking down the notes then afterward
Bid you Amyntas match them if he can

MENALCAS
As limber willow to pale olive yields
[illegible]

19

MOPSUS
For Daphnis cruelly slain wept all the Nymphs—
Ye hazels bear them witness and ye streams—
When she his mother clasping in her arms
The hapless body of the son she bare
To gods and stars unpitying poured her plaint,

Then, Daphnis, to the cooling streams were none
That drove the pastured oxen, then no beast
Drank of the river, or would the grass blade touch
Nay, the wild rocks and woods then voiced the roar
Of Afric lions mourning for thy death   28
Daphnis, 'twas thou bad st yoke to Bacchus' car

Is crown of glory, as to vines the grape,
Bulls to the herd, to fruitful fields the corn,
So the one glory of thine own art thou
When the Fates took thee hence, then Pales' self,
And even Apollo, left the country lone
Where the plump barley-grain so oft we sowed,
There but wild oats and barren darnel spring,
For tender violet and narcissus bright
Thistle and prickly thorn uprear their heads   39
Now, O ye shepherds, strew the ground with leaves,
And o'er the fountains draw a shady veil—
So Daphnis to his memory bids be done—
And rear a tomb, and write thereon this verse
'I, Daphnis *in the woods, from hence in fame*
Am to the stars exalted, guardian once
Of a fair flock, myself more fair than they'"

MENALCAS

So is thy song to me, poet divine,
As slumber on the grass to weary limbs,
Or to slake thirst from some sweet bubbling rill
In summer's heat Nor on the reeds alone,
But with thy voice art thou, thrice happy boy,
Ranked with thy master, second but to him   49
Yet will I, too, in turn as best I may
Sing thee a song and to the stars uplift
Thy Daphnis—Daphnis to the stars extol,
For me too Daphnis loved

MOPSUS

Than such a boon
What dearer could I deem? the boy himself
Was worthy to be sung and many a time
Hath Stimichon to me your singing praised

MENALCAS

"In dazzling sheen with unaccustomed eyes
Daphnis stands rapt before Olympus gate,
And sees beneath his feet the clouds and stars
Wherefore the woods and fields, Pan, shepherd folk,

And Dryad maidens, thrill with eager joy, 59
Nor wolf with treacherous wile assails the flock,
Nor nets the stag kind Daphnis loveth peace.
The unshorn mountains to the stars up toss
Voices of gladness, ay, the very rocks,
The very thickets, shout and sing, 'A god,
A god is he, Menalcas!' Be thou kind,
Propitious to thine own Lo! altars four,
Twain to thee, Daphnis, and to Phoebus twain
For sacrifice, we build, and I for thee

68

If cold, before the hearth, or in the shade
At harvest time, to glad the festal hour,
From flasks of Ariusian grape will pour
Sweet nectar Therewithal at my behest
Shall Lyctian Aegon and Damoetas sing,
And Alphesiboeus *emulate in dance*
The dancing Satyrs This, thy service due,
Shalt thou lack never both when we pay the Nymphs
Our yearly vows, and when with lustral rites
The fields we hallow Long as the wild boar
Shall love the mountain heights, and fish the streams,
While bees on thyme and crickets feed on dew,
Thy name, thy praise, thine honour, shall endure.
Even as to Bacchus and to Ceres, so
To thee the swain his yearly vows shall make,
And thou thereof, like them shalt quittance claim" 80

MOPSUS

How how repay thee for a song so rare?
For not the whispering south wind on its way
So much delights me, nor wave smitten beach,
Nor streams that race adown their bouldered beds

MENALCAS

"Who owns the flock?—Meliboeus?'

MOPSUS

But take you
This shepherd s crook, which, howso hard he begged,
Antigenes, then worthy to be loved,
Prevailed not to obtain—with brass, you see,
And equal knots, Menalcas, fashioned fair! 90

ECLOGUE VI

To Varus

First my Thalia stooped in sportive mood
To Syracusan strains, nor blushed within

Beseems a shepherd wight to feed fat sheep,
But sing a slender song "Now, Varus, I—
For lack there will not who would laud thy deeds,
And treat of dolorous wars—will rather tune
To the slim oaten reed my silvan lay *8*
I sing but as vouchsafed me, yet even this
If, if but one with ravished eyes should read,
Of thee, O Varus, shall our tamarisks
And all the woodland ring nor can there be
A page more dear to Phoebus, than the page
Where, foremost writ, the name of Varus stands

Speed ye, Pierian Maids! Within a cave

Had balked them both of a long hoped for song—
Garlands to fetters turned they bind him fast *19*
Then Aegle, fairest of the Naiad band,
Aegle came up to the half frightened boys,
Came, and, as now with open eyes he lay,
With juice of blood red mulberries smeared him o'er,
Both brow and temples Laughing at their guile
And crying, "Why tie the fetters? loose me, boys,
Enough for you to think you had the power,

Of Rhodope or Ismarus for he sang
How through the mighty void the seeds were driven
Of earth air, ocean, and of liquid fire,
How all that is from these beginnings grew,
And the young world itself took solid shape,
Then gan its crust to harden, and in the deep
Shut Nereus off, and mould the forms of things
Little by little and *how the earth amazed*
Beheld the new sun shining, and the showers
Fall as the clouds soared higher, what time the woods
Gan first to rise and living things to roam
Scattered among the hills that knew them not 40
Then sang he of the stones by Pyrrha cast
Of Saturn s reign, and of Prometheus theft,
And the Caucasian birds, and told withal
Nigh to what fountain by his comrades left
The mariners cried on Hylas till the shore
Re-echoed 'Hylas Hylas!' Then he soothed
Pasiphae with the love of her white bull—

Of such unhallowed union e er was fain
As with a beast to mate, though many a time
On her smooth forehead she had sought for horns,
And for her neck had feared the galling plough 51
O ill starred maid! thou roamest now the hills,
While on soft hyacinths he, his snowy side

Ye Nymphs of Dicte, close the forest glades
If haply there may chance upon mine eyes

60

To the Aonian mountains and how all
The choir of Phoebus rose to greet him, how

The shepherd Linus, singer of songs divine,
Brow bound with flowers and bitter parsley spake
'These reeds the Muses give thee, take them thou,
Erst to the agèd bard of Ascra given,
Wherewith in singing he was wont to draw
71

Of Scylla, child of Nisus who tis said,
Her fair white loins with barking monsters girt
Vexed the Dulichian ships, and, in the deep
Swift eddying whirlpool, with her sea dogs tore

81
All that, of old, Eurotas, happy stream,
Heard, as Apollo mused upon the lyre,

Their tale of sheep, and pen them in the fold 86

ECLOGUE VII

MELIBOEUS CORYDON THYRSIS

Daphnis beneath a rustling ilex tree

Lord of the flock, when Daphnis I espy!
Soon as he saw me, "Hither haste," he cried,

9

Will through the meadows, of their own free will,
Untended come to drink Here Mincius hath
With tender rushes rimmed his verdant banks,
And from yon sacred oak with busy hum
The bees are swarming What was I to do?
No Phyllis or Alcippe left at home
Had I, to shelter my new weanèd lambs,
And no slight matter was a singing bout
'Twixt Corydon and Thyrsis Howsoe'er,
I let my business wait upon their sport
So they began to sing, voice answering voice
In strains alternate—for alternate strains
The Muses then were minded to recall—
First Corydon, then Thyrsis in reply. 20

CORYDON

"Libethrian Nymphs, who are my heart's delight,
Grant me, as doth my Codrus, so to sing—
Next to Apollo he—or if to this
We may not all attain, my tuneful pipe
Here on this sacred pine shall silent hang"

THYRSIS

"Arcadian shepherds, wreathe with ivy spray
Your budding poet, so that Codrus burst
With envy if he praise beyond my due,
Then bind my brow with foxglove, lest his tongue
With evil omen blight the coming bard"

CORYDON

32

THYRSIS

"A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these cakes,

CORYDON

"Daughter of Nereus, Galatea mine,
Sweeter than Hybla thyme, more white than swans,
Fairer than ivy pale, soon as the steers
Shall from their pasture to the stalls repair,
If aught for Corydon thou carest, come" 40

THYRSIS

"Now may I seem more bitter to your taste
Than herb Sardinian, rougher than the broom,
More worthless than strewn sea weed, if to-day
Hath not a year out lasted! Fie for shame!
Go home, my cattle, from your grazing go!'

CORYDON

Comes on the burning summer, now the buds
Upon the limber vine shoot 'gin to swell'

THYRSIS

"Here is a hearth, and resinous logs, here fire 49
Unstinted, and doors black with ceaseless smoke.
Here heed we Boreas' icy breath as much
As the wolf heeds the number of the flock
Or furious rivers their restraining banks"

CORYDON

"The junipers and prickly chestnuts stand

THYRSIS

Green will be all the grove, and Jupiter
Descend in floods of fertilizing rain" 60

CORYDON

"The poplar doth Alcides hold most dear,
The vine Iacchus, Phoebus his own bays,
And Venus fair the myrtle therewithal
Phyllis doth hazels love, and while she loves,
Myrtle nor bay the hazel shall out vie"

THYRSIS

"Ash in the forest is most beautiful,
[illegible]

Both forest ash, and garden pine should bow."

MELIBOEUS

These I remember, and how Thyrsis strove
For victory in vain From that time forth
Is Corydon still Corydon with us 70

ECLOGUE VIII

To Pollio Damon Alphesiboeus

Of Damon and Alphesiboeus now,
Those shepherd singers at whose rival strains
The heifer wondering forgot to graze,
The lynx stood awe-struck, and the flowing streams,
Unwonted loiterers, stayed their course to hear—
How Damon and Alphesiboeus sang
Their pastoral ditties, will I tell the tale
  Thou, whether broad Timavus' rocky banks
Thou now art passing, or dost skirt the shore
Of the Illyrian main,—will ever dawn
That day when I thy deeds may celebrate,
Ever that day when through the whole wide world
I may renown thy verse—that verse alone
Of Sophoclean buskin worthy found?   10
With thee began, to thee shall end, the strain
Take thou these songs that owe their birth to thee,
And deign around thy temples to let creep
This ivy-chaplet 'twixt the conquering bays
  Scarce had night's chill shade forsook the sky

Of olive leaning, Damon thus began

DAMON

"Rise, Lucifer, and, heralding the light,
Bring in the genial day, while I make moan
Fooled by vain passion for a faithless bride,
For Nysa, and with this my dying breath
Call on the gods though little it bestead—
The gods who heard her vows and heeded not
  ' Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays   21
Ever hath Maenalus his murmuring groves
And whispering pines, and ever hears the songs
Of love-lorn shepherds, and of Pan, who first
Brooked not the tuneful reed should idle lie
  "Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays
Nysa to Mopsus given! what may not then
We lovers look for? soon shall we see mate
Griffins with mares, and in the coming age
Shy deer and hounds together come to drink.

"Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays
Now, Mopsus, cut new torches, for they bring
Your bride along, now, bridegroom, scatter nuts

31

Thou scornest, and with loathing dost behold
My shepherd's pipe, my goats, my shaggy brow,
And untrimmed beard nor deem'st that any god

I scarce had entered, and could barely reach
The brittle boughs I looked, and I was lost;
A sudden frenzy swept my wits away
"Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays. 42
Now know I what Love is 'mid savage rocks
Tmaros or Rhodope brought forth the boy,
Or Garamantes in earth's utmost bounds—
No kin of ours nor of our blood begot
' Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays
Fierce Love it was once steeled a mother s heart
With her own offspring s blood her hands to imbrue:
Mother, thou too wert cruel, say wert thou
More cruel, mother, or more ruthless he?
Ruthless the boy, thou, mother, cruel too

51

Sweat with rich amber, and the screech owl vie
In singing with the swan let Tityrus
Be Orpheus Orpheus in the forest-glade,
Arion 'mid his dolphins on the deep
"Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays
Yea be the whole earth to mid-ocean turned!
Farewell, ye woodlands! I from the tall peak
Of yon aerial rock will headlong plunge
Into the billows this my latest gift,
From dying lips bequeathed thee, see thou keep
Cease now, my flute, now cease Maenalian lays" 61
Thus Damon but do ye, Pierian Maids—
We cannot all do all things—tell me how
Alphesiboeus to his strain replied.

ALPHESIBOEUS

"Bring water, and with soft wool fillet bind
These altars round about, and burn thereon
Rich vervain and male frankincense, that I
May strive with magic spells to turn astray
My lover's saner senses, whereunto
There lacketh nothing save the power of song
"Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home
Songs can the very moon draw down from heaven
Circe with singing changed from human form
The comrades of Ulysses, and by song
Is the cold meadow snake asunder burst 71
"Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home
These triple threads of threefold colour first
I twine about thee, and three times withal
Around these altars do thine image bear
Uneven numbers are the god's delight
"Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home
Now, Amaryllis ply in triple knots
The threefold colours ply them fast, and say
This is the chain of Venus that I ply
"Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home

And with bitumen burn the brittle bays
Me Daphnis with his cruelty doth burn,
I to melt cruel Daphnis burn this bay 83
"Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home
As when some heifer, seeking for her steer
Through woodland and deep grove, sinks wearied out
On the green sedge beside a stream, love-lorn,
Nor marks the gathering night that calls her home—
As pines that heifer, with such love as hers
May Daphnis pine, and I not care to heal
"Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home 90
These relics once, dear pledges of himself,
The traitor left me, which, O earth, to thee

Here on this very threshold I commit—
Pledges that bind him to redeem the debt
    Draw from the town my songs draw Daphnis
      home
These herbs of bane to me did Moeris give
In Pontus culled where baneful herbs abound
With these full oft have I seen Moeris change
To a wolf's form and hide him in the woods
Oft summon spirits from the tomb s recess
And to new fields transport the standing corn
    Draw from the town my songs draw Daphnis
      home   100
Take ashes Amaryllis fetch them forth
And o er your head into the running brook
Fling them nor look behind with these will I
Upon the heart of Daphnis make essay
Nothing for gods nothing for songs cares he
    Draw from the town my songs draw Daphnis
      home
Look look! the very embers of themselves
Have caught the altar with a flickering flame
While I delay to fetch them may the sign
[illegible]

By their own fancies fooled?
                                        Give o er my songs
Daphnis is coming from the town give o er   109

ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS MOERIS

LYCIDAS

Say whither, Moeris?—Make you for the town,
Or on what errand bent?

MOERIS

O Lycidas,
We have lived to see, what never yet we feared,
An interloper own our little farm,
And say, Be off, you former husbandmen!
These fields are mine 'Now, cowed and out of heart,
Since Fortune turns the whole world upside down,
We are taking him—ill luck go with the same!—
These kids you see

LYCIDAS

But surely I had heard
That where the hills first draw from off the plain,
And the high ridge with gentle slope descends,
Down to the brook side and the broken crests
Of yonder veteran beeches, all the land
Was by the songs of your Menalcas saved *10*

MOERIS

Heard it you had, and so the rumour ran,
But 'mid the clash of arms, my Lycidas
Our songs avail no more than, as 'tis said,
Doves of Dodona when an eagle comes
Nay, had I not, from hollow ilex bole
Warned by a raven on the left, cut short
The rising feud, nor I, your Moeris here,
No, nor Menalcas, were alive to-day

LYCIDAS

Alack! could any of so foul a crime
Be guilty? Ah! how nearly, with thyself,
Reft was the solace that we had in thee,
Menalcas! Who then of the Nymphs had sung
Or who with flowering herbs bestrewn the ground,
And o er the fountains drawn a leafy veil?— *20*

Drive to the drinking pool, and as you drive,
Beware the he goat with his horn he butts"

MOERIS

Ay or to *Varus* that half finished lay,
'Varus thy name so still *our Mantua* live—
Mantua to poor Cremona all too near—
Shall singing swans bear upward to the stars"

LYCIDAS

So may your swarms Cyrnean yew trees shun, 30
Your kine with cytisus their udders swell,
Begin if aught you have The *Muses* made
Me too a singer *I too have sung* the swains
Call me a poet but I believe them not
For naught of mine or worthy Varius yet
Or Cinna deem I but account myself
A *cackling* goose among melodious swans

MOERIS

'Twas in my thought to do so Lycidas,
Even now was I revolving silently
If thus I could recall—no paltry song 38
Come Galatea what pleasure is t to play
Amid the waves? Here glows the *Spring* here earth
Beside *the streams pours forth* a thousand flowers,
Here the white poplar bends above the cave,
And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert come,
Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore'

... once

... ls

MOERIS

Why Daphnis, upward gazing do you mark
The ancient risings of the Signs? for look
... Caesar s star comes forth
... corn

... ars
... fruit" 50

Time carries ...
Oft as a boy, I sang the sun to rest,
... songs are from my memory fled,

... wish
Menalcas will repeat ...

LYCIDAS

Your pleas but linger out my ...

Now all the deep is into silence hushed,
And all the murmuring breezes sunk to sleep
We are half way thither, for Bianor's tomb
Begins to show here, Moeris, where the hinds
Are lopping the thick leafage, let us sing *61*
Set down the kids, yet shall we reach the town,
Or, if we fear the night may gather rain
Ere we arrive, then singing let us go,
Our way to lighten and, that we may thus
Go singing, I will ease you of this load

MOERIS

Cease, boy, and get we to the work in hand
We shall sing better when himself is come *67*

Drive to the drinking pool and, as you drive,
Beware the he goat, with his horn he butts"

MOERIS

Ay, or to Varus that half finished lay,
"Varus, thy name so still our Mantua live—
Mantua to poor Cremona all too near—
Shall singing swans bear upward to the stars"

LYCIDAS

So may your swarms Cyrnean yew trees shun, 30
Your kine with cytisus their udders swell,
Begin if aught you have The Muses made

Or Cinna deem I, but account myself
A cackling goose among melodious swans.

MOERIS

'Twas in my thought to do so Lycidas,
Even now was I revolving silently
If this I could recall—no paltry song 38
"Come, Galatea what pleasure is t to play
Amid the waves? Here glows the Spring here earth
Beside the streams pours forth a thousand flowers,
Here the white poplar bends above the cave,
And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert come,
Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore."

LYCIDAS

What of the strain I heard you singing once
On a clear night alone? the notes I still
Remember, could I but recall the words

MOERIS

"Why Daphnis, upward gazing do you mark
The ancient risings of the Signs? for look
Where Dionean Caesar's star comes forth
In heaven to gladden all the fields with corn,

" 50

Time carries all things, even our wits, away.

Menalcas will repeat them oft enow

LYCIDAS

Your pleas but linger out my heart's desire

"Yet will ye sing, Arcadians of my woes
Upon your mountains,' sadly he replied—
"Arcadians, that alone have skill to sing
O then how softly would my ashes rest,
If of my love, one day, your flutes should tell!
And would that I, of your own fellowship,
Or dresser of the ripening grape had been,
Or guardian of the flock! for surely then,
Let Phyllis or Amyntas, or who else,
Bewitch me—what if swart Amyntas be?
Dark is the violet dark the hyacinth—
Among the willows neath the limber vine,
Reclining would my love have lain with me,
Phyllis plucked garlands or Amyntas sung 41

Armed amid weapons and opposing foes
Whilst thou—Ah! might I but believe it not!—
Alone without me, and from home afar,
Look st upon Alpine snows and frozen Rhine
Ah! may the frost not hurt thee, may the sharp
[illegible] etl 49

Of the Sicilian swain Resolved am I
In the woods rather, with wild beasts to couch,
And bear my doom, and character my love
Upon the tender tree trunks they will grow,
And you, my love, grow with them And meanwhile
I with the Nymphs will haunt Mount Maenalus,
Or hunt the keen wild boar No frost so cold
But I will hem with hounds thy forest glades,
Parthenius Even now methinks, I range
O er rocks through echoing groves, and joy to launch
Cydonian arrows from a Parthian bow —
[illegible] 61

And in wet winters face Sithonian snows,
Or, when the bark of the tall elm tree bole
Of drought is dying should, under Cancer s Sign,
In Aethiopian deserts drive our flocks

ECLOGUE X

GALLUS

This now, the very latest of my toils,
Vouchsafe me, Arethusa! needs must I
Sing a brief song to Gallus—brief, but yet
Such as Lycoris self may fitly read
Who would not sing for Gallus? So, when thou
Beneath Sicanian billows glidest on,
May Doris blend no bitter wave with thine,
Begin! The love of Gallus be our theme,
And the shrewd pangs he suffered, while hard by,
The flat nosed she goats browse the tender brush 7

Love all unworthy of a loss so dear—
Gallus lay dying? for neither did the slopes
Of Pindus or Parnassus stay you then,
No nor Aonian Aganippe Him
Even the laurels and the tamarisks wept,
For him outstretched beneath a lonely rock,
Wept pine-clad Maenalus and the flinty crags
Of cold Lycaeus The sheep too stood around—
Of us they feel no shame poet divine,
Nor of the flock be thou ashamed even fair
Adonis by the rivers fed his sheep— 18
Came shepherd too, and swine herd footing slow,
And from the winter acorns dripping wet
Menalcas All with one accord exclaim
"From whence this love of thine?" Apollo came,
"Gallus art mad?" he cried, "thy bosom's care
Another love is following "Therewithal
Silvanus came with rural honours crowned,
The flowering fennels and tall lilies shook
Before him Yea, and our own eyes beheld

Love recks not aught of it his heart no more
With tears is sated than with streams the grass,
Bees with the cytisus, or goats with leaves" 30

THE GEORGICS

I 69

And of slim mallow wove a basket fine
To Gallus ye will magnify their worth,
Gallus for whom my love grows hour by hour,
As the green alder shoots in early Spring
Come, let us rise the shade is wont to be
Baneful to singers, baneful is the shade
Cast by the juniper, crops sicken too
In shade Now homeward, having fed your fill—
Eve s star is rising—go, my she goats, go 77

GEORGIC I

What makes the cornfield smile, beneath what star
Maecenas, it is meet to turn the sod
Or marry elm with vine, how tend the steer,
What pains for cattle keeping, or what proof
Of patient trial serves for thrifty bees,—
Such are my themes
O universal lights
Most glorious! ye that lead the gliding year
Along the sky, Liber and Ceres mild,
If by your bounty holpen earth once changed
Chaonian acorn for the plump wheat ear,
And mingled with the grape, your new found gift,
The draughts of Achelous, and ye Fauns
To rustics ever kind, come foot it, Fauns

stroke,
Neptune, and haunter of the groves, for whom
hree hundred snow white heifers browse the brakes,
he fertile brakes of Ceos, and clothed in power,
ny native forest and Lycean lawns,
n shepherd god, forsaking, as the love
hine own Maenalus constrains thee, hear

aring a young cypress root uptorn,
s and Gods all and Goddesses,
ke the fields your care, both ye who nurse
r unsown increase, and from heaven
an's sowing the riches of your rain
en thou, of whom we know not yet
n of the skies shall hold thee soon,
ich o'er cities be thy will,
l to take the earth in charge,
world may welcome thee
master of her times,
myrtle round thy brow,
s God thou come,

23

GEORGIC I

What makes the cornfield smile, beneath what star
Maecenas, it is meet to turn the sod
Or marry elm with vine, how tend the steer,
What pains for cattle-keeping, or what proof
Of patient trial serves for thrifty bees,—
Such are my themes

O universal lights

Chaonian acorn for the plump wheat ear,

And Dryad maids together, your gifts I sing
And thou, for whose delight the war horse first
Sprang from earth's womb at thy great trident's
    stroke,
Neptune, and haunter of the groves, for whom
Three hundred snow white heifers browse the brakes,
The fertile brakes of Ceos, and clothed in power,
Thy native forest and Lycean lawns,
Pan, shepherd god, forsaking, as the love
Of thine own Maenalus constrains thee, hear

And, bearing a young cypress root uptorn,
Silvanus, and Gods all and Goddesses,
Who make the fields your care, both ye who nurse
The tender unsown increase, and from heaven
Shed on man's sowing the riches of your rain   23
And thou, even thou, of whom we know not yet
What mansion of the skies shall hold thee soon,
Whether to watch o'er cities be thy will,

Binding thy mother's myrtle round thy brow,
Or as the boundless ocean's God thou come,

Sole dread of seamen, till far Thule bow 30
Before thee, and Tethys win thee to her son
With all her waves for dower; or as a star

Than thy full meed of heaven be what thou wilt—
For neither Tartarus hopes to call thee king,
Nor may so dire a lust of sovereignty
E'er light upon thee, howso Greece admire
Elysium's fields, and Proserpine not heed
Her mother's voice entreating to return—
Vouchsafe a prosperous voyage, and smile on this
My bold endeavour, and pitying, even as I,
These poor way-wildered swains, at once begin,
Grow timely used unto the voice of prayer. 42
In early spring-tide, when the icy drip
Melts from the mountains hoar, and Zephyr's breath
Unbinds the crumbling clod, even then 'tis time;
Press deep your plough behind the groaning ox,
And teach the furrow-burnished share to shine.
That land the craving farmer's prayer fulfils,
Which twice the sunshine, twice the frost has felt;
Ay, that's the land whose boundless harvest-crops
Burst, see! the barns.

But ere our metal cleave
An unknown surface, heed we to forelearn
The winds and varying temper of the sky,
The lineal tilth and habits of the spot,

53

Iron from the naked Chalybs, castor rank
From Pontus, from Epirus the prize-palms
O' the mares of Elis. 59

Such the eternal bond

Cast stones, whence men, a flinty race, were reared.
Up then! if fat the soil, let sturdy bulls
Upturn it from the year's first opening months,

And let the clods lie bare till baked to dust
By the ripe suns of summer, but if the earth
Less fruitful be, just ere Arcturus rise
With shallower trench uptilt it—'twill suffice,
There, lest weeds choke the crop's luxuriance, here,
Lest the scant moisture fail the barren sand. *70*
  Then thou shalt suffer in alternate years
The new reaped fields to rest, and on the plain
A crust of sloth to harden, or, when stars
Are changed in heaven, there sow the golden grain
Where erst, luxuriant with its quivering pod,
Pulse, or the slender vetch crop, thou hast cleared,
And lupin sour, whose brittle stalks arise,

The travailing earth is lightened but stint not
With refuse rich to soak the thirsty soil,
And shower foul ashes o er the exhausted fields
Thus by rotation like repose is gained,
Nor earth meanwhile uneared and thankless left *83*
Oft, too, 'twill boot to fire the naked fields,
And the light stubble burn with crackling flames,
Whether that earth therefrom some hidden strength
And fattening food derives or that the fire
Bakes every blemish out, and sweats away
Each useless humour, or that the heat unlocks
New passages and secret pores, whereby
Their life juice to the tender blades may win;
Or that it hardens more and helps to bind
The gaping veins lest penetrating showers,
Or fierce sun's ravening might, or searching blast
Of the keen north should sear them Well I wot,
He serves the fields who with his harrow breaks
The sluggish clods, and hurdles osier twined
Hales o er them, from the far Olympian height
96

  Pray for wet summers and for winters fine,
Ye husbandmen, in winter s dust the crops
Exceedingly rejoice, the field hath joy,
No tilth makes Mysia lift her head so high,
Nor Gargarus his own harvests so admire

Why tell of him, who, having launched his seed,
Sets on for close encounter, and rakes smooth
The dry dust hillocks, then on the tender corn
Lets in the flood, whose waters follow fain,
And when the parched field quivers, and all the blades
Are dying, from the brow of its hill bed,
See! see! he lures the runnel, down it falls,
Waking hoarse murmurs o er the polished stones,
And with its bubblings slakes the thirsty fields? *110*
Or why of him, who lest the heavy ears
O erweigh the stalk, while yet in tender blade
Feeds down the crop s luxuriance, when its growth
First tops the furrows? Why of him who drains
The marsh land s gathered ooze through soaking sand,
Chiefly what time in treacherous moons a stream
Goes out in spate, and with its coat of slime
Holds all the country, whence the hollow dykes
Sweat steaming vapour? *117*
But no whit the more,
For all expedients tried and travail borne
By man and beast in turning oft the soil,
Do greedy goose and Strymon haunting cranes
And succory s bitter fibres cease to harm,
Or shade not injure The great Sire himself
No easy road to husbandry assigned,
And first was he by human skill to rouse
The slumbering glebe, whetting the minds of men
With care on care, nor suffering realm of his

Even this was impious for the common stock
They gathered, and the earth of her own will
All things more freely, no man bidding, bore *128*

The corn blade win, and strike out hidden fire
From the flint's heart Then first the streams were
ware
Of hollowed alder hulls the sailor then
Their names and numbers gave to star and star,
Pleiads and Hyads, and Lycaon's child

Bright Arctos, how with nooses then was found
To catch wild beasts, and cozen them with lime,
And hem with hounds the mighty forest glades *140*

Remorseless toil, and poverty's shrewd push
In times of hardship Ceres was the first
Set mortals on with tools to turn the sod,
When now the awful groves 'gan fail to bear
Acorns and arbutes, and her wonted food
Dodona gave no more Soon, too, the corn
Gat sorrow's increase, that an evil blight
Ate up the stalks, and thistle reared his spines
An idler in the fields the crops die down,
Upsprings instead a shaggy growth of burrs
And caltrops, and amid the corn fields trim
Unfruitful darnel and wild oats have sway
Wherefore, unless thou shalt with ceaseless rake
The weeds pursue, with shouting scare the birds,
Prune with thy hook the dark field's matted shade,
Pray down the showers, all vainly thou shalt eye,
Alack! thy neighbour s heaped up harvest mow,
And in the greenwood from a shaken oak
Seek solace for thine hunger *159*

Now to tell
The sturdy rustics' weapons, what they are,
Without which, neither can be sown nor reared
The fruits of harvest, first the bent plough s share
And heavy timber, and slow lumbering wains

Hurdles of arbute, and thy mystic fan,

168

While yet within the woods, the elm is tamed
And bowed with mighty force to form the stock,
And take the plough's curved shape, then nigh the
root
A pole eight feet projecting, earth boards twain,
And share-beam with its double back they fix

For yoke is early hewn a linden light,
And a tall beech for handle from behind
To turn the car at lowest then o er the hearth
The wood they hang till the smoke knows it well
Many the precepts of the men of old
I can recount thee, so thou start not back,
And such slight cares to learn not weary thee 177
And this among the first thy threshing floor
With ponderous roller must be levelled smooth,
And wrought by hand, and fixed with binding chalk,

Her home and plants her granary, underground,
Or burrow for their bed the purblind moles
Or toad is found in hollows, and all the swarm
Of earth s unsightly creatures, or a huge
Corn heap the weevil plunders, and the ant,
Fearful of coming age and penury 186
Mark too what time the walnut in the woods
With ample bloom shall clothe her and bow down
Her odorous branches, if the fruit prevail
Like store of grain will follow, and there shall come
A mighty winnowing time with mighty heat
But if the shade with wealth of leaves abound
Vainly your threshing floor will bruise the stalks
Rich but in chaff Many myself have seen

196

These have I seen degenerate did not man
Put forth his hand with power, and year by year
Choose out the largest So, by fate impelled,
Speed all things to the worse, and backward borne
Glide from us even as who with struggling oars
Up stream scarce pulls a shallop if he chance
His arms to slacken, lo! with headlong force
The current sweeps him down the hurrying tide 203
Us too behoves Arcturus' sign observe,
And the Kids seasons and the shining Snake,
No less than those who o er the windy main
Borne homeward tempt the Pontic, and the jaws
Of oyster rife Abydos When the Scales
Now poising fair the hours of sleep and day

Give half the world to sunshine, half to shade,
Then urge your bulls, my masters, sow the plain
Even to the verge of tameless winter's showers
With barley then, too, time it is to hide
Your flax in earth, and poppy, Ceres' joy, 212
Aye, more than time to bend above the plough,
While earth, yet dry, forbids not, and the clouds
Are buoyant With the spring comes bean sowing,
Thee, too, Lucerne, the crumbling furrows then
Receive, and millet's annual care returns,
What time the white bull with his gilded horns
Opens the year, before whose threatening front,
Routed the dog star sinks But if it be
For wheaten harvest and the hardy spelt,

Or e'er the furrow's claim of seed thou quit,
Or haste thee to entrust the whole year's hope
To earth that would not Many have begun
Ere Maia s star be setting these, I trow,
Their looked for harvest fools with empty ears 226
But if the vetch and common kidney bean
Thou'rt fain to sow, nor scorn to make thy care
Pelusiac lentil, no uncertain sign
Bootes fall will send thee, then begin,

And black with scowling storm-clouds, and betwixt
These and the midmost, other twain there lie,
By the Gods grace to heart sick mortals given,

238

Toward Libya and the south, this pole of ours
Still towering high, that other, 'neath their feet
By dark Styx frowned on, and the abysmal shades
Here glides the huge Snake forth with sinuous coils
'Twixt the two Bears and round them river wise—

The Bears that fear 'neath Ocean's brim to dip.
There either, say they, reigns the eternal hush
Of night that knows no seasons, her black pall
Thick mantling fold on fold, or thitherward
From us returning Dawn brings back the day,
And when the first breath of his panting steeds
On us the Orient flings, that hour with them
Red Vesper 'gins to trim his 'lated fires. 251
Hence under doubtful skies forebode we can
The coming tempests, hence both harvest-day
And seed time, when to smite the treacherous main
With driving oars, when launch the fair rigged fleet,
Or in ripe hour to fell the forest pine
Hence too, not idly do we watch the stars—
Their rising and their setting—and the year,
Four varying seasons to one law conformed
If chilly showers e'er shut the farmer's door,
Much that had soon with sunshine cried for haste,
He may forestall, the ploughman batters keen
His blunted share's hard tooth, scoops from a tree
His troughs, or on the cattle stamps a brand,
Or numbers on the corn heaps, some make sharp

265

Of bramble twigs, now set your corn to parch
Before the fire, now bruise it with the stone.
Nay even on holy days some tasks to ply
Is right and lawful this no ban forbids,
To turn the runnel's course, fence corn fields in,

275
The moon herself in various rank assigns
The days for labour lucky: fly the fifth,
Then sprang pale Orcus and the Eumenides;
Earth then in awful labour brought to light
Coeus, Iapetus, and Typhoeus fell,
And those sworn brethren banded to break down

Leafy Olympus, thrice with thunderbolt

Their mountain stair the Sire asunder smote
Seventh after tenth is lucky both to set
The vine in earth and take and tame the steer
And fix the leashes to the warp the ninth
To runagates is kinder cross to thieves 286
Many the tasks that lighter lend themselves
In chilly night or when the sun is young

Her tedious labour soothing with a song
Speeds the shrill comb along the warp or else
With Vulcan s aid boils the sweet must juice down
And skims with leaves the quivering cauldron s wave 296
But ruddy Ceres in mid heat is mown
And in mid heat the parchèd ears are bruised
Upon the floor to plough strip strip to sow
Winter s the lazy time for husbandmen
In the cold season farmers wont to taste
The increase of their toil and yield themselves
To mutual interchange of festal cheer
Boon winter bids them and unbinds their cares
As laden keels when now the port they touch
And happy sailors crown the sterns with flowers
Nathless then also time it is to strip
Acorns from oaks and berries from the bay
Olives and bleeding myrtles then to set
Snares for the crane and meshes for the stag

310

What need to tell of autumn s storms and stars
And wherefore men must watch when now the day
Grows shorter and more soft the summer s heat?
When Spring the rain bringer comes rushing down
Or when the beards of harvest on the plain
Bristle already and the milky corn
On its green stalk is swelling? Many a time
When now the farmer to his yellow fields
The reaping hind came bringing even in act
To lop the brittle barley stems have I
Seen all the windy legions clash in war
Together as to rend up far and wide

The heavy corn-crop from its lowest roots,
And toss it skyward so might winter's flaw,
Dark eddying, whirl light stalks and flying straws 321
Oft too comes looming vast along the sky
A march of waters, mustering from above,

Wields with red hand the levin through all her bulk
Earth at the hurly quakes, the beasts are fled,
And mortal hearts of every kindred sunk
In cowering terror, he with flaming brand
Athos, or Rhodope, or Ceraunian crags
Precipitates then doubly raves the South
With shower on blinding shower, and woods and
coasts
Wail fitfully beneath the mighty blast 334
This fearing, mark the months and Signs of heaven,
Whither retires him Saturn s icy star,
And through what heavenly cycles wandereth
The glowing orb Cyllenian Before all
Worship the Gods, and to great Ceres pay
Her yearly dues upon the happy sward
With sacrifice anigh the utmost end
Of winter and when Spring begins to smile
Then lambs are fat, and wines are mellowest then;
Then sleep is sweet, and dark the shadows fall
Upon the mountains Let your rustic youth
To Ceres do obeisance, one and all,
And for her pleasure thou mix honeycombs
With milk and the ripe wine god thrice for luck
Around the young corn let the victim go,
And all the choir, a joyful company,
Attend it, and with shouts bid Ceres come
To be their house-mate, and let no man dare
Put sickle to the ripened ears until,
With woven oak his temples chapleted,
He foot the ruggèd dance and chant the lay 350
Aye, and that these things we might win to know
By certain tokens heats, and showers, and winds
That bring the frost, the Sire of all himself
Ordained what warnings in her monthly round

The moon should give what bodes the south wind's fall,
What oft repeated sights the herdsman seeing
Should keep his cattle closer to their stalls
No sooner are the winds at point to rise,

The beach afar, and through the forest goes
A murmur multitudinous By this
Scarce can the billow spare the curved keels,
When swift the sea gulls from the middle main
Come winging and their shrieks are shoreward borne,
When ocean loving cormorants on dry land
Besport them, and the hern, her marshy haunts
Forsaking, mounts above the soaring cloud 364
Oft too, when wind is toward, the stars thou'lt see
From heaven shoot headlong and through murky
night
Long trails of fire white glistening in their wake,
Or light chaff flit in air with fallen leaves
Or feathers on the wave top float and play

Or as it rises, the high soaring cranes
Flee to the vales before it or, with face
Upturned to heaven the heifer snuffs the gale
Through gaping nostrils or about the meres

378

Fretting the narrow path her eggs conveys,

The various ocean fowl and those that pry
Round Asian meads within thy freshet pools,
Cayster as in eager rivalry,
About their shoulders dash the plenteous spray,
Now duck their head beneath the wave, now run
Into the billows for sheer idle joy
Of their mad bathing revel Then the crow
With full voice, good for naught, inviting rain,

Stalks on the dry sand mateless and alone

Of mouldy snuff-clots 392

So too, after rain,
Sunshine and open skies thou mayst forecast,
And learn by tokens sure, for then nor dimmed
Appear the stars' keen edges, nor the moon
As borrowing of her brother's beams to rise,
Nor fleecy films to float along the sky
Not to the sun's warmth then upon the shore
Do halcyons dear to Thetis ope their wings,
Nor filthy swine take thought to toss on high
With scattering snout the straw wisps But the clouds
Seek more the vales, and rest upon the plain,

403

Towering and Scylla for the purple lock
Pays dear, for whereso, as she flies, her wings
The light air winnow, lo! fierce, implacable,
Nisus with mighty whirr through heaven pursues,
Where Nisus heavenward soareth, there her wings
Clutch as she flies, the light air winnowing still 409
Soft then the voice of rooks from indrawn throat
Thrice, four times, o'er repeated, and full oft
On their high cradles, by some hidden joy
Gladdened beyond their wont, in bustling throngs
Among the leaves they riot, so sweet it is,
When showers are spent, their own loved nests again
And tender brood to visit Not, I deem,
That heaven some native wit to these assigned,
Or fate a larger prescience, but that when
The storm and shifting moisture of the air
Have changed their courses, and the sky god now,
Wet with the south wind, thickens what was rare,
And what was gross releases, then, too, change
Their spirits fleeting phases, and their breasts
Feel other motions now, than when the wind
Was driving up the cloud rack Hence proceeds
That blending of the feathered choirs afield,
The cattle's exultation and the rooks'
Deep-throated triumph 423

But if the headlong sun
And moons in order following thou regard,

Ne'er will to morrow s hour deceive thee, ne'er

A mighty rain is brewing, but if her face
With maiden blush she mantle, 'twill be wind,
For wind turns Phoebe still to ruddier gold *431*
But if at her fourth rising for 'tis that
Gives surest counsel, clear she ride thro heaven
With horns unblunted, then shall that whole day,
And to the month's end those that spring from it,
Rainless and windless be, while safe ashore
Shall sailors pay their vows to Panope,
Glaucus and Melicertes, Ino's child
The sun too both at rising and when soon
He dives beneath the waves, shall yield thee signs,
For signs none trustier, travel with the sun,
Both those which in their course with dawn he brings,
And those at star rise When his springing orb
With spots he pranketh, muffled in a cloud,
And shrinks mid circle, then of showers beware,
For then the South comes driving from the deep,
To trees and crops and cattle bringing bane *444*
Or when at day break through dark clouds his rays
Burst and are scattered or when rising pale
Aurora quits Tithonus' saffron bed,
But sorry shelter then, alack! will yield

When now, his course upon Olympus run,
He draws to his decline for oft we see
Upon the sun s own face strange colours stray, *452*
Dark tells of rain, of east winds fiery red,
If spots with ruddy fire begin to mix,
Then all the heavens convulsed in wrath thou lt see—
Storm clouds and wind together Me that night
Let no man bid fare forth upon the deep
Nor rend the rope from shore But if, when both
He brings again and hides the day s return,
Clear-orbed he shineth idly wilt thou dread
The storm-clouds and beneath the lustral North
See the woods waving What late eve in fine
Bears in her bosom, whence the wind that brings
Fair weather-clouds or what the rainy South

And secret swelling of the waves of war. 465
He too it was, when Caesar's light was quenched,
For Rome had pity, when his bright head he veiled
In iron hued darkness, till a godless age
Trembled for night eternal, at that time
Howbeit earth also, and the ocean plains,
And dogs obscene, and birds of evil bode
Gave tokens Yea how often have we seen
Etna, her furnace walls asunder riven,
In billowy floods boil o'er the Cyclops' fields,

475
Yea, and by many through the breathless groves
A voice was heard with power, and wondrous pale
Phantoms were seen upon the dusk of night,
And cattle spake portentous! streams stand still,
And the earth yawns asunder, ivory weeps
For sorrow in the shrines, and bronzes sweat
Up-twirling forests with his eddying tide,
Madly he bears them down, that lord of floods,
Eridanus till through all the plain are swept

Nor blazed so oft the comet's fire of bale 488
Therefore a second time Philippi saw
The Roman hosts with kindred weapons rush
To battle, nor did the high gods deem it hard
That twice Emathia and the wide champaign

Corroded, or with ponderous harrow strike
On empty helmets, while he gapes to see
Bones as of giants from the trench untombed. 497
Gods of my country heroes of the soil,
And Romulus, and Mother Vesta, thou

Who Tuscan Tiber and Rome's Palatine
Preservest, this new champion at the least
Our fallen generation to repair
Forbid not To the full and long ago
Our blood thy Trojan perjuries hath paid,
Laomedon Long since the courts of heaven
Begrudge us thee, our Caesar, and complain
That thou regard st the triumphs of mankind,
Here where the wrong is right, the right is wrong,
Where wars abound so many, and myriad faced
Is crime, where no meet honour hath the plough,
The fields, their husbandmen led far away,
[illegible]

508

[illegible]
Is stirring, neighbouring cities are in arms,
The laws that bound them snapped and godless war
Rages through all the universe, as when
The four horse chariots from the barriers poured
Still quicken o'er the course, and, idly now
Grasping the reins, the driver by his team
Is onward borne, nor heeds the car his curb 514

Thus far the tilth of fields and stars of heaven.
Now will I sing thee, Bacchus, and, with thee,
The forest's young plantations and the fruit
Of slow maturing olive Hither haste,
O Father of the wine press all things here
Teem with the bounties of thy hand, for thee
With *viny autumn laden* blooms the field,
And foams the vintage high with brimming vats,
Hither O Father of the wine-press come,
And stripped of buskin stain thy barèd limbs
In the new must with me *8*

First, nature's law
[illegible]

Poplar, and willows in wan companies
With green leaf glimmering gray and some there be
From chance-dropped seed that rear them, as the tall
Chestnuts and mightiest of the branching wood,
Jove's Aesculus and oaks oracular
Deemed by the Greeks of old With some sprouts forth
A forest of dense suckers from the root,
As elms and cherries so, too a pigmy plant,
Beneath its mother's mighty shade upshoots
The bay tree of Parnassus Such the modes
Nature imparted first, hence all the race
Of forest trees and shrubs and sacred groves
Springs into verdure *21*

Other means there are,
Which use by method for itself acquired
One, slivng suckers from the tender frame
Of the tree mother, plants them in the trench,
One buries the bare stumps within his field,
Truncheons cleft four wise or sharp-pointed stakes,
Some forest trees the layer's bent arch await,
And slips yet quick within the parent soil,
No root need others nor doth the pruner's hand

Shrink to restore the topmost shoot to earth

And oft the branches of one kind we see
Change to another's with no loss to rue,
Pear tree transformed the ingrafted apple yield,
And stony cornels on the plum tree blush 34

Lie idle O blithe to make all Ismarus
One forest of the wine god, and to clothe
With olives huge Tabernus! And be thou
At hand, and with me ply the voyage of toil
I am bound on, O my glory, O thou that art
Justly the chiefest portion of my fame,
Maecenas, and on this wide ocean launched
Spread sail like wings to waft thee Not that I
With my poor verse would comprehend the whole,
Nay, though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths
Were mine, a voice of iron be thou at hand,
Skirt but the nearer coast line, see the shore
Is in our grasp, not now with feignèd song
Through winding bouts and tedious preludings
Shall I detain thee 46

Those that lift their head

Even these, should one engraft them, or transplant
To well-drilled trenches, will anon put off
Their woodland temper, and, by frequent tilth,
To whatso craft thou summon them, make speed
To follow So likewise will the barren shaft
That from the stock root issueth, if it be
Set out with clear space amid open fields 54
Now the tree mother s towering leaves and boughs
Darken, despoil of increase as it grows,
And blast it in the bearing Lastly, that
Which from shed seed ariseth, upward wins
But slowly, yielding promise of its shade
To late-born generations, apples wane
Forgetful of their former juice, the grape
Bears sorry clusters, for the birds a prey.
Soothly on all must toil be spent, and all

62

Both hardy hazels and huge ash the tree
That rims with shade the brows of Hercules
And acorns dear to the Chaonian sire
So springs the towering palm too and the fir
Destined to spy the dangers of the deep
But the rough arbutus with walnut fruit
Is grafted so have barren planes ere now
Stout apples borne with chestnut flower the beech
The mountain ash with pear bloom whitened o er
And swine crunched acorns neath the boughs of
elms 72
Nor is the method of inserting eyes
And grafting one for where the buds push forth
Amidst the bark and burst the membranes thin
Even on the knot a narrow rift is made
Wherein from some strange tree a germ they pen
And to the moist rind bid it cleave and grow
Or otherwise in knotless trunks is hewn
A breach and deep into the solid grain
A path with wedges cloven then fruitful slips
Are set herein and—no long time—behold!
T

82

And bitter berried pausians no nor yet

Not the same vintage from our trees hangs down
Which Lesbos from Methymna s tendril plucks 90
Vines Thasian are there Mareotids white
These apt for richer soils for lighter those
Psithian for raisin wine more useful thin
Lageos that one day will try the feet
And tie the tongue *purples and early ripes*
And how O Rhaetian shall I hymn thy praise?
Yet cope not therefore with Falernian bins
Vines Aminaean too best bodied wine
To which the Tmolian bows him ay and king

Phanaeus too, and, lesser of that name,

100

Welcomed by gods and at the second board,
Nor thee, Bumastus, with plump clusters swollen.
But lo! how many kinds, and what their names,
There is no telling, nor doth it boot to tell,
Who lists to know it, he too would list to learn
How many sand grains are by Zephyr tossed
On Libya's plain, or wot, when Eurus falls
With fury on the ships, how many waves
[illegible]

109

Alders in miry fens, on rocky heights
The barren mountain ashes, on the shore
Myrtles throng gayest, Bacchus, lastly, loves
The bare hillside, and yews the north wind s chill
Mark too the earth by outland tillers tamed,
And Eastern homes of Arabs, and tattooed
Geloni, to all trees their native lands
Allotted are no clime but India bears
Black ebony, the branch of frankincense
Is Saba s sons' alone, why tell to thee
Of balsams oozing from the perfumed wood,
Or berries of acanthus ever green? *119*
Of Aethiop forests hoar with downy wool,
Or how the Seres comb from off the leaves
Their silky fleece? Of groves which India bears,
Ocean s near neighbour, earth's remotest nook,
Where not an arrow shot can cleave the air
[illegible]

Comes timelier, when fierce step-dames drug the cup
With simples mixed and spells of baneful power,
To drive the deadly poison from the limbs *130*
Large the tree s self in semblance like a bay,
And, showered it not a different scent abroad,
A bay it had been, for no wind of heaven
Its foliage falls the flower, none faster, clings,
With it the Medes for sweetness lave the lips,
And ease the panting breathlessness of age
But no, not Mede land with its wealth of woods,

Nor Ganges fair and Hermus thick with gold,
Can match the praise of Italy nor Ind
Nor Bactria nor Panchaia one wide tract
Of incense teeming sand Here never bulls
With nostrils snorting fire upturned the sod
Sown with the monstrous dragon s teeth nor crop
Of warriors bristled thick with lance and helm *142*
But heavy harvests and the Massic juice
Of Bacchus fill its borders overspread
With fruitful flocks and olives Hence arose
The war horse stepping proudly o er the plain
Hence thy white flocks Clitumnus and the bull
Of victims mightiest which full oft have led
Bathed in thy sacred stream the triumph pomp
Of Romans to the temples of the gods
Here blooms perpetual spring and summer here
In months that are not summer s twice teem the
flocks
Twice doth the tree yield service of her fruit
But ravening tigers come not nigh nor breed
Of savage lion nor aconite betrays
Its hapless gatherers nor with sweep so vast
Doth the scaled serpent trail his endless coils
Along the ground or wreathe him into spires *154*
Mark too her cities so many and so proud
Of mighty toil the achievement town on town

Or sing her harbours and the barrier cast
Athwart the Lucrine and how ocean chafes
wave

164
A land no less that in her veins displays
Rivers of silver mines of copper ore
Ay and with gold hath flowed abundantly
A land that reared a valiant breed of men
The Marsi and Sabellian youth and schooled
To hardship the Ligurian and with these
The Volscian javelin armed the Decii too
The Marii and Camilli names of might
The Scipios stul born warriors ay and thee,

Great Caesar, who in Asia's utmost bounds
With conquering arm e'en now art fending far
The unwarlike Indian from the heights of Rome. *172*
Hail! land of Saturn, mighty mother thou
Of fruits and heroes, 'tis for thee I dare
Unseal the sacred fountains, and essay
Themes of old art and glory, as I sing
The song of Ascra through the towns of Rome
  Now for the native gifts of various soils,
What powers hath each, what hue, what natural bent
For yielding increase First your stubborn lands
And churlish hill sides, where are thorny fields
Of meagre marl and gravel, these delight
In long lived olive-groves to Pallas dear *181*
Take for a sign the plenteous growth hard by
Of oleaster, and the fields strewn wide
With woodland berries But a soil that's rich,

We view beneath us—from the craggy heights
Streams thither flow with fertilizing mud—
A plain which southward rising feeds the fern
By curvèd ploughs detested, this one day
Shall yield thee store of vines full strong to gush

His ivory pipe, and on the curvèd dish

Or such a plain as luckless Mantua lost,
Whose weedy water feeds the snow white swan *199*
There nor clear springs nor grass the flocks will fail,
And all the day long browsing of thy herds
Shall the cool dews of one brief night repair

steers,
Or that from which the husbandman in spleen
Has cleared the timber, and o'erthrown the copse

That year on year lay idle, and from the roots
Uptorn the immemorial haunt of birds,
They banished from their nests have sought the skies, *210*

Rough tufa and chalk too, by black water worms
Gnawed through and through, proclaim no soils
beside
So rife with serpent dainties, or that yield

Which, ever in its own green grass arrayed,
Mars not the metal with salt scurf of rust—
That shall thine elms with merry vines enwreathe,
That teems with olive, that shall thy tilth prove kind
To cattle, and patient of the curvèd share *223*
Such ploughs rich Capua, such the coast that skirts
Thy ridge, Vesuvius, and the Clanian flood,
Acerrae's desolation and her bane

ine,

All back again, and stamp the surface smooth. *232*
If it suffice not, loose will be the land,
More meet for cattle and for kindly vines;
But if, rebellious, to its proper bounds
The soil returns not, but fills all the trench
And overtops it, then the glebe is gross,

Stout osier baskets from the rafter smoke,
And strainers of the winepress pluck thee down: *242*
Hereinto let that evil land, with fresh
Spring water mixed, be trampled to the full;
The moisture, mark you, will ooze all away,

In big drops issuing through the osier withes,
But plainly will its taste the secret tell,
And with a harsh twang ruefully distort
The mouths of them that try it Rich soil again
We learn on this wise tossed from hand to hand
Yet cracks it never, but pitch like, as we hold,
Clings to the fingers A land with moisture rife
Breeds lustier herbage, and is more than meet
Prolific Ah! may never such for me
O'er fertile prove, or make too stout a show

255

Or what the hue of any But hard it is
To track the signs of that pernicious cold
Pines only, noxious yews, and ivies dark
At times reveal its traces

All these rules
Regarding, let your land, ay, long before,
Scorch to the quick, and into trenches carve
The mighty mountains and their upturned clods
Bare to the north wind, ere thou plant therein
The vine's prolific kindred Fields whose soil
Is crumbling are the best winds look to that,
And bitter hoar frosts, and the delver's toil
Untiring, as he stirs the loosened glebe 264
But those, whose vigilance no care escapes,
Search for a kindred site, where first to rear
A nursery for the trees, and eke whereto
Soon to translate them, lest the sudden shock
From their new mother the young plants estrange
Nay, even the quarter of the sky they brand
Upon the bark, that each may be restored,
As erst it stood, here bore the southern heats,
Here turned its shoulder to the northern pole,
So strong is custom formed in early years 273
Whether on hill or plain tis best to plant
Your vineyard first inquire If on some plain
You measure out rich acres, then plant thick,
Thick planting makes no niggard of the vine,
But if on rising mound or sloping hill,
Then let the rows have room so none the less
Each line you draw, when all the trees are set,
May tally to perfection Even as oft
In mighty war, whenas the legion's length
Deploys its cohorts, and the column stands

In open plain the ranks of battle set
And far and near with rippling sheen of arms
The wide earth flickers nor yet in grisly strife
Foe grapples foe but dubious twixt the hosts
The war god wavers so let all be ranged
In equal rows symmetric not alone
To feed an idle fancy with the view
But since not otherwise will earth afford
Vigour to all alike nor yet the boughs
Have power to stretch them into open space 287
Shouldst haply of the furrow s depth inquire,
Even to a shallow trench I dare commit
The vine but deeper in the ground is fixed
The tree that props it aesculus in chief
Which howso far its summit soars toward heaven
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell
It therefore neither storms nor blasts nor showers
Wrench from its bed unshaken it abides
Sees many a generation many an age
Of men roll onward and survives them all
Stretching its titan arms and branches far
Sole central pillar of a world of shade 297
Nor toward the sunset let thy vineyards slope
Nor midst the vines plant hazel neither take
The topmost shoots for cuttings nor from the top
Of the supporting tree your suckers tear
So deep their love of earth nor wound the plants
With blunted blade nor truncheons intersperse
Of the wild olive for oft from careless swains
A spark hath fallen that neath the unctuous rind
Hid thief like first now grips the tough tree bole
And mounting to the leaves on high sends forth
A roar to heaven then coursing through the boughs
And airy summits reigns victoriously
Wraps all the grove in robes of fire and gross
With pitch black vapour heaves the murky reek
Skyward but chiefly if a storm has swooped

Spring to like verdure thus alone survives
The bare wild olive with its bitter leaves 314

The young plant fix its frozen root to earth
Best sow your vineyards when in blushing Spring
Comes the white bird long bodied snakes abhor
Or on the eve of autumn s earliest frost
Ere the swift sun steeds touch the wintry Signs
While summer is departing Spring it is
Blesses the fruit plantation Spring the groves
In Spring earth swells and claims the fruitful seed 324
Then Aether sire omnipotent leaps down

With songs of birds the greenwood wildernesses
And in due time the herds their loves renew
Then the boon earth yields increase and the fields
Unlock their bosoms to the warm west winds
Soft moisture spreads o er all things and the blades
Face the new suns and safely trust them now
The vine shoot fearless of the rising south
Or mighty north winds driving rain from heaven
Bursts into bud and every leaf unfolds 335
Even so methinks when Earth to being sprang
Dawned the first days and such the course they held

heaven
Nor could frail creatures bear this heavy strain
Did not so large a respite interpose
Twixt frost and heat and heaven s relenting arms
Yield earth a welcome 345
For the rest whate er
The sets thou plantest in thy fields thereon
Strew refuse rich and with abundant earth

tween

And so the plants their drooping spirits raise
Aye and there have been who with weight of stone
Or heavy potsherd press them from above

353

The earth about their roots persistently

And toss the cumbrous hoes or task the soil
With burrowing plough share, and ply up and down
Your labouring bullocks through the vineyard's
  midst,
Then too smooth reeds and shafts of whittled wand,
And ashen poles and sturdy forks to shape,
Whereby supported they may learn to mount,
Laugh at the gales and through the elm tops win
From story up to story *361*
  Now while yet
The leaves are in their first fresh infant growth,
Forbear their frailty, and while yet the bough
Shoots joyfully toward heaven, with loosened rein
Launched on the void assail it not as yet
With keen edged sickle, but let the leaves alone
Be culled with clip of fingers here and there
But when they clasp the elms with sturdy trunks
Erect, then strip the leaves off, prune the boughs,
Sooner they shrink from steel but then put forth
The arm of power, and stem the branchy tide *370*

Beside harsh winters and o'erpowering sun,
Wild buffaloes and pestering goats for ay
Besport them sheep and heifers glut their greed
Nor cold by hoar frost curdled nor the prone
Dead weight of summer upon the parchèd crags,
So scathe it, as the flocks with venom bite
Of their hard tooth, whose gnawing scars the stem *379*
For no offence but this to Bacchus bleeds

Hamlet and crossway—set the prize of wit,
And on the smooth sward over oilèd skins
Dance in their tipsy frolic. Furthermore

Hang puppet faces on tall pines to swing *389*
Hence every vineyard teems with mellowing fruit,
Till hollow vale o'erflows, and gorge profound,
Where'er the god hath turned his comely head.
Therefore to Bacchus duly will we sing

Meet honour with ancestral hymns and cates
And dishes bear him and the doomèd goat
Led by the horn shall at the altar stand,
Whose entrails rich on hazel spits we ll roast
  This further task again, to dress the vine,
Hath needs beyond exhausting the whole soil
Thrice, four times, yearly must be cleft the sod
With hoes reversed be crushed continually,
The whole plantation lightened of its leaves
Round on the labourer spins the wheel of toil,
As on its own track rolls the circling year *402*
Soon as the vine her lingering leaves hath shed,
And the chill north wind from the forests shook
Their coronal, even then the careful swain
Looks keenly forward to the coming year,
With Saturn's curvèd fang pursues and prunes
The vine forlorn, and lops it into shape
Be first to dig the ground up, first to clear
And burn the refuse branches first to house
Again your vine poles last to gather fruit
Twice doth the thickening shade beset the vine,
Twice weeds with stifling briers o ergrow the crop, *411*
And each a toilsome labour Do thou praise
Broad acres, farm but few Rough twigs beside
Of butcher s broom among the woods are cut,
And reeds upon the river banks and still
The undressed willow claims thy fostering care
So now the vines are fettered now the trees

Still set thee trembling for the ripened grapes
  Not so with olives small husbandry need they, *420*
Nor look for sickle bowed or biting rake
When once they have gripped the soil, and borne the
    breeze
Earth of herself, with hookèd fang laid bare
Yields moisture for the plants and heavy fruit,
The ploughshare aiding therewithal thou lt rear
The olive s fatness well beloved of Peace

Is good to browse on, the tall forest yields
Pine torches and the nightly fires are fed
And shoot forth radiance And shall men be loath
To plant nor lavish of their pains? Why trace
Things mightier? Willows even and lowly brooms
To cattle their green leaves, to shepherds shade,
Fences for crops and food for honey yield 436
And blithe it is Cytorus to behold
Waving with box Narycian groves of pitch,
Oh! blithe the sight of fields beholden not
To rake or man's endeavour! the barren woods
That crown the scalp of Caucasus even these,
Which furious blasts for ever rive and rend
Yield various wealth pine logs that serve for ships,
Cedar and cypress for the homes of men
Hence too the farmers shave their wheel spokes, hence
Drums for their wains and curvèd boat keels fit, 445
Willows bear twigs enow, the elm tree leaves,
Myrtle stout spear shafts war tried cornel too,
Yews into Ituraean bows are bent
Nor do smooth lindens or lathe polished box
Shrink from man's [illegible]

What of like praise can Bacchus' gifts afford?
Nay Bacchus even to crime hath prompted he
The wine infuriate Centaurs quelled with death,
Rhoetus and Pholus and with mighty bowl
Hylaeus threatening high the Lapithae 457
Oh! all too happy tillers of the soil,
Could they but know their blessedness, for whom
Far from the clash of arms all-equal earth
Pours from the ground herself their easy fare!
What though no lofty palace portal proud
From all its chambers vomits forth a tide
Of morning courtiers nor agape they gaze
On pillars with fair tortoise shell inwrought,
Gold purfled robes and bronze from Ephyre,
Nor is the whiteness of their wool distained
With drugs Assyrian, nor clear olive's use
With cassia tainted, yet untroubled calm,
A life that knows no falsehood, rich enow
With various treasures yet broad acred ease,
Grottoes and living lakes, yet Tempes cool,
Lowing of kine, and sylvan slumbers soft,

They lack not, lawns and wild beasts' haunts are
    there,
A youth of labour patient, need inured,
Worship, and reverend sires with them from earth
Departing Justice her last footprints left 474
 Me before all things may the Muses sweet,
Whose rites I bear with mighty passion pierced,
Receive, and show the paths and stars of heaven,
The sun's eclipses and the labouring moons,
From whence the earthquake, by what power the seas
Swell from their depths, and, every barrier burst,
Sink back upon themselves, why winter suns
So haste to dip 'neath ocean, or what check
[illegible]

And stream washed vales my solace, let me love
Rivers and woods, inglorious Oh for you
Plains, and Spercheius, and Taygete,
By Spartan maids o'er revelled! Oh, for one,
Would set me in deep dells of Haemus cool,
And shield me with his boughs' o'ershadowing
    might! 489
Happy, who had the skill to understand
Nature's hid causes, and beneath his feet
All terrors cast, and death's relentless doom,
And the loud roar of greedy Acheron
Blest too is he who knows the rural gods,
Pan, old Silvanus, and the sister nymphs!
Him nor the rods of public power can bend,
Nor kingly purple, nor fierce feud that drives
Brother to turn on brother, nor descent
[illegible]

Have borne, he gathers, nor iron rule of laws,
Nor maddened Forum have his eyes beheld,
Nor archives of the people Others vex
The darksome gulfs of Ocean with their oars,
Or rush on steel they press within the courts
And doors of princes, one with havoc falls
Upon a city and its hapless hearths,
From gems to drink, on Tyrian rugs to lie, 506
This hoards his wealth and broods o er buried gold,

For exile changing, a new country seek
Beneath an alien sun The husbandman
With hooked ploughshare turns the soil, from hence
Springs his year s labour, hence, too, he sustains
Country and cottage homestead, and from hence
His herds of cattle and deserving steers 515
No respite! still the year o'erflows with fruit,
Or young of kine, or Ceres' wheaten sheaf,
With crops the furrow loads, and bursts the barns
Winter is come in olive mills they bruise
The Sicyonian berry, acorn cheered
The swine troop homeward, woods their arbutes
yield,

Drop milky udders, and on the lush green grass
Fat kids are striving, horn to butting horn 526
Himself keeps holy days, stretched o er the sward,
Where round the fire his comrades crown the bowl,
He pours libation, and thy name invokes,
Lenaeus, and for the herdsmen on an elm
Sets up a mark for the swift javelin, they
Strip their tough bodies for the rustic sport.
Such life of yore the ancient Sabines led,
Such Remus and his brother Etruria thus,

535

'Tis time our steaming horses to unyoke. 542

GEORGIC III

Thee too, great Pales, will I hymn, and thee,
Amphrysian shepherd, worthy to be sung,
You, woods and waves Lycaean All themes beside,
Which else had charmed the vacant mind with song,
Are now waxed common Of harsh Eurystheus who
The story knows not, or that praiseless king
Busiris, and his altars? or by whom
Hath not the tale been told of Hylas young,
Latonian Delos and Hippodame,
And Pelops for his ivory shoulder famed,
Keen charioteer? Needs must a path be tried,
By which I too may lift me from the dust,
And float triumphant through the mouths of men.
Yea, I shall be the first, so life endure,
To lead the Muses with me, as I pass
To mine own country from the Aonian height, 11
I, Mantua, first will bring thee back the palms
Of Idumaea, and raise a marble shrine
On thy green plain fast by the water side,
Where Mincius winds more vast in lazy coils,
And rims his margent with the tender reed
Amid my shrine shall Caesar's godhead dwell
To him will I, as victor, bravely dight
In Tyrian purple, drive along the bank
A hundred four horse cars All Greece for me,

20

Sunders with shifted face, and Britain's sons
Inwoven thereon with those proud curtains rise
Of gold and massive ivory on the doors
I ll trace the battle of the Gangarides,

29

And quelled Niphates, and the Parthian foe,

Who trusts in flight and backward volleying darts,
And trophies torn with twice triumphant hand
From empires twain on ocean's either shore
And breathing forms of Parian marble there
Shall stand the offspring of Assaracus
And great names of the Jove descended folk
And father Tros and Troy's first founder lord
Of Cynthus And accursèd Envy there
Shall dread the Furies and thy ruthless flood,
Cocytus and Ixion's twisted snakes
And that vast wheel and ever baffling stone 39
Meanwhile the Dryad haunted woods and lawns
Unsullied seek we tis thy hard behest
Maecenas Without thee no lofty task
My mind essays Up! break the sluggish bonds
Of tarriance with loud din Cithaeron calls
Steed taming Epidaurus and thy hounds
Taygete and hark! the assenting groves
With peal on peal reverberate the roar
Yet *must* I gird me to rehearse ere long
The fiery fights of Caesar speed his name
Through ages countless as to Caesar's self
From the first birth dawn of Tithonus old 48

If eager for the prized Olympian palm
One breed the horse or bullock strong to plough
Be his prime care a shapely dam to choose
Of kine grim faced is goodliest with coarse head
And burly neck whose hanging dewlaps reach
From chin to knee of boundless length her flank

[illegible]

[illegible] 59

[illegible]

Their residue of days nor apt to teem
Nor strong for ploughing Meantime while youth's delight
Survives within them loose the males be first
To speed thy herds of cattle to their loves
Breed stock with stock and keep the race supplied.
Ah! life's best hours are ever first to fly
From hapless mortals in their place succeed

Disease and dolorous eld till travail sore
And death unpitying sweep them from the scene
Still will be some whose form thou fain wouldst
    change
Renew them still with yearly choice of young
Preventing losses lest too late thou rue *71*
  Nor steeds crave less selection but on those
Thou think st to rear the promise of their line
From earliest youth thy chiefest pains bestow
See from the first yon high bred colt afield
His lofty step his limbs elastic tread
Dauntless he leads the herd still first to try
The threatening flood or brave the unknown bridge
By no vain noise affrighted lofty necked
With clean-cut head short belly and stout back
His sprightly breast exuberant with brawn
Chestnut and grey are good the worst hued white
And sorrel Then lo! if arms are clashed afar
Bide still he cannot ears stiffen and limbs quake
His nostrils snort and roll out wreaths of fire *85*
Dense is his mane that when uplifted falls

By Pollux of Amyclae such the pair
In Grecian song renowned those steeds of Mars
And famed Achilles team in such like form

94

The fruitless task and to the encounter come
As fire in stubble blusters without strength
He rages idly Therefore mark thou first

103

Seest how the chariots in mad rivalry
Poured from the barrier grip the course and go
When youthful hope is highest and every heart
Drained with each wild pulsation? How they ply
The circling lash and reaching forward let

The reins hang free! Swift spins the glowing wheel
And now they stoop and now erect in air
Seem borne through space and towering to the sky
No stop no stay the dun sand whirls aloft
They reek with foam flakes and pursuing breath
So sweet is fame so prized the victor s palm 112
Twas Ericthonius first took heart to yoke
Four horses to his car and rode above
The whirling wheels to victory but the ring
And bridle reins mounted on horses backs
The Pelethronian Lapithae bequeathed

A horse young fiery swift of foot they seek,
How oft so e er yon rival may have chased
The flying foe or boast his native plain
Epirus or Mycenae s stubborn hold
And trace his lineage back to Neptune s birth 122
These points regarded as the time draws nigh,
With instant zeal they lavish all their care
To plump with solid fat the chosen chief
And designated husband of the herd
And flowery herbs they cut and serve him well
With corn and running water that his strength
Not fail him for that labour of delight,
Nor puny colts betray the feeble sire
The herd itself of purpose they reduce
To leanness and when love s sweet longing first
Provokes them they forbid the leafy food
And pen them from the springs and oft beside

Is whirled on high to catch the rising west. 134
Thus do they that the soil s prolific powers

To care of sire the mother s care succeeds
When great with young they wander nigh their time,
Let no man suffer them to drag the yoke
In heavy wains nor leap across the way
Nor scour the meads nor swim the rushing flood
In lonely lawns they feed them by the course
Of brimming streams where moss is and the banks

With grass are greenest, where are sheltering caves,
And far outstretched the rock flung shadow lies *145*
Round wooded Silarus and the ilex bowers
Of green Alburnus swarms a wingèd pest—
Its Roman name Asilus, by the Greeks
Termed Oestros—fierce it is, and harshly hums,
Driving whole herds in terror through the groves,
Till heaven is madded by their bellowing din,
And Tanager's dry bed and forest banks
With this same scourge did Juno wreak of old
The terrors of her wrath, a plague devised
Against the heifer sprung from Inachus *153*
From this too thou, since in the noontide heats
'Tis most persistent, fend thy teeming herds,
And feed them when the sun is newly risen,
Or the first stars are ushering in the night

But, yeaning ended, all their tender care
Is to the calves transferred, at once with marks
They brand them, both to designate their race,
And which to rear for breeding or devote
As altar victims, or to cleave the ground
And into ridges tear and turn the sod
The rest along the greensward graze at will
Those that to rustic uses thou wouldst mould,
As calves encourage and take steps to tame,
While pliant wills and plastic youth allow *165*
And first of slender withies round the throat
Loose collars hang then when their free born necks
Are used to service, with the self same bands
Yoke them in pairs, and steer by steer compel
Keep pace together And time it is that oft
Unfreighted wheels be drawn along the ground
Behind them as to dint the surface-dust,
Then let the beechen axle strain and creak
Neath some stout burden, whilst a brazen pole
Drags on the wheels made fast thereto Meanwhile
For their unbroken youth not grass alone,
Nor meagre willow leaves and marish sedge,
But corn ears with thy hand pluck from the crops.
Nor shall the brood kine, as of yore, for thee
Brim high the snowy milking pail, but spend
Their udders fullness on their own sweet young *178*

But if fierce squadrons and the ranks of war
Delight thee rather, or on wheels to glide
At Pisa, with Alpheus fleeting by,
And in the grove of Jupiter urge on

The flying chariot, be your steed's first task

Then more and more to love his master's voice
Caressing, or loud hand that claps his neck.
Ay, thus far let him learn to dare, when first
Weaned from his mother, and his mouth at times
Yield to the supple halter, even while yet
Weak, tottering limbed, and ignorant of life *189*
But three years ended, when the fourth arrives,
Now let him tarry not to run the ring
With rhythmic hoof beat echoing, and now learn
Alternately to curve each bending leg,

Scarce print his footsteps on the surface sand
As when with power from Hyperborean climes
The north wind stoops and scatters from his path
Dry clouds and storms of Scythia, the tall corn
And rippling plains 'gin shiver with light gusts,
A sound is heard among the forest tops,
Long waves come racing shoreward fast he flies,
With instant pinion sweeping earth and main *201*
A steed like this or on the mighty course
Of Elis at the goal will sweat, and shower
Red foam flakes from his mouth, or, kindlier task,

With pride wax wanton, and, when caught, refuse
Tough lash to brook or jagged curb obey.
But no device so fortifies their power
As love's blind stings of passion to forefend,
Whether on steed or steer thy choice be set *211*
Ay, therefore tis they banish bulls afar
To solitary pastures, or behind
Some mountain barrier, or broad streams beyond,
Or else in plenteous stalls pen fast at home.

While each on each the furious rivals run;
Wound follows wound, the black blood laves their
limbs,

223

Nor wont the champions in one stall to couch,
But he that's worsted hies him to strange climes
Far off, an exile, moaning much the shame,
The blows of that proud conqueror, then love's loss
Avenged not, with one glance toward the byre,
His *ancient royalties behind him lie*
So with all heed his strength he practiseth,
And nightlong makes the hard bare stones his bed,
And feeds on prickly leaf and pointed rush,
And proves himself, and butting at a tree
Learns to fling wrath into his horns with blows
Provokes the air, and scattering clouds of sand
Makes prelude of the battle, afterward,
With strength repaired and gathered might breaks
camp,
And hurls him headlong on the unthinking foe 236
As in mid ocean when a wave far off
Begins to whiten, mustering from the main
Its rounded breast, and, onward rolled to land
Falls with prodigious roar among the rocks,
Huge as a very mountain but the depths
Upseethe in swirling eddies, and disgorge
The murky sand lees from their sunken bed
Nay, every race on earth of men, and beasts,
And ocean folk and flocks, and painted birds,
Rush to the raging fire love sways them all
Never than then more fiercely o er the plain
Prowls heedless of her whelps the lioness
Nor monstrous bears such wide spread havoc doom

249

Nor curb can check them then, nor lash severe,
Nor rocks and caverned crags, nor barrier floods,
That rend and whirl and wash the hills away.
Then speeds amain the great Sabellian boar,
His tushes whets, with forefoot tears the ground,
Rubs 'gainst a tree his flanks, and to and fro

Hardens each wallowing shoulder to the wound.
What of the youth when love's relentless might
Stirs the fierce fire within his veins? Behold!
In blindest midnight how he swims the gulf
Convulsed with bursting storm-clouds! Over him
Heaven's huge gate thunders, the rock-shattered main
Utters a warning cry, nor parents' tears
Can backward call him, nor the maid he loves,
Too soon to die on his untimely pyre. 263
What of the spotted ounce to Bacchus dear,
Or warlike wolf-kin or the breed of dogs?
Why tell how timorous stags the battle join?
O'er all conspicuous is the rage of mares
By Venus' self inspired of old, what time
The Potnian four with rending jaws devoured
The limbs of Glaucus. Love-constrained they roam
Past Gargarus, past the loud Ascanian flood;
They climb the mountains, and the torrents swim,
And when their eager marrow first conceives
The fire, in Spring-tide chiefly, for with Spring
Warmth doth their frames revisit, then they stand
All facing westward on the rocky heights,
And of the gentle breezes take their fill;
And oft unmated, marvellous to tell,
But of the wind impregnate, far and wide
O'er craggy height and lowly vale they scud,
Not toward thy rising, Eurus, or the sun's,
But westward and north-west, or whence up springs
Black Auster, that glooms heaven with rainy cold. 279

Fast flies meanwhile the irreparable hour,
As point to point our charmèd round we trace.
Enough of herds. This second task remains,
The wool-clad flocks and shaggy goats to treat.
Here lies a labour; hence for glory look,
Brave husbandmen. Nor doubtfully know I
How hard it is for words to triumph here,

293

First, for the sheep soft pencotes I decree
To browse in, till green summer's swift return;
And that the hard earth under them with straw
And handfuls of the fern be littered deep,
Lest chill of ice such tender cattle harm
With scab and loathly foot rot. Passing thence
I bid the goats with arbute leaves be stored,
And served with fresh spring water, and their pens
Turned southward from the blast, to face the suns
Of winter, when Aquarius' icy beam
Now sinks in showers upon the parting year 304
These too no lightlier our protection claim,
Nor prove of poorer service, howsoe er

The more each dry wrung udder froths the pail,
More copious soon the teat pressed torrents flow
Ay, and on Cinyps' bank the he goats too
Their beards and grizzled chins and bristling hair
Let clip for camp use, or as rugs to wrap

The less they crave man s vigilance, be fain
From ice to fend them and from snowy winds,
Bring food and feast them with their branchy fare,
Nor lock your hay loft all the winter long 321
But when glad summer at the west wind's call
Sends either flock to pasture in the glades,
Soon as the day star shineth, hie we then
To the cool meadows, while the dawn is young,
The grass yet hoary, and to browsing herds
The dew tastes sweetest on the tender sward
When heaven's fourth hour draws on the thickening
drought,

330

But at day's hottest seek a shadowy vale,
Where some vast ancient timbered oak of Jove
Spreads his huge branches, or where huddling black
Ilex on ilex cowers in awful shade

Then once more give them water sparingly,
And feed once more, till sunset, when cool eve
Allays the air, and dewy moonbeams slake
The forest glades with halcyon's song the shore,
And every thicket with the goldfinch rings
    Of Libya s shepherds why the tale pursue?
Why sing their pastures and the scattered huts
They house in? Oft their cattle day and night
Graze the whole month together, and go forth
Into far deserts where no shelter is
So flat the plain and boundless All his goods
The Afric swain bears with him house and home,
Arms Cretan quiver, and Amyclaean dog   *345*
As some keen Roman in his country s arms
Plies the swift march beneath a cruel load,
Soon with tents pitched and at his post he stands,
Ere looked for by the foe Not thus the tribes
Of Scythia by the far Maeotic wave,
Where turbid Ister whirls his yellow sands,
And Rhodope stretched out beneath the pole
Comes trending backward There the herds they keep
Close pent in byres nor any grass is seen
Upon the plain nor leaves upon the tree
But with snow ridges and deep frost afar
Heaped seven ells high the earth lies featureless   *355*
Still winter! still the north wind s icy breath!
Nay never sun disparts the shadows pale,
Or as he rides the steep of heaven, or dips
In ocean s fiery bath his plunging car
Quick ice crusts curdle on the running stream,
And iron hooped wheels the water s back now bears,
To broad wains opened, as erewhile to ships,
Brass vessels oft asunder burst and clothes
Stiffen upon the wearers, juicy wines
They cleave with axes, to one frozen mass
Whole pools are turned and on their untrimmed
        beards
Stiff clings the jaggèd icicle Meanwhile
All heaven no less is filled with falling snow,   *367*
[illegible]
        benumbed
Scarce top the surface with their antler points
These with no hounds they hunt, nor net with toils,
Nor scare with terror of the crimson plume,

But, as in vain they breast the opposing block,
Butcher them knife in hand, and so dispatch
Loud bellowing, and with glad shouts hale them
home
Themselves in deep-dug caverns underground
Dwell free and careless to their hearths they heave
Oak logs and elm trees whole, and fire them there,
There play the night out, and in festive glee
With barm and service sour the wine-cup mock 380
So'neath the seven starred Hyperborean wain
The folk live tameless, buffeted with blasts
Of Eurus from Rhipaean hills, and wrap
Their bodies in the tawny fells of beasts
If wool delight thee, first, be far removed
All prickly boskage, burrs and caltrops shun
Luxuriant pastures at the outset choose
White flocks with downy fleeces For the ram,
How white soe er himself, be but the tongue
'Neath his moist palate black, reject him, lest
He sully with dark spots his offspring s fleece,
And seek some other o er the teeming plain 390
Even with such snowy bribe of wool, if ear
May trust the tale, Pan, God of Arcady,
Snared and beguiled thee, Luna, calling thee
To the deep woods, nor thou didst spurn his call
But who for milk hath longing must himself
Carry lucerne and lotus leaves enow
With salt herbs to the cote, whence more they love
The streams more stretch their udders, and give back
A subtle taste of saltness in the milk
Many there be who from their mothers keep
The new born kids, and straightway bind their mouths

They bear away in baskets—for to town
The shepherd hies him—or with dash of salt
404

On fattening whey Never, with these to watch,
Dread nightly thief afold and ravening wolves,
Or Spanish desperadoes in the rear
And oft the shy wild asses thou wilt chase,
With hounds too hunt the hare, with hounds the doe,
Oft from his woodland wallowing-den uprouse

The boar, and scare him with their baying, and drive,
And o'er the mountains urge into the toils
Some antlered monster to their chiming cry. *413*
  Learn also scented cedar wood to burn
Within the stalls, and snakes of noxious smell
With fumes of galbanum to drive away.
Oft under long neglected cribs, or lurks
A viper ill to handle, that hath fled
The light in terror, or some snake, that wont
Neath shade and sheltering roof to creep, and shower
Its bane among the cattle, hugs the ground,
Fell scourge of kine Shepherd, seize stakes, seize
    stones!
And as he rears defiance, and puffs out
[illegible]

Relaxing, the last fold drags lingering spires *424*
Then that vile worm that in Calabrian glades
Uprears his breast and wreathes a scaly back,
His length of belly pied with mighty spots—
While from their founts gush any streams, while yet
With showers of Spring and rainy south winds earth
Is moistened, lo! he haunts the pools, and here
Housed in the banks, with fish and chattering frogs
Crams the black void of his insatiate maw
Soon as the fens are parched and earth with heat
[illegible]

[illegible] *434*
Me list not then beneath the open heaven
To snatch soft slumber, nor on forest ridge
Lie stretched along the grass, when slipped his
    slough,
[illegible]

    tongue
  Of sickness too the causes and the signs
I'll teach thee. Loathly scab assails the sheep,
When chilly showers have probed them to the quick,
And winter stark with hoar frost, or when sweat
Unpurged cleaves to them after shearing done,
And rough thorns rend their bodies Hence it is
Shepherds their whole flock steep in running streams,
While, plunged beneath the flood, with drenched fell,

[illegible] 447

And native sulphur and Idaean pitch
Wax mollified with ointment and therewith
Sea leek strong hellebores bitumen black
Yet ne er doth kindlier fortune crown his toil
Than if with blade of iron a man dare lance
The ulcer s mouth ope for the taint is fed
And quickened by confinement while the swain
His hand of healing from the wound withholds
Or sits for happier signs imploring heaven 456
Aye and when inward to the bleater s bones
The pain hath sunk and rages and their limbs
By thirsty fever are consumed tis good
To draw the enkindled heat therefrom and pierce
Within the hoof clefts a blood bounding vein
Of tribes Bisaltic such the wonted use
And keen Gelonian when to Rhodope
He flies or Getic desert and quaffs milk
With horse blood *curdled*
Seest one far afield
Oft to the shade s mild covert win or pull
The grass tops listlessly or hindmost lag
Or browsing cast her down amid the plain
At night retire belated and alone
With quick knife check the mischief ere it creep
With dire contagion through the unwary herd 469
Less thick and fast the whirlwind scours the main
With tempest in its wake than swarm the plagues
Of cattle nor seize they single lives alone
But sudden clear whole feeding grounds the flock
With all its promise and extirpate the breed
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Ay still behold the shepherds realms a waste
And far and wide the lawns untenanted 477
Here from distempered heavens erewhile arose
A piteous season with the full fierce heat
Of autumn glowed and cattle-kindreds all
And all wild creatures to destruction gave
Tainted the pools the fodder charged with bane
Nor simple was the way of death but when
Hot thirst through every vein impelled had drawn
Their wretched limbs together anon o erflowed

A watery flux, and all their bones piecemeal
Sapped by corruption to itself absorbed
Oft in mid sacrifice to heaven—the white
Wool woven fillet half wreathed about his brow—
Some victim standing by the altar, there
Betwixt the loitering carles a dying fell *488*
Or if betimes the slaughtering priest had struck,
Nor with its heapèd entrails blazed the pile,
Nor seer to seeker thence could answer yield,
Nay, scarce the up stabbing knife with blood was
stained,
Scarce sullied with thin gore the surface sand
Hence die the calves in many a pasture fair,
Or at full cribs their lives' sweet breath resign,
Hence on the fawning dog comes madness, hence
Racks the sick swine a gasping cough that chokes
With swelling at the jaws the conquering steed,
Uncrowned of effort and heedless of the sward,
Faints turns him from the springs, and paws the earth
With ceaseless hoof low droop his ears, wherefrom
Bursts fitful sweat, a sweat that waxes cold

502

But, if the advancing plague 'gin fiercer grow,
Then are their eyes all fire, deep-drawn their breath,
At times groan laboured with long sobbing heave
Their lowest flanks from either nostril streams
Black blood, a rough tongue clogs the obstructed jaws
'Twas helpful through inverted horn to pour
Draughts of the wine god down, sole way it seemed
To save the dying soon this too proved their bane,
And, reinvigorate but with frenzy's fire,
Even at death's pinch—the gods some happier fate
Deal to the just, such madness to their foes—
Each with bared teeth his own limbs mangling tore *514*

Nor tall wood s shadow, nor soft sward may stir

Sinks to the earth with drooping weight What now
Besteads him toil or service? to have turned
[illegible]

They fare, and virgin grasses, and their cups
Are crystal springs and streams with running tired,
Their healthful slumbers never broke by care 530
Then only, say they, through that country side
For Juno's rites were cattle far to seek,
And ill matched buffaloes the chariots drew
To their high fanes So, painfully with rakes
They grub the soil, aye, with their very nails
Dig in the corn seeds, and with strained neck
O er the high uplands drag the creaking wains
No wolf for ambush pries about the pen,
Nor round the flock prowls nightly, pain more sharp
Subdues him the shy deer and fleet foot stags
With hounds now wander by the haunts of men 540
Vast ocean's offspring, and all tribes that swim,
On the shore s confine the wave washes up,
Like shipwrecked bodies seals unwonted there,
Flee to the rivers Now the viper dies,
For all his den's close winding, and with scales
Erect the astonied water worms The air
Brooks not the very birds, that headlong fall,
And leave their life beneath the soaring cloud
Moreover now nor change of fodder serves
And subtlest cures but injure, then were foiled
The masters, Chiron sprung from Phillyron
And Amythaon s son Melampus See!
From Stygian darkness launched into the light
Comes raging pale Tisiphone she drives
Disease and fear before her, day by day
Still rearing higher that all devouring head 553
With bleat of flocks and lowings thick resound
Rivers and parchèd banks and sloping heights
At last in crowds she slaughters them, she chokes
The very stalls with carrion heaps that rot
In hideous corruption, till men learn
With earth to cover them, in pits to hide
For e en the fells are useless nor the flesh
With water may they purge, or tame with fire,
Nor shear the fleeces even, gnawed through and
through
With foul disease, nor touch the putrid webs,

But, had one dared the loathly weeds to try,

566

GEORGIC IV

Of air born honey, gift of heaven, I now
Take up the tale Upon this theme no less
Look thou, Maecenas *with indulgent eye*
A marvellous display of puny powers,
High hearted chiefs, a nation s history,
Its traits, its bent, its battles and its clans,
All each, shall pass before you, while I sing
Slight though the poet's theme, not slight the praise,
So frown not heaven, and Phoebus hear his call
  First find your bees a settled sure abode,
Where neither winds can enter (winds blow back
[illegible]

12

Let the gay lizard too keep far aloof
His scale clad body from their honied stalls,
And the bee-eater, and what birds beside,
And Procne smirched with blood upon the breast
From her own murderous hands For these roam wide
[illegible]

But let clear springs and moss-green pools be near,
And through the grass a streamlet hurrying run,
Some palm tree o er the porch extend its shade,
Or huge grown oleaster, that in Spring
Their own sweet Spring tide, when the new made chiefs
Lead forth the young swarms and, escaped their
    comb,
The colony comes forth to sport and play,
The neighbouring bank may lure them from the
    heat
Or bough befriend with hospitable shade   *24.*
O er the mid waters, whether swift or still,
Cast willow branches and big stones enow,
Bridge after bridge, where they may footing find
And spread their wide wings to the summer sun,
If haply Eurus swooping as they pause
Have dashed with spray or plunged them in the deep

And let green cassias and far scented thymes,
And savory with its heavy laden breath

Or from tough osier woven let the doors
Be strait of entrance for stiff winter's cold
Congeals the honey and heat resolves and thaws, *36*
To bees alike disastrous not for naught
So haste they to cement the tiny pores
That pierce their walls and fill the crevices
With pollen from the flowers and glean and keep
To this same end the glue, that binds more fast
Than bird lime or the pitch from Ida s pines
Oft too in burrowed holes, if fame be true,
They make their cosy subterranean home,
And deeply lodged in hollow rocks are found,
Or in the cavern of an age-hewn tree
Thou not the less smear round their crannied cribs
With warm smooth mud-coat and strew leaves above,
But near their home let neither yew tree grow,
Nor reddening crabs be roasted, and mistrust
Deep marish-ground and mire with noisome smell,
Or where the hollow rocks sonorous ring,
And the word spoken buffets and rebounds *50*

Forthwith they roam the glades and forests o'er,
Rifle the painted flowers or sip the streams,
Light hovering on the surface Hence it is
With some sweet rapture, that we know not of,
Their little ones they foster, hence with skill
Work out new wax or clinging honey mould
So when the cage-escapèd hosts you see
Float heavenward through the hot clear air, until
You marvel at yon dusky cloud that spreads
And lengthens on the wind, then mark them well,

And wake and shake the tinkling cymbals heard
By the great Mother on the anointed spots
Themselves will settle, and in wonted wise
Seek of themselves the cradle s inmost depth. *66*

But ıf to battle they have hıed them forth—
For oft twıxt kıng and kıng wıth uproar dıre
Fıerce feud arıses and at once from far
You may dıscern what passıon sways the mob,
And how theır hearts are throbbıng for the strıfe
Hark! the hoarse brazen note that warrıors know
Chıdes on the loıterers and the ear may catch
A sound that mocks the war trump s broken blasts
Then ın hot haste they muster then flash wıngs
Sharpen theır poınted beaks and knıt theır thews
And round the kıng even to hıs royal tent
Throng rallyıng and wıth shouts defy the foe *76*

Into one mıghty mass and headlong fall
Not denselıer haıl through heaven nor peltıng so
Raıns from the shaken oak ıts acorn shower
Conspıcuous by theır wıngs the chıefs themselves
Press through the heart of battle and dısplay
A gıant s spırıt ın each pıgmy frame
Steadfast no ınch to yıeld tıll these or those
The vıctor s ponderous arm has turned to flıght
Such fıery passıons and such fıerce assaults
A lıttle sprınkled dust controls and quells *87*
And now both leaders from the fıeld recalled
Who hath the worser seemıng do to death
Lest royal waste wax burdensome but let
Hıs better lord ıt on the empty throne
One wıth gold burnıshed flakes wıll shıne lıke fıre,
For twofold are theır kınds the nobler he
Of peerless front and lıt wıth flashıng scales

Some rough and loathly as when the wayfarer
Scapes from a whırl of dust and scorched wıth heat
Spıts forth the dry grıt from hıs parched mouth
The others shıne forth and flash wıth lıghtnıng
gleam
Theır backs all blazoned wıth brıght drops of gold
Symmetrıc thıs the lıkelıer breed from these
When heaven brıngs round the season thou shalt
straın
Sweet honey, nor yet so sweet as passıng clear
And mellowıng on the tongue the wıne god s fıre *102*

And let green cassias and far scented thymes,
And savory with its heavy laden breath

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Be strait of entrance, for stiff winter's cold
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By the great Mother on the anointed spots
Themselves will settle, and in wonted wise
Seek of themselves the cradle's inmost depth. *66*

The rocks with frost, and with her icy bit
Curb in the running waters, there was he
Plucking the rathe faint hyacinth, while he chid
Summer's slow footsteps and the lagging West
Therefore he too with earliest brooding bees
And their full swarms o'erflowed, and first was he
To press the bubbling honey from the comb,
Lime trees were his, and many a branching pine,
And all the fruits wherewith in early bloom
The orchard tree had clothed her, in full tale
Hung there, by mellowing autumn perfected *143*
He too transplanted tall grown elms a row,
Time toughened pear, thorns bursting with the plum
And plane now yielding serviceable shade
For dry lips to drink under but these things,
Shut off by rigorous limits, I pass by,
And leave for others to sing after me
 Come, then, I will unfold the natural powers
Great Jove himself upon the bees bestowed,
The boon for which, led by the shrill sweet strains
[illegible]

152

[illegible]
The shelter of majestic laws they live,
And they alone fixed home and country know,
And in the summer, warned of coming cold,
Make proof of toil, and for the general store
[illegible]

And some within the confines of their home
Plant firm the comb s first layer, Narcissus tear,
[illegible]

Their country s hope, and others press and pack
The thrice repurèd honey, and stretch their cells
To bursting with the clear strained nectar sweet *164*
Some, too, the wardship of the gates befalls,
Who watch in turn for showers and cloudy skies,
Or ease returning labourers of their load,
Or form a band and from their precincts drive
The drones, a lazy herd How glows the work!
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme

haste they forge

Let the blasts drive, some dip i' the water trough
The sputtering metal with the anvil's weight
Groans Etna they alternately in time
With giant strength uplift their sinewy arms,

And mould the cunning chambers, but the youth,
Their tired legs packed with thyme, come labouring
    home
Belated for afar they range to feed
On arbutes and the grey green willow leaves,
And cassia and the crocus blushing red,
Glue yielding limes, and hyacinths dusky eyed *183*
One hour for rest have all, and one for toil
With dawn they hurry from the gates—no room
For loiterers there and once again, when even
Now bids them quit their pasturing on the plain,
Then homeward make they, then refresh their
    strength
A hum arises hark! they buzz and buzz
About the doors and threshold, till at length
Safe laid to rest they hush them for the night,
And welcome slumber laps their weary limbs
But from the homestead not too far they fare,
When showers hang like to fall, nor, east winds nigh,
Confide in heaven, but 'neath' the city walls
Safe-circling fetch them water, or essay
Brief out goings, and oft weigh up tiny stones,
As light craft ballast in the tossing tide,
Wherewith they poise them through the cloudy vast *196*
This law of life, too, by the bees obeyed,
Will move thy wonder, that nor sex with sex
Yoke they in marriage, nor yield their limbs to love,
Nor know the pangs of labour, but alone
From leaves and honied herbs, the mothers, each,
Gather their offspring in their mouths, alone
Supply new kings and pigmy commonwealth,
And their old court and waxen realm repair
Oft, too, while wandering, against jaggèd stones

Their wings they fray, and 'neath the burden yield
Their liberal lives so deep their love of flowers,
So glorious deem they honey's proud acquist
Therefore, though each a life of narrow span
Ne er stretched to summers more than seven, befalls,
Yet deathless doth the race endure, and still
Perennial stands the fortune of their line,
From grandsire unto grandsire backward told *209*
Moreover, not Aegyptus, nor the realm
Of boundless Lydia, no, nor Parthia s hordes,

Snapt is the bond of fealty, they themselves
Ravage their toil wrought honey and rend amain
Their own comb s waxen trellis He is the lord
Of all their labour, him with awful eye
They reverence, and with murmuring throngs
    surround,
In crowds attend, oft shoulder him on high,
Or with their bodies shield him in the fight,
And seek through showering wounds a glorious
    death *218*
  Led by these tokens, and with such traits to guide,

From whom flocks, herds men, beasts of every kind,
Draw each at birth the fine essential flame

Alive they soar, and mount the heights of heaven
  If now their narrow home thou wouldst unseal,
And broach the treasures of the honey house,

230

Once when Taygete the Pleiad uplifts
Her comely forehead for the earth to see
With foot of scorn spurning the ocean streams,
Once when in gloom she flies the watery Fish,
And dips from heaven into the wintry wave
Unbounded then their wrath, if hurt, they breathe

Venom into their bite, cleave to the veins
[illegible] and leave their lives

And broken estate to pity move thy soul,
Yet who would fear to fumigate with thyme,
Or cut the empty wax away? for oft
Into their comb the newt has gnawed unseen,
And the light loathing beetles crammed their bed,
And he that sits at others' board to feast,
The do naught drone; or 'gainst the unequal foe
Swoops the fierce hornet, or the moth's fell tribe,
Or spider, victim of Minerva's spite,
Athwart the doorway hangs her swaying net 247
The more impoverished they, the keenlier all
To mend the fallen fortunes of their race
Will nerve them fill the cells up, tier on tier,
[illegible]

Their bodies strength should languish—which anon
By no uncertain tokens may be told—
Forthwith the sick change hue, grim leanness mars
Their visage then from out the cells they bear
Forms reft of light, and lead the mournful pomp,
Or foot to foot about the porch they hang,
Or within closed doors loiter, listless all
From famine, and benumbed with shrivelling cold 259
Then is a deep note heard, a long-drawn hum,
As when the chill South through the forests sighs,
As when the troubled ocean hoarsely booms
[illegible]

And, honey streams through reeden troughs instilled,
Challenge and cheer their flagging appetite
To taste the well known food and it shall boot
To mix therewith the savour bruised from gall,
[illegible]

Centaury, and the famed Cecropian thyme. 269
There is a meadow flower by country folk
Hight star wort, 'tis a plant not far to seek,
For from one sod an ample growth it rears,

Itself all golden, but girt with plenteous leaves,
Where glory of purple shines through violet gloom
With chaplets woven hereof full oft are decked

The roots of this, well seethed in fragrant wine,
Set in brimmed baskets at their doors for food 280

But if one's whole stock fail him at a stroke,
Nor hath he whence to breed the race anew,
'Tis time the wondrous secret to disclose

The quivered Persian presses, and that flood
Which from the swart skinned Aethiop bears him
down,
Swift parted into sevenfold branching mouths
With black mud fattens and makes Aegypt green,
That whole domain its welfare's hope secure
Rests on this art alone And first is chosen
A strait recess, cramped closer to this end,
Which next with narrow roof of tiles atop
'Twixt prisoning walls they pinch, and add hereto
From the four winds four slanting window slits 298
Then seek they from the herd a steer, whose horns

Batter his flesh to pulp i' the hide yet whole,
And shut the doors, and leave him there to lie
But 'neath his ribs they scatter broken boughs,
With thyme and fresh pulled cassias this is done
When first the west winds bid the waters flow,
Ere flush the *meadows with new tints*, and ere
The twittering swallow buildeth from the beams 307
Meanwhile the juice within his softened bones
Heats and ferments, and things of wondrous birth,
Footless at first, anon with feet and wings,
Swarm there and buzz, a marvel to behold,

And more and more the fleeting breeze they take,
Till, like a shower that pours from summer-clouds,
Forth burst they, or like shafts from quivering string
When Parthia s flying hosts provoke the fray
Say what was he, what God, that fashioned forth
This art for us, O Muses? of man's skill
Whence came the new adventure? From thy vale,
Peneian Tempe, turning, bee bereft,
So runs the tale, by famine and disease,
Mournful the shepherd Aristaeus stood
Fast by the haunted river head, and thus
With many a plaint to her that bare him cried 320
"Mother, Cyrene, mother, who hast thy home
Beneath this whirling flood, if he thou sayest,
Apollo, lord of Thymbra, be my sire,
Sprung from the Gods' high line, why barest thou me
With fortune's ban for birthright? Where is now
Thy love to me ward banished from thy breast?
O! wherefore didst thou bid me hope for heaven?
Lo! even the crown of this poor mortal life,
Which all my skilful care by field and fold,
No art neglected, scarce had fashioned forth,
Even this falls from me, yet thou call st me son 328
Nay, then arise! With thine own hands pluck up
My fruit plantations on the homestead fling
Pitiless fire, make havoc of my crops,
Burn the young plants, and wield the stubborn axe
Against my vines if there hath taken thee
Such loathing of my greatness' But that cry,
Even from her chamber in the river deeps,
His mother heard around her spun the nymphs

To bear Lucina's birth pang Clio, too,
And Beroe, sisters, ocean children both,
Both zoned with gold and girt with dappled fell,
Ephyre and Opis, and from Asian meads
Deiopea, and, bow at length laid by,
Fleet footed Arethusa But in their midst

Counted the jostling love joys of the Gods 347

Charmed by whose lay, the while their woolly tasks
With spindles down they drew, yet once again
Smote on his mother's ears the mournful plaint
Of Aristaeus, on their glassy thrones
Amazement held them all, but Arethuse
Before the rest put forth her auburn head,
Peering above the wave top, and from far
Exclaimed, "Cyrene, sister, not for naught
Scared by a groan so deep, behold! tis he,
Even Aristaeus, thy heart's fondest care,
Here by the brink of the Peneian sire
Stands woebegone and weeping, and by name
Cries out upon thee for thy cruelty " 356
To whom, strange terror knocking at her heart,
"Bring, bring him to our sight," the mother cried,
"His feet may tread the threshold even of Gods'
So saying, she bids the flood yawn wide and yield
A pathway for his footsteps, but the wave
Arched mountain wise closed round him and within
Its mighty bosom welcomed, and let speed
To the deep river bed And now, with eyes
Of wonder gazing on his mother's hall
And watery kingdom and cave prisoned pools
And echoing groves, he went, and, stunned by that
Stupendous whirl of waters, separate saw
All streams beneath the mighty earth that glide,
Phasis and Lycus, and that fountain head
Whence first the deep Enipeus leaps to light,
Whence father Tiber, and whence Anio's flood,
And Hypanis that roars amid his rocks,
And Mysian Caicus, and, bull browed
'Twixt either gilded horn, Eridanus,
Than whom none other through the laughing plains
More furious pours into the purple sea 373
Soon as the chamber's hanging roof of stone
Was gained, and now Cyrene from her son
Had heard his idle weeping, in due course
Clear water for his hands the sisters bring,
With napkins of shorn pile, while others heap
The board with dainties, and set on afresh
The brimming goblets, with Panchaian fires
Upleap the altars then the mother spake,
'Take beakers of Maeonian wine," she said,
'Pour we to Ocean Ocean, sire of all,
She worships, and the sister nymphs who guard
The hundred forests and the hundred streams,

Thrice Vesta s fire with nectar clear she dashed
Thrice to the roof top shot the flame and shone
Armed with which omen she essayed to speak 386
In Neptune s gulf Carpathian dwells a seer,
Caerulean Proteus he who metes the main
With fish drawn chariot of two footed steeds,
Now visits he his native home once more,
Pallene and the Emathian ports to him
We nymphs do reverence ay and Nereus old
For all things knows the seer both those which are
And have been or which time hath yet to bring

395

That he may all the cause of sickness show
And grant a prosperous end For save by force
No rede will he vouchsafe nor shalt thou bend
His soul by praying whom once made captive ply
With rigorous force and fetters against these
His wiles will break and spend themselves in vain
I when the sun has lit his noontide fires
When the blades thirst and cattle love the shade,
Myself will guide thee to the old man s haunt
Whither he hies him weary from the waves
That thou mayst safelier steal upon his sleep 404
But when thou hast gripped him fast with hand and gyve

And tawny tufted lioness or send forth
A crackling sound of fire and so shake off
The fetters or in showery drops anon
Dissolve and vanish But the more he shifts
His endless transformations thou my son
More straitlier clench the clinging bands until
His body s shape return to that thou sawest
When with closed eyelids first he sank to sleep 414
So saying an odour of ambrosial dew
She sheds around and all his frame therewith
Steeps throughly forth from his trim combèd locks
Breathed effluence sweet and a lithe vigour leapt

Its inmost creeks—safe anchorage from of old

For tempest taken mariners therewithin,
Behind a rock's huge barrier, Proteus hides
Here in close covert out of the sun's eye
The youth she places, and herself the while
Swathed in a shadowy mist stands far aloof 424
And now the ravening dog star that burns up
The thirsty Indians blazed in heaven, his course
The fiery sun had half devoured the blades
Were parched, and the void streams with droughty
jaws
Baked to their mud beds by the scorching ray,
When Proteus seeking his accustomed cave
Strode from the billows round him frolicking
The watery folk that people the waste sea
Sprinkled the bitter brine-dew far and wide
Along the shore in scattered groups to feed
The sea calves stretch them while the seer himself,
Like herdsman on the hills when evening bids
The steers from pasture to their stall repair,
And the lambs' bleating whets the listening wolves,
Sits midmost on the rock and tells his tale 436
But Aristaeus the foe within his clutch,
Scarce suffering him compose his aged limbs,
With a great cry leapt on him, and ere he rose
Forestalled him with the fetters, he nathless,
All unforgetful of his ancient craft,
Transforms himself to every wondrous thing,
Fire and a fearful beast, and flowing stream
But when no trickery found a path for flight,
Baffled at length, to his own shape returned
With human lips he spake, "*Who bade thee, then,*
So reckless in youth's hardihood affront
Our portals? or what wouldst thou hence? '—But he,
"Proteus, thou knowest, of thine own heart thou
knowest,
For thee there is no cheating, but cease thou
To practise upon me at heaven's behest
I for my fainting fortunes hither come
An oracle to ask thee There he ceased

451
"Doubt not tis wrath divine that plagues thee thus,
Nor light the debt thou payest, 'tis Orpheus' self,
Orpheus unhappy by no fault of his,

So fates prevent not, fans thy penal fires,
Yet madly raging for his ravished bride
She in her haste to shun thy hot pursuit
Along the stream, saw not the coming death,
Where at her feet kept ward upon the bank
In the tall grass a monstrous water snake
But with their cries the Dryad band her peers
Filled up the mountains to their proudest peaks
Wailed for her fate the heights of Rhodope,
And tall Pangaea, and beloved of Mars,
The land that bowed to Rhesus, Thrace no less
With Hebrus stream, and Orithyia wept,
Daughter of Acte old But Orpheus' self,
Soothing his love pain with the hollow shell,
Thee his sweet wife on the lone shore alone,
Thee when day dawned and when it died he sang *466*
Nay to the jaws of Taenarus too he came,

Then from the deepest deeps of Erebus,
Wrung by his minstrelsy, the hollow shades
Came trooping ghostly semblances of forms
Lost to the light, as birds by myriads hie
To greenwood boughs for cover, when twilight hour
Or storms of winter chase them from the hills,

weed,

480

And, the wind hushed, Ixion's wheel stood still
And now with homeward footstep he had passed
All perils scathless, and, at length restored,

A sudden mad desire surprised and seized—

Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive
For at the very threshold of the day,

Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard
Three times like thunder in the meres of hell *493*
'Orpheus! what ruin hath thy frenzy wrought
On me, alas! and thee? Lo! once again
The unpitying fates recall me, and dark sleep
Closes my swimming eyes And now farewell
Girt with enormous night I am borne away,
Outstretching toward thee, thine, alas! no more,
These helpless hands She spake, and suddenly,
Like smoke dissolving into empty air,
Passed and was sundered from his sight, nor him
Clutching vain shadows, yearning sore to speak,
Thenceforth beheld she, nor no second time
Hell's boatman brooks he pass the watery bar
What should he do? fly whither, twice bereaved?
Move with what tears the Manes, with what voice
The Powers of darkness? She indeed even now
Death cold was floating on the Stygian barge! *506*
For seven whole months unceasingly, men say,
Beneath a skyey crag, by thy lone wave,
Strymon he wept, and in the caverns chill
Unrolled his story, melting tigers' hearts,
And leading with his lay the oaks along
As in the poplar shade a nightingale
Mourns her lost young, which some relentless swain,
Spying, from the nest has torn unfledged, but she
Wails the long night, and perched upon a spray
With sad insistence pipes her dolorous strain,
Till all the region with her wrongs o erflows
No love no new desire, constrained his soul *516*
north,
wed,

Then too, even then, what time the Hebrus stream,
Oeagrian Hebrus, down mid current rolled,

Rent from the marble neck, his drifting head,
The death chilled tongue found yet a voice to cry
'Eurydice! ah! poor Eurydice!'
With parting breath he called her, and the banks
From the broad stream caught up 'Eurydice!' " *527*
So Proteus ending plunged into the deep,
And, where he plunged, beneath the eddying whirl
Churned into foam the water, and was gone.
But not Cyrene, who unquestioned thus
Bespake the trembling listener "Nay, my son,
From that sad bosom thou mayst banish care.
Hence came that plague of sickness, hence the
nymphs,
With whom in the tall woods the dance she wove,

536

That browse to day the green Lycaean heights,
Pick from thy herds, as many kine to match,
Whose necks the yoke pressed never then for these
Build up four altars by the lofty fanes,
And from their throats let gush the victims' blood,
And in the greenwood leave their bodies lone
Then, when the ninth dawn hath displayed its beams,
To Orpheus shalt thou send his funeral dues,
Poppies of Lethe, and let slay a sheep
Coal black, then seek the grove again, and soon
For pardon found adore Eurydice
With a slain calf for victim " *547*
No delay·
The self same hour he hies him forth to do
His mother's bidding to the shrine he came,
The appointed altars reared, and thither led
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,
With kine to match that never yoke had known,
Then, when the ninth dawn had led in the day,
To Orpheus sent his funeral dues, and sought
The grove once more But sudden, strange to tell!
A portent they espy through the oxen's flesh,
Waxed soft in dissolution, hark! there hum
Bees from the belly, the rent ribs overboil!
In endless clouds they spread them, till at last
On yon tree top together fused they cling,

And drop their cluster from the bending boughs
So sang I of the tilth of furrowed fields,
Of flocks and trees, while Caesar's majesty
Launched forth the levin bolts of war by deep   558
Euphrates, and bare rule o'er willing folk
Though vanquished, and essayed the heights of heaven
I Virgil then, of sweet Parthenope
The nursling, wooed the flowery walks of peace
Inglorious who erst trilled for shepherd wights
The wanton ditty, and sang in saucy youth
Thee, Tityrus, 'neath the spreading beech tree's shade.   566

THE AENEID

BOOK I

Of arms I sing, and of the man who first
From Trojan shores beneath the ban of fate
To Italy and coasts Lavinian came,
Much tossed about on land and ocean he

A city he might found him, and bear safe
His gods to Latium, whence the Latin race,
And Alba's sires, and lofty towering Rome.

In heavenly breasts do such fierce passions dwell? 11

Wealthy of substance, and in war's pursuit
None fiercer, far beyond all lands, 'tis said,
To Juno dearest—Samos' self less dear
Here were her arms, her chariot here, that this

A race was rearing, destined to o'erthrow
Her Tyrian towers, that issuing hence should come

22

Still mindful of the former strife, which erst
At Troy for her dear Argos she had waged—
Nor were the quarrel's causes and fierce pangs
Yet banished from her soul, in memory's depth
Lie stored the doom of Paris, and the affront
Of her spurned beauty, and that loathèd stock,

jan few,

Still must she keep upon wide ocean tossed

Aloof from Latium and for many a year
They roamed fate-driven through all the circling seas
So vast the toil to found the Roman race 33
Scarce out of sight of the Sicilian land
To seaward they were sailing cheerily
Tilting the salt foam with each brazen beak,
When Juno nursing in her bosom s depth
The undying wound thus with her own soul spake
I to shrink foiled from my design too weak
To ward the Teucrians king from Italy,
Because the fates forbid! Could Pallas then
Burn up the Argive galleys and their crews
Drown in the deep for one man s mad offence,
Ajax Oileus son? With her own hand
She hurling from the clouds Jove s nimble fire,
Scattered their barks with winds upheaved the sea,
And him his riven breast panting forth the flames
Upwhirled and staked upon a pointed rock 45
But I who walk the queen of heaven at once
Sister and spouse of Jove with one weak race
These many years must war and is there left
Still who to Juno s godhead bows the knee
Or lays a suppliant s offering on her shrine?'
Such thoughts revolving in her fiery breast,
Lo! to the storm clouds home Aeolia tracts
Teeming with furious gales the goddess came
Here in a vast cave Aeolus their king
The wrestling winds and roaring hurricanes
Bends to his sway and curbs with prison bonds 54
They with a mighty rumbling of the hill
Growl chafing round their barriers on the height,
Sceptre in hand aloft sits Aeolus
And sleeks their passions and allays their ire
Else would they hale sea land and vaulted heaven
In their wild flight and sweep them into space
But with this fear the Sire omnipotent
Penned them in caverns dark and o er them piled
The bulk of lofty mountains and a king
He gave them who by settled bond should know
To grip the reins or slacken at his word
Him Juno then with suppliant voice addressed 64
'Aeolus for to thee the Sire of gods
And King of men hath given to soothe the waves

To Italy strike wrath into the winds,
Sink and o'erwhelm their barks, or sunder far
And broadcast fling their bodies on the deep
Twice seven fair nymphs of matchless mould have I,
Of whom Deiopea, fairest formed,
In lasting wedlock will I knit with thee,
And dedicate her thine, that all her years
She for such service at thy side may spend,
And make thee father of a race as fair" 75
Then answered Aeolus "Thy task, O queen,
Is to search out thy pleasure, mine to do
Thy bidding of thy grace is all I own
Of power, this sceptre, and consenting Jove,
Thou set'st me in the banquet hall of heaven,
And mak'st me ruler of the clouds and storms"
So having said, his spear he turned and thrust
Against the hollow mountain side the winds
As in compact array, where vent is given
Rush forth and with tornado scour the world,
Swoop on the sea and from its sunken bed
Upheave it whole in one wild onset, east,
South, and southwester with thick coming squalls,
And roll huge billows to the shore Anon
Rises the creak of cables, cry of men 87
Clouds in a moment from the Trojans' eyes
Snatch heaven and day, black night broods o'er the
deep
Skies thunder, the air lightens, flash on flash,

Who won to die beneath Troy's lofty towers
Under their kinsmen's eyes! O Tydeus' son,
Bravest of Danaan blood! to think that I
On Ilium's plains was suffered not to fall,
Nor at thy hand let forth my life-breath, where
Fierce Hector by the son of Aeacus
Lay stricken low, where huge Sarpedon, where,

101

Crash go the oars, then swerves the prow and gives
The waves her broadside on rolls, heaped and sheer,
A watery mountain on the wave tops some

Hang poised to some the sea deep yawning shows

A vast ridge on the sea top three the east
Drives on to banks and shallows from the deep
A piteous sight and breaks them on the shoals
And heaps the sand about them one which bore
The Lycians and Orontes true of heart
Even as he gazes a huge sea astern
Strikes from above dashed headlong from on board
Down goes the helmsman her spun whirling thrice
Even where she lies the eddying gulf devours 117
Here and there scattered on the weltering waste
Swimmers are seen and heroes arms and planks
And Trojan wealth upon the waters strewn
Now the stout ship of Ilioneus and now
Of brave Achates that which bare on board
Abas and that too of Aletes old
The storm hath quelled with rib joints loosened all
Let in the watery foe and gaping split
Meanwhile of ocean made one roaring mass
And a storm launched and all his water floods
Wrung from their lowest deeps was Neptune ware
And sorely chafed he o er the deep he peered
Above the billow lifting a calm brow 127
Far scattered over all the main he sees
Aeneas fleet he sees the Trojans whelmed
Beneath the waters and the fallen sky
Nor from her brother s heart were hid the wiles
And spite of Juno to his side he bids
Eurus and Zephyr and bespeaks them thus
Hold you such blind reliance on your birth?
So! dare ye now without my fiat winds
Mix earth and heaven and mass these mountain heights?
Whom I——but best the uproared floods appease
Not all so lightly shall ye answer me
Your trespasses hereafter Speed betimes!
And say ye to your king not his but mine
The empire and fell trident of the sea
By lot assigned He sways the savage rocks
Of thee O Eurus and thy tribe the home
Let Aeolus hold court and vaunt him there
And rule close barred the prison of the winds 141

So saying, and swifter than that word, he smoothes
The swelling waters, routs the banded clouds,
Brings back the sun Cymothoe therewithal
And Triton lend their shoulders to thrust off
From the sharp rock their vessels, he himself
Upheaves them with his trident, clears a way
Through the vast quicksands, and allays the flood,
And skims the wave top lightly charioted
And as when oft in some vast throng hath risen
A tumult, and the base herd waxeth mad,
And brands and stones, wrath furnished weapons, fly,
Then if some hero chance upon their sight,
Of weight for worth or exploit, they are hushed
And stand, all ear, to listen, with his words
He sways their passion, soothes their ruffled breasts, 153
So all at once the roar of ocean died,
What time, forth peering o'er the main, the Sire
Borne on a cloudless heaven his coursers drove,
And flying gave his willing chariot way.
Toil worn the children of Aeneas strive
To make what shores are nearest, and at length
To Libya's coast they come There is a spot
Deep in a cove s recess an isle there makes
A harbour with the barrier of its sides,
'Gainst which no deep sea billow but is dashed,
And sundered far into sequestered creeks
On either side huge cliffs, a towering pair,
Frown up to heaven, sheer down in shelter sleep

165

Within, fresh springs and seats in the living rock
Nymph haunted the tired ships to moor them here,
No cables need, nor hookèd anchor's fang
Here, mustering seven from all his tale of ships,
Aeneas enters yearning sore for land,
Outleap the Trojans, gain the wished for beach,
And lay their brine drenched limbs upon the shore
Achates from a flint first struck the spark,
And nursed the fire in leaves, and, heaping round
Dry fuel, on tinder quickly caught the flame
Then, weary of fate, their sea marred corn they fetch,
And gear of the corn goddess, and prepare
The rescued grain to parch, and pound with stone 179
Meanwhile Aeneas scales a crag, to scan
In one wide survey all the sea, if aught

Of Antheus and the Phrygian biremes there
Wind-drifted he may spy or Capys or
Caicus arms upon the lofty stern
Vessel in sight is none on shore he sees

Weapons which true Achates chanced to bear—
And first themselves the leaders holding high
Their heads with branchy antlers he lays low
And then the herd and all the rout pell mell
Plies with his arrows through the leafy brakes
Nor stays his hand till seven huge frames on earth
He casts in triumph to match the tale of ships *193*
Thence to the port he hies gives all their share
And next the wine which on Trinacria s shore
In casks Acestes had in bounty stowed—
A hero s gift at parting—he metes out
And with this utterance soothes their troubled breasts

O comrades for not all unlearned of ills
Are we already—O schooled to worser woes
Than these of these too heaven will grant an end
Even Scylla s fury and deep bellowing rocks

203

Through shifting perils by many a brink of death
Toward Latium are we faring where the fates
Portend us quiet resting places there
The realm of Troy must from her ashes rise
Endure and hoard yourselves for happier days

So spake his lips while sick with extreme woe,
Hope s mask he wears and chokes the anguish down
They to the spoil the feast that is to be
Address them flay the ribs the flesh lay bare
Part cleave it into pieces and on spits
Still quivering fresh impale them other some
Set cauldrons on the shore and tend the fires *213*

In endless talk for their lost mates they yearn
'Twixt hope and fear uncertain whether still

Among the quick to deem them, or even now
Suffering the worst, and deaf to their last cry.
And chiefly good Aeneas, now the fate
Of keen Orontes, now of Amycus,
And inly, Lycus, thine untimely doom,
And for brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, mourns 222

Jupiter thus upon the cope of heaven
Made pause, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realm

Of men and gods with sovereign power eterne,
And scar st them with thy bolt, what crime so dire
Can my Aeneas, what the sons of Troy
Have wrought to-thee-ward, that against them now
By death so minished, the whole world stands barred,
And all for Italy? Surely that from these
Should one day issue with revolving years
The Romans, ay, from these the warrior chiefs
Of Teucer's blood requickened born to rule
All potent sea and land, thou promisedst
What purpose, Sire has warped thee? I indeed
Hereby, with counter fate requiting fate,
Oft solaced me for Troy s sad overthrow,
But the same fortune, that pursued so long
Still dogs them with disaster Mighty king,
What end dost thou vouchsafe them of their toils? 241
Antenor, from the Achaean midst escaped
Could thrid Illyria's windings all unscathed,
Far inward to Liburnian realms, and pass
The well springs of Timavus, whence the sea
Bursts through nine mouths 'mid thunder of the rocks,
And whelms his fields beneath the roaring main
Yet here Patavium's city founded he,
To be his Teucrians' dwelling place, and named
The nation, and hung high the arms of Troy,
Now rests he tranquil, lulled in calm repose

And sundered far from the Italian coast
Is this the good man's guerdon? Dost thou so

Restore us to our empire?

Upon her

256

"Truce Cytherea to thy fears and know
Unshaken stand thy children s destinies
Lavinium s city and predestined walls
Thou shalt behold, and in thine arms up bear
High souled Aeneas to the stars of heaven
Nor hath my purpose warped me This thy son—
For I to ease thy gnawing care, will speak,
From fate s dark roll her inmost secrets wring—
Shall wage a mighty war in Italy,
Crush the proud folk, and for his warriors found
A city and a system till the third
Summer hath seen him lord in Latium
Three winters o er the vanquished Rutules sped.
But young Ascanius newly now surnamed
Iulus—Ilus was he while enthroned

271

Take up the nation build the war god s town,
And call them Romans after his own name

Cherish the Romans masters of the world
The toga d nation So hath heaven decreed
A time shall come with gliding lustres when
The house of Assaracus to her yoke shall bow

Destined to bound with ocean his domain,
As with the stars his glory, Julius,
A name bequeathed from great Iulus Him,
Laden with eastern spoils, shalt thou one day

Hold safe in heaven to him too prayers shall rise 290
Then wars shall cease, the rugged times grow mild,
Hoar Faith, and Vesta, and Quirinus then

Shall roar terrific from blood boltered mouth"

Now harbours gentle thoughts and kind desires 304
But good Aeneas, all night long perplexed
With many a care, when first the genial boon
Of light was given, resolved to issue forth,
Search out the new land, and what shores he hath
gained
By the wind s grace, whether by man or beast—
So savage seem they—tenanted, then bear
Back to his friends the tidings of his quest
In woody creek beneath a hollow rock
His fleet he hides, by trees and bristling shades
Closely *embosomed, then himself strides forth,*
Achates sole beside him, in his hand
Two javelins brandishing broad tipped with iron.
Him half the wood way through, his mother met,
In face and garb a maiden, armed with gear
Of Spartan damsel, or like her of Thrace,
Harpalyce, what time she tires her steeds,
Outspeeding arrowy Hebrus in her flight 317
For from her shoulders huntress wise was slung
A shapely bow, her tresses she let trail
Upon the winds, bare kneed, her flowing folds
Close gathered in a knot *Ere he could speak,*
"Ho!" cried she, "youths, if ye have chanced to spy
One of my sisters, tell me where she strays,

324

"None of thy sisters have I seen or heard,
O—damsel must I name thee? for thy face
Nor mortal seems, nor human rings thy voice
O goddess surely, or Phoebus' sister thou,
Or of the blood of nymphs, whoe'er thou art,
Be kind, uplift the burden of our woe,
And deign to say what heaven bends over us,
Cast on what borders of the world for here
Witless of country or of folk we roam,
By winds and mighty billows hither driven
So on thine altars at our hand shall fall
Full many a victim" 334

Then spake Venus "Nay,
Not mine to claim such worship, Tyrian maids
Wont thus to wear the quiver, and bind their limbs
High with the purple buskin Here thou seest
The Punic realm, a Tyrian people, this
Agenor's city, but all the borderland
Libyan a race untamable in war
Dido, whom erst from Tyre a brother's fear
Banished now reigns their empress, 'tis a long
And tangled *tale of outrage, but the main*
Threads I will trace Sychaeus was her spouse,
In all Phoenicia lord of widest lands
Fondly poor heart, she loved him, by her sire
A virgin given, and in first bridal yoked
But reigned o'er Tyre a monster king of crime,
Pygmalion, her brother, and there came
Fury between them At the household shrine,
Impious and blinded by the lust of gold,
With stealthy stroke at unawares he slays
Sychaeus, all reckless of his sister's love
Long he concealed the deed, by many a base
Dissimulation with illusive hope
Fooling the love-sick bride But in her sleep
Uprose the form of her unburied lord,
That lifting a face pale in wondrous wise,
Laid bare the ruthless altar, and therewith
His steel pierc'd bosom, and unveiled to view
All the dark horror of the household crime 356
Then from her home at swiftest speed to hie
He bids her, and for aid upon the way
Old treasures hid within the earth reveals,
Store known to none of silver and of gold.
Scared at the tale, Dido her flight prepares
And friends to fly with round her throng whom fierce

Hate for the tyrant, or keen terror, filled,
[illegible]

So to the place they came, where now thou spyest
The lofty walls and rising citadel
Of new built Carthage, and of land they bought—
Called Byrsa from their bargaining—so much
As with a bull s hide they might compass round *368*
But who are ye, sirs from what shores arrived,
Or on what journey bound? So questioned, he
With accents from his deepest heart springs drawn,
Sighing replied
' Goddess, should I recount
From their first source and wert thou free to hear,
Our sorrow's sad recital, eve would first
Put day to sleep and shut the gates of heaven
From ancient Troy, if haply through thine ears
Troy's name has entered borne o er many a main,
The wind s whim drave us to the Libyan shores *377*
[illegible]

Is Italy, my country, and a race
Sprung from high Jove With twice ten ships I
climbed
The Phrygian main, by fate's clear promise led,
My goddess mother pointing me the way
Scarce seven remain by winds and waters riven
[illegible]

Venus could bear no longer, but broke in
Thus on his grief s mid utterance *386*
"Whosoe er
Thou art, not all unloved methinks of heaven
Draw st thou the breath of life who thus hast reached
Our Tyrian city but go forward still
And hence to the queen s palace win thy way,
For news I bring thee of thy friends return,
Thy fleet in harbour, by the shifting gales
To shelter driven or idly and for naught
My parents schooled me in prophetic lore
See yonder swans twice six in jubilant line
Which from the skiey region with his swoop
Jove s bird was routing o'er the plains of heaven

Wheel in one flock through heaven, and utter songs,
So, of thy ships and friends aboard them, some
Are safe in port, and some with swelling sails
Now make the harbour only do thou still
Go forward, follow where the pathway leads" 401
She spake, and turning shone with rosy neck,
Her head's ambrosial locks breathed scent divine,

Crying, "Ah! cruel thou too, wherefore mock
Thy son so oft with semblances untrue?
Why may I never clasp thy hand in mine,
Or hear unfeignèd accents and reply?"
So chiding, toward the town he wends his way. 410
But Venus with a dark haze hedged them in,
As on they strode, and a thick mantling mist
Miraculous shed over them, that none
Might see, or touch, or compass their delay,
Or ask their cause of coming She herself
Aloft to Paphos hies, her loved abode
Blithe to revisit, where her temple stands,
And with Sabaean incense ever smoke
A hundred altars, fragrant with fresh flowers
Meanwhile, where points the track, they speed their way,
And now the hill they climb, that o'er the town
Hangs huge, and frowns above the opposing towers 420

An awful senate, laws, and magistrates
Here these are digging harbours, yonder those
Lay deep foundations for a theatre,
And hew gigantic columns from the rocks,
Lofty adornments of a stage to be. 429
Such toil in early summer as keeps the bees
Busy in sunshine amid flowery fields,
When forth they lead the ripe youth of their race,

Or pack the amber-dripping honey, and stretch
Their cells to bursting with the nectar sweet,
Or ease returning labourers of their load,
Or form a band, and from their precincts drive
The drones, a lazy herd how glows the work!
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme!
' O happy ye, whose walls already rise,"
Exclaims Aeneas, toward the city roofs
Upgazing, and so enters through their midst,
Hedged in with darkness, marvellous to tell,
And mingles with the folk, unseen of all *440*
Within the city's midst a grove there stood
Bounteous of shade, where first the Punic host,
'Scaped from the brunt of whirlwind and of wave,
Dug forth, as queenly Juno had foreshown,
The symbol of a fiery horse s head
For so, said she, their race should ever prove
Peerless in war and with abundance blest

The doors on creaking hinges In this grove
A strange sight met him, that first soothed his fear,
Here first Aeneas dared for safety hope,
And in his broken fortunes firmlier trust *452*
For 'neath the mighty fane while he surveys
Point after point, still waiting for the queen,
And marvels to behold what fortune crowns
The city, and her craftsmen's emulous hands
And toil of labour, there set forth he sees
The battlefields of Ilium, and the war
By fame now bruited over the whole world,
Priam and Atreus' sons, and, bane of both,
Achilles With arrested steps he cries
Weeping, "What place, Achates, or what clime
But with the story of our grief o'erflows?
See Priam! even here, too honour hath its meed,
And there are tears for what befalls and hearts
Touched by the chances of mortality *462*
Fear naught, and thou shalt find this fame will bring
Some safety with it ' He spake, and feasts his soul

Here fled the Greeks, Troy s bravest at their heels,
The Phrygians here, Achilles in his car
With crested helm pursuing Nor far aloof
With tears he knew the snowy-canvassed tents
Of Rhesus which, in the first sleep betrayed,
Red Tydeus son was deluging with blood,
Who campward now drives off the fiery steeds,
Or e er on Trojan pastures they have browsed,
Or drunk of Xanthus Elsewhere was portrayed,
His arms in flight flung from him Troilus
Poor boy! for with Achilles overmatched
Dragged by his steeds to the void car he clings,
Thrown backward, and yet grasping still the reins
Neck see! and hair are trailed along the ground,
And his reversed spear scribbles in the dust *478*
Meanwhile the Trojan women to the shrine
Of unregardful Pallas passed along
Bearing the peplus all their tresses loosed

A mighty groan when he beheld the spoils
The chariot, nay the body of his friend
And Priam outstretching his defenceless hands *487*
Himself too there among the Achaean chiefs
He recognized, and dusky Memnon s arms
And eastern warriors With their moonèd shields
Penthesilea like a fury leads

In one fixed gaze immovable, the queen,
Dido in matchless beauty to the fane,

497

A thousand Oreads upon either side
Massed in her train—she on her shoulder bears
A quiver, and as she treads o ertops them all—
A secret rapture thrills Latona s breast—

Such Dido seemed, so moved she through their midst
Rejoicing busied with her realm to be *504*
Then in the sacred portals and beneath

Had scattered o'er the main, or swept afar
To alien shores Achates and his chief
Thrilled and bewildered betwixt joy and fear,
Yearn eagerly to clasp their hands but still,
By the strange fact confounded make no sign,
And from their cloudy covering watch to learn
The heroes fortunes, on what shore their fleet
They are leaving with what hope arrived, for lo!
From all the ships came envoys craving grace,
And with loud clamour making for the shrine *519*
  So when they had entered and gat leave to speak
Their eldest, Ilioneus, thus took the word
With heart unruffled ' O queen whom Jove assigns
To found a virgin city, and curb in
Unbending nations with the reins of law,
We Trojans, tempest-driven from sea to sea
In bitter case implore thee, from our ships
Ward off the unutterable doom of fire
Spare us, a pious race, and on our plight
Look with no distant eyes We have not come
To harry with the sword your Libyan homes,
Or seize the spoil, and drive it to the shore
Such lawlessness we like not nor so prone
Are conquered men to insolence There is
A spot by Greeks Hesperia named, a land
Of old renown, mighty in arms in soil
Prolific, where the Oenotrian heroes dwelt,
Now by a later race named Italy
If rumour lie not, from their leader s name *533*

Far athwart billows of o'ertoppling brine
And pathless rocks, before the headstrong south
Hither we few have floated to your shores

What race of men is this? What land allows
Custom so cruel? The welcome of the shore
Denied, they dare us at sword s point set foot
Upon the utmost margin of their land
If men and mortal arms ye hold so light,
Yet look for gods mindful of right and wrong. 543
Aeneas was our king, none juster, none
More famed for goodness, or for feats of war.
If fate still spare that hero, if he still
Feeds on the air of heaven, nor yet is laid
In cruel darkness, naught have we to fear,
No, nor wouldst thou repent thee to have been
His challenger in kindness Cities too
And arms to aid in Sicily have we,
And famed Acestes, sprung from Trojan blood.
Let us but haul our battered fleet ashore,
Fit planks in the forest, and trim oars, that if
Vouchsafed us still to make for Italy,
Comrades and king restored, with hearts elate
To Italy and Latium we may go,
But if cut off our safety, and if thee,
Best father of the Teucrians, Libya's deep
Holds in its keeping, and no hope is now
Left in Iulus, we at least may seek
Sicania's strait from whence we sailed, the homes
There waiting and Acestes for our king" 558
So Ilioneus and instant with one mouth
Clamoured assent the sons of Dardanus

Then briefly Dido speaks with drooping eyes
"Cast fear adrift ye Teucrians shut the doors
On doubt the hard conditions of the time
And raw youth of my kingdom to this push
Compel me and to guard my frontiers round
The comrades of Aeneas and Troy's town,
Her heroes and their heroisms, and all

Out of the sun's track in his charioting
Our Tyrian town The great Hesperian land

Without distinction shall be held by me 574
And would that by the selfsame tempest driven

From end to end, if haply cast ashore
Forest or city holds him wandering"
Fired by these words long since Achates bold
And Prince Aeneas burned to break their cloud
Achates first gat utterance 'Goddess born,
Say now what purpose rises in thy heart?
Thou seest all safe, comrades and fleet restored,
One only lacking, whom our own eyes saw
Gulfed in mid ocean with thy mother s words
Else all things tally' Scarcely had he spoke,
When suddenly the cloud that wrapped them round
Sunders and melts into the open heaven 587
Forth stood Aeneas in the clear sunlight
Resplendent, face and shoulders like a god
For she who bare him on her son had breathed

Silver or Parian chased with yellow gold
Then to the queen, by all unlooked for, thus
Sudden he speaks "I, whom ye seek, am here,
Trojan Aeneas, snatched from Libyan waves 596
Thou who alone the unutterable woes
Of Troy hast pitied, and dost impart to us—
Sole remnant by the Danai left, fordone
With all mischances both of land and sea,
Beggared of all—a city and a home,
Dido, to yield thee worthy thanks stands not
Within our means, nor theirs who else survive
Of Dardan blood scattered the wide world o er
May heaven, if any powers regard the good,

606

While rivers still shall run into the sea,
While shadows sweep the mountain sides, while
heaven
Shall feed the stars, thy glory, name, and praise,
What land soe er me summon shall remain"
So saying, his right hand he reached forth to greet

Friend Ilioneus, Serestus with his left,
Then others bold Gyas and Cloanthus bold
Astounded by the hero's presence first,
Then at his vast misfortune, thus outspake
Sidonian Dido 'Through such mighty perils,
O goddess born what fate pursues, what force
To barbarous shores impels thee? Art thou that
Aeneas, whom kindly Venus by the wave
Of Phrygian Simois to the Dardan bare,
Anchises? I myself remember well
When Teucer from his own home ousted, came
To Sidon seeking a new realm to win
By Belus aid my father Belus then

624

Claim to be sprung Then enter sirs our house
Me also tossed from toil to toil, like chance
Suffers at length to make this land my home
Nor all unlessoned in calamity
Learn I to aid the wretched With such words
She to her palace leads Aeneas in,
And for the temples of the gods proclaims
Due honour For his comrades therewithal
Down to the beach she sends a score of bulls,
A hundred bristling backs of burly swine,
Fat lambs a hundred, with their dams to boot,
Glad gifts for the glad day Meanwhile, within,
The palace is set forth in all the pomp
Of royal splendour, and amidst the hall

642

Ascanius and conduct him to the town—
Upon Ascanius a fond father's heart
Is wholly set—and presents he bids bring
Snatched from the wreck of Ilium, a long robe

Stuff with embroidered gold work, and a veil
Purfled with yellow flowered acanthus, worn
By Argive Helen, and from Mycenae brought,
What time to Troy she sailed, a bride forbid—
Her mother Leda's marvellous gift, therewith

Achates now was hastening to the ships 656
But Cytherea in her breast revolves
New wiles and new devices, that, for sweet
Ascanius, Cupid, changed in face and form,
May come, and with his gifts inflame the queen
To frenzy, and wrap all her frame in fire
Ay, for in sooth she fears the treacherous house
And double spoken Tyrians Juno's hate
Sears her, and trouble at nightfall returns
Thus, therefore, she bespeaks her wingèd Love

Over the main by Juno's rancorous spite—

She will not idle where such hopes are hinged 672
So to prevent the queen with guile, and gird
With fire I purpose, that no power may change,
But strong love for Aeneas fix her mine.
Next how to achieve it hearken my device
The royal boy, my chiefest care, e'en now

Lulled in deep slumber, that my stratagems
He may not know nor intervene to mar 682

The wine-god brimming Dido to her breast

Shall take thee and embrace, and on thy lips
Imprint sweet kisses, with the subtle fire
Thy breath may poison her at unawares"
Obedient then to his dear mother's words,

Bears upward to Idalia s wooded heights,
Where soft amaracus enfolds with flowers,
And fans him with the breath of odorous shade. 694

And now all joy, Achates for his guide,
Cupid the royal gifts obediently
Came bearing for the Tyrians Entering,
He sees the queen set in their midst, reclined
Upon a gold couch proudly canopied
Now Prince Aeneas now the Trojan men
Gather, and stretch them on strewn purple Slaves
Pour water on their hands and proffer bread

With men as many and of like age to load
The boards with viands and set the winecups on 706

They marvel, marvel at Iulus too—

When he had clasped Aeneas and hung close
About his neck, sating the hungry love
Of his pretended sire moves toward the queen
She with her eyes, and she with all her heart
Cleaves to him, and fondles at her breast anon—
Dido all witless of how great a god

A heart long stagnant and to love unused. *722*
When the first hush upon the banquet fell,
The board removed, they set on mighty bowls,

To Tyrians and to travellers from Troy
Grant that this day propitious be, and that
Our children's children may remember it. *733*
Let Bacchus, source of merriment, be near,

And, having made[1] libation, with lip's edge
Herself first touched it, then to Bitias
Passed with a merry taunt, he, nothing loth,
Drank of the foaming goblet, and dived deep
Into the brimming gold, then other lords

fire, *743*
Arcturus and the showery Hyades,
And the twin Bears, why winter suns so haste
To dip themselves in Ocean, or what check
Retards the lingering nights With shout on shout
Applaud the Tyrians, and the sons of Troy
Make answer therewithal in varied talk

Aurora's son came girded to the fray,
How fair the steeds of Diomede, or how vast
Achilles "Nay, but, O my guest," said she,
"Come, tell us from the first the Danaan plots,
Thy comrades' woes, and thine own wanderings:
For lo! the seventh returning summer now
Bears thee a wanderer over land and wave." *756*

BOOK II

All lips were hushed all eyes attentive fixed
Then Prince Aeneas from his lofty couch
Addressed him thus to speak
' Unutterable,
O queen the grief thou bid'st me to revive,
How Troy s magnificence and royal power,
Woe worth the day! the Danai overthrew
Thrice piteous scenes which I myself beheld,
And was a mighty part of! Such a tale
Who or of Myrmidons or Dolopes
Or stern Ulysses soldiery could tell,

Recoils I will attempt it
' Broken in war 13
And baffled by the fates the Danaan chiefs,
Now that so many grew the gliding years,
By Pallas aid artificer divine,
Build up a horse of mountain bulk the ribs
Of pine planks interwoven feigning it
A votive offering for their home return,
So runs the rumour Into its dark side
Picked warriors stealthily by lot they stow,
And fill the deep vaults of its mighty womb
With armèd soldiery

Mere bay and roadstead ill for keels to trust 23
Hither they sail, and on the barren shore
Lie hid We deem them far upon their way,
Bound for Mycenae with a favouring gale
Thereat all Teucria shuffles off the load
Of her long mourning Wide are flung the gates,
Whence issuing forth with rapture we behold
The Dorian camp, the haunts now tenantless,

The shore left void here the Dolopian band,
Here fierce Achilles pitched, here lay the fleet,
Here were they wont to meet us, host to host
Some gape at Maid Minerva's doom fraught gift,
And marvel at the monster horse, and first
Thymoetes urged it within walls be haled,
And lodged in the fortress, or through treachery, or
That thither now the fates of Troy were set *34*
But Capys and the minds of saner bent
Bid either hurl it headlong in the sea—
This Danaan ambush, their suspicious gift—
Or fire it from beneath or pierce and probe
The womb's dark hollows With fierce party cries
This way and that the wavering crowd is torn

' First of a mighty throng, outspeeding all,
Laocoon from the citadel s steep height
Comes running in hot haste, and cries from far,
'Alack! so mad, my masters! do ye think
The foe departed? deem ye any gift
Of Danaans can lack guile? have ye so learned
Ulysses? or within this timber caged
Achaeans lurk, or 'tis an engine framed
Against the walls to spy into our homes
And pounce upon the city from above,
Or else some trickery lurks therein, trust not
The horse, ye Trojans, whatsoe'er it be,
Even gift in hand, I fear the Danai still ' *49*
So saying with main strength a huge spear he hurled

And had the powers above, had our own wit
Not turned awry, he had prevailed to sack
The Argives' den, Troy still were standing, thou,
Priam s tall citadel, unshaken still *56*

Meanwhile a youth, his hands behind him bound,
See! Dardan hinds come haling to the king,
Loud clamouring, who, to shape it even so,
And let the Achaeans into Troy, had thrust
A stranger s wilful presence on their path,
Dauntless of soul, and armed for this or that—

Vying to mock their captive Come now, hear
How Danaans can deceive, and learn from one

The villainy of all For as he stood
Helpless, confused, a target for all eyes,
And gazed around upon the Phrygian ranks, 68
'Alas! he cried, 'what land, what ocean now
Can harbour me? or what last hope have I—
The wretch, alike from Danaan earth debarred,
And for whose blood the Dardans howl no less,
To quit their hatred?' By that burst of grief
Changed was our humour, checked each rude assault,
We urge him speak, relate from whence he sprang,
His errand what, and why, a thrall, so bold
Then fear abandoned, thus at length he speaks·
All will I truly tell thee, King,' quoth he,
'Betide what may my Argive birth I own· 78
This at the outset, nor, if Fortune shaped
Sinon for misery, shall her spite, beside,
Shape him to fraud and falsehood It may be,
Borne on men's voices, to thine ear hath sped
Some sound of Palamede from Belus sprung,
A name world famous, whom by lies betrayed,
Guiltless, and on a villain's charge, because
The war he gainsaid, the Pelasgian lords
Once did to death, now, lorn of light, deplore.
To him as comrade and near kinsman I
Was by a needy sire in earliest youth
Sent hither to the field While yet enthroned
Scathless he stood, and at kings' councils throve,
I in some sort held rank and honour too
But when Ulysses treacherous spite, I speak
No secret, drave him from the realms of day,
Downcast and darkling my sad life dragged on,
With inward wrath for my friend's guiltless fate
Nor—madman—could I hold my peace, but vowed,
Should chance but offer, to my Argive home
If e'er returned in triumph, to wreak his fall,
And, thus outspoken, stirred the goads of hate 96
Thence my first slip to ruin, Ulysses thence
Ceased not to scare me with new charges, thence
To sow dark rumours in the common ear,
And hunt for armed accomplices Indeed
No rest he took till, Calchas at his side—
But why the unwelcome record do I thus
Vainly unroll? or why the tale prolong?
If all the Achaeans in one class ye file,
And hearing that suffices, take, 'tis time,
Your vengeance: this the Ithacan would wish,

And this the Atridae grudge no gold to buy.'
"Then truly burn we to search out and learn

108

Leave Troy behind, and quit the weary war,
And would they had done so! the rough sea as oft
Opposed its stormy barrier, and the south
Scared them from going Chiefly when yon horse,
Of maple beams compacted, stood erect,

117

Numbed were all hearts, and through their inmost
bones
Ran a chill shudder—who was he by fate
Predestined thus? Apollo's victim who?

Nor lacked there who even then foretold to me
The schemer s cruel outrage, or who saw
The end, yet spake not Twice five days the seer
In silence hides him, vows no word of his
Shall denounce any, or to death consign 127
Scarce driven at length by the Ithacan s loud cries,
To crown their compact, he breaks forth in speech,
And dooms me to the altar All approved,
And turned what each was fearing for himself
To one poor soul s destruction Now drew near
The unutterable day, for me were now
The altar rites preparing, the salt cakes
And brow-encircling fillets I confess
I plucked me from perdition, brake my bonds,
In miry pool all night sedge sheltered lay,
Till they should sail, if haply sailed they had 136

Will claim the forfeit—with their death, poor souls!
Atone my trespass But I thee implore
By the high Gods, and powers that know the truth,
By what remains to mortals anywhere
Of faith untarnished, pity woes like mine,
Pity a soul with unjust burdens bowed' *144*
"Life to his tears we grant and pity too
Priam s own voice first bids the man be loosed
From grip of gyve and fetter, and thus speaks
With kindly word 'Whoe er thou art henceforth,
As for the Greeks, forget them and forgo
[illegible]

A sacred symbol? or some tool of war?'
He had said the other, well equipped with guile
And craft Pelasgian, to the stars upturned
His hands now fetterless 'You, quenchless fires,
And your inviolable majesty
I call,' quoth he, 'to witness, and you too,
Altars and heinous swords which I escaped,
And garlands of the gods, my victim gear, *156*
Lawful it is for me to break my vows
Of fealty to the Greeks lawful to hate
The men themselves and bring to the light of day
Whate er they shroud in darkness, nor am I
Holden by any of my country's laws
Only do thou stand by thy plighted word,
Troy, and, safeguarded, guard thy promise safe,
If truth I tell, if richly thee repay
" 'All hope and courage for the war's emprise
On Pallas' help the Danaans ever stayed
But from what time, with Tydeus' impious son,
Ulysses, crime-contriver, dared to rend
Doom fraught Palladium from its hallowed shrine,
And slew the watchmen of her castled height,
And snatched the sacred image, and feared not
With hands blood [illegible]

Crushed was their strength, the goddess' heart
estranged *170*
Nor doubtful the dread signs Tritonia gave,
Scarce was her semblance lodged within the camp,
When from the upturned eyes shot quivering flames,
A salt sweat coursed along the limbs, and thrice—

Wondrous to tell—of her own self she sprang
From earth shield laden, and with spear that shook.
Calchas at once with prophet voice bids brave
Ocean in flight, for that no Argive arms

O er ocean with them in their curved keels *179*
And now that homeward wafted they have sought
Mycenae, 'tis to get them arms, and gods
For their way fellows, and, the sea recrossed,
They will be here unlooked for In such wise
Doth Calchas sort the omens Warned by him
They reared this image in Palladium's place,
For outraged godhead their dark crime to quit
But to this monstrous height of woven planks
Calchas bade lift it and upbuild to heaven,
Lest through your gates it be received, or drawn
Within the ramparts, and so shield your folk
Beneath their ancient worship For if hand

On Priam's empire and the Phrygians but
If by your hands your city it should scale,
Asia herself should in a mighty war
Assail the walls of Pelops, and such doom
Remain in store for our posterity ' *194*
"By such decoys of Sinon's art forsworn
The tale gat credence, and by craft were caught
And forcèd tears, whom neither Tydeus son,
No, nor Achilles of Larissa nor
Ten years had conquered nor a thousand keels
"A mightier portent and more fearful far,
Poor souls! here bursts upon them, and confounds
Their blinded senses For Laocoon,
The priest of Neptune, as by lot assigned,

205
Reared on the surge their breasts and blood red
manes
O ertop the billows, the remaining bulk
Skims ocean aft in labyrinthine folds

Hark! how the brine seethes audibly! and now,
Their glowing eyes with blood suffused and fire,
The shore fields they were gaining, and their chaps
Hissed, as with flickering tongues they licked them, we

Embraces and enfolds and gnawing feeds
Upon the hapless limbs, then him they seize
Up hurrying armed to aid them, and bind fast
With mighty spires, and now—their scaly length
Twice wreathed about his waist, twice round his
neck—
With heads o'ertop him and high towering throats 219
He, while to rend their knots he strives amain,
His fillets with black venom drenched and gore,
Uplifts to heaven heart piercing shrieks, as when,
Scaped from the altar, bellows a maimed bull,
That from his neck shakes off the erring axe
But to the temple s height that dragon pair
Gliding escape and seek the citadel
Of fell Tritonia, to find covert close
Under the goddess feet and orbèd shield
Then through the trembling hearts of all there crept
Strange fear and 'rightly hath Laocoon
Paid for his crime they cry, 'with point of spear
Wounding the hallowed wood, what time he hurled
His guilty lance against the flank 'Then all
Shout that the image to her shrine be drawn,
And supplication to the goddess made 233
We cleave the city walls, the ramparts ope,
All gird them to the task, beneath the hoofs
Set wheels a gliding, and around the neck

And so it enters, and glides threateningly
Into the city s midst Land of my birth!
O Ilium, home of gods, and, famed in war,
Ye Dardan battlements! four times it stopped

243

The luckless prodigy Then, even then,

Cassandra for the coming doom unlocks
Those lips ne'er trusted by the sons of Troy—
So heaven decreed it we, that day our last,
Fond wretches! range the city, and festoon
With gala boughs the temples of the gods
"Meanwhile the face of heaven is turned, and night
Comes up from ocean, in its mighty shade
Both earth and sky, and Myrmidonian wiles
Enveloping stretched silent on the walls
The Teucrians lay, sleep held their weary limbs 253

And, shielded by the gods unequal doom,
Sinon by stealth lets loose the pinewood bolts,
And womb imprisoned Danai Them the horse
Restores, thrown open to the light of day,
And from the hollow frame exultant leap
Thessander, Sthenelus those lords of war,
And dread Ulysses, by the lowered rope
Down gliding, Acamas, and Thoas, and
Son s son of Peleus, Neoptolemus,
And first Machaon, Menelaus too,
Ay, and Epeus, framer of the fraud 264
These storm the town, buried in sleep and wine,
The guards are slain, through the wide portals all
Let in their friends, and join the federate band
"It was the time when the first slumber falls
On suffering mortals by the high God s gift
Then sweetliest stealing o'er them lo! in sleep
Hector before mine eyes, all woe begone,
Seemed then to stand, and shower down floods of
tears,
Torn by the dragging chariot, as of old,
And black with blood stained dust —his swollen feet
Pierced with the thong Ah! what a sight he was!
How all *unlike that Hector, who returned*
Clad in Achilles arms, the spoils of war,

Weeping myself, I first, methought, addressed
The hero, and drew forth these sorrowing words 280

'Light of the Dardan land, O staunchest hope
Of Teucria's sons, say why this long delay?
Or from what borders, Hector, art thou come,
Much looked for? is it thus that, wearied out
With all the myriad slaughters of thy friends,
City and townsmen's ever changing woes,
Our eyes behold thee? What unseemly cause
Hath marred thy cloudless features? or what mean
These wounds I gaze on?' Not a word spake he,
Nor recked mine idle questioning, but groan
On laboured groan from out his bosom's depth
Upheaving 'Ah! fly, goddess born,' he said,
'And snatch thee from the flames the foemen hath
Our walls and Troy from her proud summit sinks 290
Enough to king and country hath been given
If any hand could Pergamus have saved,
Then mine had saved it Troy commits to thee
Her worship and her household gods, these take
As comrades of thy destinies for these
Seek out a mighty city thou at length
Shalt rear thee, having roamed wide ocean o'er.'
Such words he spake, and in his hands bare forth
The sacred fillets from the inmost shrine,
And Vesta's might and her undying fire

Lay sheltered ever louder and more loud
Surges the din, swells out the alarm of war 301
I start from sleep to the high roof top mount,
And stand all ear, to hearken as, when fire
Falls on the corn beneath the furious south,
Or ravening torrent from a mountain flood
Lays low the fields, lays low the laughing crops,

The Danaan wiles unmask them, see e'en now
The house of Deiphobus a vast ruin yawns
too

Shouting of men, and clarion's bray, distraught
I seize mine arms, though arms lack argument,
But my heart burns to mass a warrior band,

And with my comrades hasten to the hold
Frenzy and anger urge my headlong will,
And death methinks how comely, sword in hand! 317
"But Panthus, from the Achaean darts escaped,
Panthus, the son of Othrys, seer and priest
Of Phoebus on the height, in his own hand
The sacred emblems of the vanquished gods,
And dragging his young grandchild after him,
Nigh at wits end comes hurrying to my door
'Panthus, how stands the fortune of the day?
What point of vantage seize we? Scarce had I
Uttered the words when, groaning, he replies
'The latest day, the inevitable hour,
Has dawned on Dardan land we, Trojans once,
And Ilium, and the Teucrians giant fame
Have been and are not, Jove's remorseless will
From us to Argos hath borne all away,
Our town's a flame, the Danaans lord it there 327
Towering amidst the city walls erect
The horse rains armèd warriors! far and near
Sinon with victor insolence spreads wide
The conflagration Through the folding gates
Some enter, myriads countless as e er came
From great Mycenae, some, to bar our path,
With weapons have beset the narrow ways,
A wall of steel blade edges flashing bare,
For death blow dight scarce seek the foremost guards
To hold the gates against them, or maintain
The blindfold conflict 'At such words as these
From Othrys son and at the doom of heaven,
I rush into the midst of fire and fray,
Where the grim Fury, where the battle-din
Me summons, and the shouts uptossed to heaven 338
Then lo! by moonlight borne across my path,
[illegible]

He, with mad passion for Cassandra fired,
Had come to Troy, and as a son was now
To Priam and the Phrygians lending aid,
Unhappy, not to heed the warning voice
Of his heaven frenzied bride Whom when I saw
Close banded and with stomach for the fray
I thus the more exhort them 'Warrior hearts,
Dauntless in vain, if your desire be set

On following one who dares the bitter end,
Our fortune's plight how desperate, ye may see: 350
Gone are the gods from shrine and altar fled,
Aye one and all, by whom this empire stood
The town ye seek to succour is in flames.
Then die we, plunging into the battle's midst,
One safety hath defeat—to hope for none!'
Thus were the warriors' souls to frenzy wrought
Then like to ravening wolves in a black mist,
Whose belly rage unbridled drives them forth
To grope for prey—their cubs left lone the while
With droughty jaws await them—on we press
Through darts, through foemen, to no doubtful
    doom,
Thridding the city's midst Night's ebon wings
360

Stoops to her fall our ancient city, she
The empress of the ages Through her streets
And homes and hallowed thresholds of the gods,
Heap upon heap the dead lie strewn and stark,
Nor Teucrians only pay the bloody debt,
Sometimes though vanquished, to their heart returns
Valour, and down the conquering Danai go
Look where you will, heart rending agony
369

Thus as a comrade hails us 'Haste, my men!
What laggard sloth retards you? others, see!
Amid her flames are plundering Pergamus,
While ye from your tall ships are newly come'
He said, and, greeted with no sure reply,
Knew in a moment fallen amid foes
Staggered, both foot and voice he backward drew
As one, who, struggling with rough briars, hath trod
At unawares a serpent underfoot,
Starts back in sudden terror, as it rears
Its wrath on high, and puffs a purple throat,
Not otherwise, confounded at the sight,
Androgeos was retreating On we rush,
With serried arms enclose them, and on ground
They knew not, and with terror ta'en aback,
Slay them on every side So fortune's breath

Fans our first effort Here Coroebus cries,
Waxed jubilant with courage and success *386*
'Where fortune at the outset, comrades mine,

Who cares to ask in dealing with a foe?
Themselves shall furnish us with arms 'So saying,
The plumèd helmet of Androgeos
He next puts on, with buckler blazoned fair,
And girds an Argive sword upon his thigh
The like does Rhipeus, ay and Dymas too,
And all our youth exulting, every man
Arms him from out the recent spoil, then on
We press, commingling with the Danaan ranks,
Led by no god of ours, and hand to hand
Through the blind night wage many a battle bout,
Send many Danaans to the shades below *398*
This way and that they fly, some to the ships,
Seeking at headlong speed the trusty shore,
Some clambering up the monster horse again
Vile dastards hide them in the well known womb
Ah! not for men to trust, if gods be loath!
See where, with locks that stream upon the wind,
Maiden Cassandra, Priam's daughter, comes
Haled from the temple and Minerva's shrine,
Vainly to heaven her burning eyes she casts—
Eyes, for her tender hands are locked in chains
This sight Coroebus brooked not, mad with rage
He hurled him on their very midst, to die
We following all in close array rush on *409*
Here first from the high temple s top o erwhelmed
With friendly darts, most piteous slaughter falls

Fall on—impetuous Ajax, and the twin
Atridae, and all the host of Dolopes,
Even as at times, when a tornado bursts,
Winds meet in shock of battle, West, and South,
And East exulting in his orient steeds,
The forest creaks, and Nereus, all a foam,
Storms with his trident, from its lowest depth
Upchurning all the ocean Such beside
As through the darkness in the gloom of night

We routed by our stratagem, and chased
The city's length appear, and first are they
Our shields and lying weapons to discern,
And mark the incongruous accent of our tongues 423
Straightway we are outnumbered and o'erwhelmed,
And first Coroebus at the altar steps
Slain of the warrior goddess, by thy hand,
Peneleos, bites the dust falls Rhipeus too,
Of all the Teucrians foremost without peer
For justice and fast cleaving to the right

Ashes of Ilium and ye funeral fires
Of my lost friends, witness, when ye went down,
I shunned no Danaan missiles, and no chance
Of blow for blow that, had fate willed my fall,
This arm had earned it Sundered from the rest
With me are Iphitus and Pelias,
Iphitus age encumbered, Pelias
Sore wounded by Ulysses Straight we hie
Toward Priam's palace, by the shouting led. 437
But here a giant conflict we behold,

And the shield tortoise driven besets the door.
Close cleave their ladders to the walls, and nigh
The very entrance up the rungs they press,
With left hands shielded intercept the darts,
And with the right clutch fast the battlements
Meanwhile the Dardans, seel upwrench amain
Turret and roofing tile, with these for darts,
Seeing the end, in death s extremity,
They stand on their defence some topple down
August ancestral splendours—gilded beams
Others with drawn blades block the doors below,
And guard them densely massed, fresh heart I take
To aid the palace, ease with help our men,
Add vigour to the vanquished 452

"There was set
An entrance by a hidden door that led
From hall to hall of Priam, posternwise
Left rearward of the palace, by the which
While yet the empire stood, Andromache,

Poor heart! would ofttimes unattended seek
Her royal kinsfolk, to his grandsire's knee,

Their ineffectual darts A turret stands
On the sheer edge, with its high pinnacle
Reared to the stars, whence Troy would oft be
viewed,
The Danaan ships too, and the Achaean camp 462
This, armed with tools, assail we round about,
Where the high floor joists lend a tottering hold,
And from its deep bed wrench, and hurl it lo!
Suddenly with a crash down, down it goes,
Trailing wild havoc on the Danaan ranks
But up come others, and meanwhile the storm
Of stones and motley missiles knows no stay
Hard on the threshold, by the very door,
Pyrrhus exults, flashing in armed sheen
As when a serpent fed on poisonous weeds,
By winter frosts kept swollen underground,

475

With him huge Periphas, and Automedon
Achilles charioteer, who bare his arms,
And all the flower of Scyros, storm the walls,
And at the roof fling fire In front of all,
Gripping a two edged axe, himself is there,
Bursting the tough doors through, and from their
hinge
The brass bound valves divorcing see! even now
He has hewn a beam out, scooped the stubborn oak,
And made a monstrous and wide-yawning breach
The inner palace and far lengthening halls
Ope and lie bare, the secret sanctuary
Of Priam and the kings of long ago,
And standing on the threshold s edge they see
Arm d warriors 485
"But confusion reigns within,
Wild shrieks and piteous uproar, far withdrawn

stray,

And fondly clinging clasp the doors and kiss
On presses Pyrrhus with his father s might
Nor barriers no nor guards his onset brook
With quick blows of the battering ram the door
Totters the valves fall forward from the hinge
Force cleaves a way the Danaans flooding in
Burst them a passage cut the foremost down
And fill the wide space with their soldiery 495
Not all so madly doth a foaming flood
Burst through the barrier of opposing banks
With conquering swirl then raging on an heap
O er ride the country and through all the plain
Sweep byre and herd before it I myself
Saw mad with slaughter Neoptolemus
And both the Atridae on the threshold aye
And Hecuba with daughters and sons brides

Those fifty bridal chambers the rich hope

505

Haply of Priam s fate would st also hear
Soon as he saw the city stormed and fallen
His palace doors wrenched open and the foe
Amid his inmost chambers the old man
About his shoulders palsied now with age
Binds unavailing long forgotten arms
Then girds him with his helpless sword and where
The foe throngs thickest turns his steps to die
Midmost the palace under heaven s bare vault
Stood a huge altar and a bay tree near

514

Hecuba and her daughters huddling cowered
Clasping the sacred images But when
Priam she saw in arms of youth arrayed

Succour or such defenders craves the time
No not were my own Hector now at hand

Enough withdraw thee hither all shall be
Saved by this altar or thou slain with us
So spake she and drew towards her and set down
Her aged lord upon the hallowed seat 525

But lo! from Pyrrhus slaughtering sword escaped
Polites one of Priam s sons through darts
Through foemen the long corridors adown

Bursting at length upon his parents view
Before their very eyes prostrate he fell
And poured his life out in a rush of blood
Then Priam though fast within the net of death
Brake all restraint nor voice nor passion spared 534
For crime so shameless may the gods he cries
If justice be in heaven such deeds to mark
Pay thee due thanks fair meed requite thee who
Hast forced mine own son s murder on my sight
And with his death profaned a father s eyes
But he—thou liest to call thyself his son—

And sent me to my realm again So saying
The old man heaved a weak and woundless spear
Which straightway by the clanging brass repelled
From the shield s outer boss rim harmless hung 546
Therefore said Pyrrhus shalt thou bear the news
And to my sire the son of Peleus go
Look that thou tell him of my sorry deeds

Of his son s blood and wreathing in the hair

Troy burnt and Pergamus to ruin fallen
Erewhile o er many nations many lands
The haughty lord of Asia There he lies
A vast trunk stretched along the sand a head

Shorn from the shoulders, and a nameless corse 558
"Then first fell horror closed me round, I stood
Amazed uprose the form of my loved sire,
As I beheld the king, in age his peer,
Cruelly wounded gasping out his life
Rose to my mind Creusa too, left lone,
And my house plundered, and the plight of young
Iulus I look back to scan what force
Is yet around me one and all worn out
Have vanished from my side, cast them to earth
Headlong, or fainting dropped into the flames. 566
Now was I left alone, when I discern

Of her forsaken lord—she, common fiend
Of Troy and her own country hidden close,
Couched by the altar from the scorn of men 574
At once my soul caught fire, and rising wrath

Mycenae? in the triumph she has won
Walk as a queen and with her eyes behold

Troy burnt to ashes and the Dardan shore
Bedewed so often with the sweat of blood! 582
Not so albeit no memorable name
By woman s death be won, nor triumph yield
Such victory, yet to have wiped out a pest,
Wreaked worthy punishment, shall be my praise,
My joy to surfeit in avenging fire,
And to have slaked the ashes of my friends
Such words outflinging, and by rage of heart

Such and so stately as her form appears

To sons of heaven she held me by the hand,
And thus, moreover, spake with rosy lips 593

See first where thou hast left thine age worn sire,
Anchises, whether still survive thy wife
Creusa and Ascanius thy child?
Whom all ere this, encompassed every side
By prowling Greeks, did not my care prevent,
Or flames had snatched, or foeman's sword devoured
Think not it is the hated face of her,
The Spartan daughter of Tyndareos,
No, nor much blamèd Paris, but the gods,
The gods, whose unrelenting hate o erturns
This empire, and Troy s loftiness brings low 603
Look—for the cloud which, o er thy vision drawn,
Dulls mortal sight, and spreads a misty murk,
I will snatch from thee utterly but thou
Fear not thy mother's bidding nor refuse
Her hests to hearken—here where thou but seest

And heaves the deep foundations from her bed
O'ertoppling all the city Juno here
Storms at the entrance of the Scaean gate,
Implacable, and raging, sword on thigh,
Summons her armed confederates from the ships 614
Now backward glance, and on the embattled height
Already see Tritonian Pallas throned,
Flashing with storm-cloud and with Gorgon fell
The Sire himself each Danaan heart imbues
With courage and victorious might, himself

Upon thy father's threshold 'She had said,

"Ah! then mine eyes
Beheld all Ilium settling into flame,
Troy, Neptune s city, from her base o erthrown, 625
As some hoar ash tree on the mountain tops
Which eager husbandmen make haste to fell,

With steel and showering axe strokes hacked and hewn,
Threatens and ever threatens and nods on
With quaking foliage, rocking crest, until,

633

"So when at last my father's door was gained,
And the old home my sire, whom first I seek—
My first thought now to bear him to the hills—
Refuses to live on Troy laid in dust,
Or stoop to exile Ye, whose blood,' he cried,
'Hath yet youth s freshness, and whose strength stands whole
In native vigour, do ye speed your flight
Me had the high gods destined to survive
They would have spared my home Enough and more
That I have seen one downfall, and outlived
The capture of our city here, even here,
Lay out my body and bid farewell, and go 644
This hand shall find out death the foe will take
Pity on me, and hunger for my spoil
Light is the loss of burial Long ago
Hateful to heaven and useless, I drag on

So spake he, and stood firm, persisting we,
My wife Creusa and Ascanius,
And the whole house beseech him, bathed in tears,
Not to whelm all in his own ruin, nor add
Weight to the push of doom he spurns our prayer,
Stands rooted to his purpose and the spot 654
Once more I turn to arms, and long for death
To end my misery, for what counsel now,
What fortune was vouchsafed me? Didst thou think
That I could leave thee, sire, and go my way?
Fell word so monstrous from a father s lips?
If it be writ in heaven that naught remain
Of all this city, and thy fixed purpose hold,
So fain to heap upon Troy s funeral pyre

Thyself and thine, death opes thee wide the door.
And, fresh from bathing in the blood of Priam,
Soon Pyrrhus will be here, who butchers son
In face of sire, and sire at altar side
For this then, gentle mother, did thy hand
Pluck me from sword and flame, that I might see
The foe upon my hearth stone, see my sire,
Ascanius and Creusa at his side,
Slaughtered and weltering in each other s blood? *667*
Arms, arms, my men! their last reveillé calls
The vanquished To the Danai give me back
Let me revisit and renew the fight
Ne'er shall we all die unavenged to day'

"Therewith once more I gird my sword on brace
And fit my left arm to the shield, and forth
Was hurrying from the house, when lo! my wife
Clasping my feet upon the threshold clung
Held forth the young Iulus to his sire *674*
'If bound for death, speed us with thee through all,
But if past effort teach thee still to place
Some hope in arms, then first defend our home
Bethink thee to whose hand thou leavest us,
[illegible]

A sudden portent marvellous to tell!
[illegible]

Light hovering shone, and, harmless to the touch
Licked his soft locks, and round his temples fed *684*
We in a flutter of alarm shake out
The blazing hair, and with spring water strive
To quench the sacred flame, but joyfully
My sire Anchises with a starward gaze
Lifted his voice and upturned hands to heaven
'Almighty Jupiter, if any prayer
Can bend thee, look upon us—only this,
And, if our goodness earn it, Sire, henceforth
Grant us thine aid, and ratify this sign'
Scarce had the old man spoken, when there pealed
A sudden crash of thunder on the left,
And, gliding through the darkness from on high,
Shot with a torch like trail of rushing light
A star, we mark it o'er the roof top glide,
A fiery path displaying and at length

Bury its brightness beneath Ida's wood
Then lo! a long drawn furrow line of light!
And o'er the region hangs a sulphurous smoke. 698
Conquered at last my sire uplifts his head,
Invokes the gods, adores the sacred star
'Up, up! no tarriance more! I follow, and where

Of conflagration 'Come then, father mine,
Mount thee upon my neck, these shoulders, see!
Shall bear thee up nor feel that task a toil 708
Come what come may, one peril both shall share,
Or one deliverance Hand in hand with me
Let walk the child Iulus, and my wife
Follow our footsteps from behind. And ye,
Servants be mindful, heed what I shall say
Quitting the city to a mound ye come
And ancient fane of Ceres in the waste
Hard by, an aged cypress by our sires
With holy awe regarded years on years
To this one goal by divers tracks we'll wend

717

For me twere sin to touch them, till I wash
Me clean in running water So I spake
And, over my broad shoulders and bowed neck
Donning for robe a tawny lion's hide,
Stoop to the burden twines his hand in mine
The child Iulus with unequal steps
Following his sire my wife comes on behind

Now every breeze affrights, and every sound

729

Seemed borne, and, peering through the dark, my sire
Exclaims 'They are upon us fly, son, fly!

I see their glowing shields and glittering arms'
Then, in the scare, some Power that loved me not
Snatched my bewildered sense For as I thrid
Untrodden paths, the wonted track forgo,
Alas! my wife Creusa, now by fate
Torn from me, to my sorrow, either stopped,
Or missed her way, or weary sat her down—
I know not—to our eyes restored no more
Nor did I once look back to learn my loss,
Nor turn my thoughts upon her, till we reached
The mound of ancient Ceres and the shrine

744

All Troy retraverse, and expose my life
Anew to every peril I repair
First to the walls, and that dark portal whence
My feet had issued, trace and follow back
Each step in the dark, and scan with searching eye 754
The horror round, the very silence too
Scares me then home I turn if haply—ah!
If thither haply she had bent her steps
The Danai had rushed in filled all the house
Speeds the devouring fire before the wind,
Rolled to the roof top, now the flames outsoar it,
The billowy heat goes raging up to heaven
Thence I pass onward, and cast eyes again
On Priam s palace and the citadel
Even now within the empty corridors
Of Juno s sanctuary, as chosen guards
Phoenix and dread Ulysses watch the spoil

Even to launch my shouts into the dark,
Making the streets re-echo as I called

'Creusa' and 'Creusa,' cry on cry,
With mournful iteration, but in vain 770
Searching the city thus from house to house,

I stood aghast, my hair rose, and the voice
Stuck in my throat Then thus, methought, she spake,
And with such words allayed my trouble· 'Why
To frantic sorrow give such wanton way,
O my sweet lord? Without the nod of Heaven
These things befall not, at thy side to bear
Creusa hence—nor fate decrees, nor he
The lord of high Olympus suffers it
Lo! exile long awaits thee, and to cleave
A vast expanse of ocean then shalt thou

flows. 782

Upon the proud homes of the Myrmidons
Or Dolopes ne'er go to be the slave
Of Grecian dames a Dardan woman I,
Wed to the son of Venus the divine.
But me the mighty mother of the gods
Holds on this shore And now adieu! Guard well
The love we cherished for thy child and mine'
So saying, she left me weeping, yearning sore
To speak and vanished into empty air 791
Thrice, as she stood my arms I would have flung
About her neck and thrice my baffled hands
Closed upon nothing, and a form that fled,
Like to light breezes, one with wingèd sleep
So passed the night, and so at length I turn
Back to my friends, and here with wonder find
New comrades, a vast concourse, matrons, men,
An army massed for exile—piteous throng!—
From all sides gathered, armed in heart and gear,
Where er I list to lead them over sea.
And now o'er Ida s topmost ridge the star
Of dawn was rising, bringing back the day:

804

BOOK III

"When Asia's realm and Priam's guiltless race
The high gods doomed to overthrow, when fell
Proud Ilium, and all Neptune's city Troy

Close underneath Antandros and the heights
Of Phrygian Ida, doubtful whither fate
Dooms us to journey, where vouchsafes to stay,
And men we muster Scarce had summer dawned
When, as my sire Anchises now bade hoist
Sail to the breath of fate, with tears I quit
My native shores, the harbours, and the plains
Where once was Troy An exile forth I fare
Upon the deep with comrades and with son,
My hearth's Penates, and the mighty gods 12
"There lies a land afar with widespread plains
Dear to the war-god, which the Thracians till,
Once swayed by fierce Lycurgus, from of old
With hospitable hearth ties knit to Troy,
While yet her fortune stood Hither I sail,
And, with fate frowning on my first essay,
Upon the winding shore trace city walls,
And, from my own name, name them Aeneadae.
"Unto Dione's child, my mother, I,

A hillock stood with cornel coppice crowned,
And myrtles bristling thick with spear shaft wands 23
Approaching, by main force I strove to pluck
The greenwood from the ground, that I might deck
With leafy boughs the altar, when a sight
Portentous meets my gaze, and strange to tell

chilled
With horror, and cold fear congeals my blood.
A second stubborn wand once more I turn

To pluck me, and probe deep the hidden cause,
And black blood follows from the bark once more. 33
Much pondering in my heart, I 'gin to pray
The forest nymphs and sire Gradivus too,
Guardian of *Getic* land to prosper well
The vision and make light the omen, but,
When for the third time, and with mightier heft,
The spear wands I assail, and tug and strain
With bent knees gainst the opposing sand—should I
Speak or be silent? from the mounds' recess
A piteous *groan* is heard, and *to mine* ears
An answer borne Why rendest thou a wretch
Like me, Aeneas? At last within my grave
Spare me and spare those righteous hands to stain.
Troy born am I, no alien to thee,
Nor from a mere log flow these blood-drops ah!
Fly fly *the ruthless land, the shore of greed,* 44
For I am Polydorus here transfixed
And overwhelmed by crop of iron spears
With pointed pikes upspringing 'Then, indeed,
Quelled with distracting fear I stood amazed
My hair rose, and the voice stuck in my throat.
This Polydorus, with vast weight of gold,
Unhappy Priam erst had secretly
To care of Thracia s king consigned when now
Misdoubting of the Dardan arms he saw
His city girdled by the leaguers' ring 52
But Teucria s *power* once crushed, her fortune fled,
The Thracian *following the victorious* arms
And star of Agamemnon, snaps all ties
Of honour and, Polydorus done to death,
Lays his rude gripe upon the gold To what
Drivest thou not man s heart O lust of gold
Accursèd? When the trembling left my frame,
To chosen heads of the people I recount—
My sire in chief—the portents of the gods,
Demand their judgement All are of one mind
To quit *the* land of crime, fly friendship stained,
And give our fleet the *south wind* So we pay
The rites of death to Polydorus, heap
A huge mound o er him altars to his shade
Sad with blue fillets and black cypress stand,
And round them, with locks loosed in wonted wise,
The Ilian women cups of milk a foam
Yet warm, and bowls of *consecrated blood*
We offer, and lay the spirit in the tomb,

And with loud voices raise the farewell cry 68
Soon as the deep gave promise fair and winds
Had lulled the main and Auster soughing low
Gave seaward summons to the beach my crews
Haul down the ships and throng the shore Then
forth
From harbour fare we lands and cities fade
In the mid main a sacred home there lies
Unto the Nereids mother dearer none
Nor to Aegean Neptune this of old
Around the shores and sea rims wandering
With filial love the Bearer of the bow
To Myconos high cragged and Gyarus bound
And steadfast planting taught to laugh at storms
Hither I sail a safe port s halcyon calm

Speeds towards us in Anchises an old friend
He knows so clasping hospitable hands
His roof we enter 83
I was worshipping
The antique stone built temple of the god
Give us a home that shall be ours O lord
Of Thymbra ramparts to the way worn give
A breed of sons a lasting city keep
Unscathed Troy s second bulwark what remains
Scaped from the Danai and Achilles fell
Whom must we follow? whither bid st us go?
Where fix our habitation? Father grant

And the whole mountain moves the shrine flies ope
The cauldron rumbles Prone to earth we fall
While to our ears is borne a voice O sons
Of Dardanus long suffering that same land
Which bare you first from your ancestral stem
Shall to her fertile bosom welcome back
Seek out your ancient mother there shall reign
The house of Aeneas o er the world s wide shores
And her sons sons and all their seed to be 98
So Phoebus and a mighty joy arose
Confused tumultuous with one voice they cry
What is this city whither Phoebus now

Summons the wanderers, bids them to return?'
Then, pondering records of the men of old,
Thus spake my sire 'Hearken, ye lords of Troy,
And learn what hopes are yours amidst the main
Lies Crete, of mighty Jove the island, where
Mount Ida, and where the cradle of our race, 105
There in a hundred mighty towns folk dwell,
A realm most fertile, whence our earliest sire
Teucer, if rightly I recall the tale,
Was wafted first to the Rhoetean shore,
And chose a site for sovereignty, as yet
Nor Ilium nor the towers of Pergamus
Had stood men dwelt in the low valleys, hence
The Mother, haunter of Mount Cybele,
The Corybantian cymbals, Ida s grove
Hence the close secret of her rites, and those
Yoked lions harnessed to her queenly car 113
Up therefore! hie we where Heaven's bidding leads,

So saying due offerings at the shrine he slays,
A bull for Neptune, a bull too for thee,
O fair Apollo, a lamb black for storm,
White for the favouring Zephyrs 120

"Rumour flies
That Prince Idomeneus, a banished man,
Hath quit his father's realm, the shores of Crete
Abandoned, that her hearths are void of foes,
Homes empty for our advent Straight we leave
Ortygia s harbour, and o'er ocean fly,
Past Naxos with her Bacchant haunted heights,
And green Donysa past Olearos,
And snowy Paros, and the Cyclades
Sprent o er the main and thrid we seas that race

Springing astern convoys us, and at length
To the Curetes' ancient shores we glide. 131

Scarce were the ships hauled dry ashore, the youth
Busied with marriage and new fields to till—

I laws and homes assigning—when there fell
Upon men's limbs from heaven's infected arch
A sudden wasting, and on trees and crops

Grass withered, the sick crop denied her food. *142*
Back to Ortygia's oracle my sire
Bids us retraverse Ocean, and implore
The grace of Phoebus, to our weary plight
What end vouchsafes he, whence would have us seek
Aid for our trouble, whither steer our course?
" 'Twas night sleep held all creatures upon earth,

Seemed, as I lay in slumber, to stand forth
Before mine eyes, clear in a flood of light,
Where streamed the full moon through the casement shaft,
Then thus to address me, and with these words allay
My trouble 'That which from Apollo's lips,
Once wafted to Ortygia, thou shouldst learn,
Lo! here he utters, unsolicited

Crossing the swollen deep—even we no less
Will lift to heaven thy sons that shall be born,
Grant empire to thy city But do thou
Found mighty ramparts for the mighty, nor
Shirk the long toil of flight Shift hence thy home
Not these the shores portended, nor in Crete
Doth Delian Apollo bid thee dwell *162*
There is a spot, by Greeks Hesperia named,
A land of old, mighty in arms, in soil
Prolific, which the Oenotrian heroes tilled,
Now by a later race called Italy,
If rumour lie not, from their leader s name
There is our sure home hence sprang Dardanus,
And sire Iasius, founder of our race.
Arise, be glad, and to thy father old
Bear this no doubtful mandate, that he seek
Corythus and Ausonia's land, the fields
Of Dicte Jove denies thee! Sore amazed
By such a vision and the voice of gods—

Nor was that slumber face to face I seemed
Their mien their wreathèd locks to recognize,
And their divine regard while a chill sweat
Over my whole frame ran—from bed I leap
And raising voice and upturned hands to heaven
Pour unpolluted offerings on the hearth
That homage paid exulting I make known
All to Anchises point by point revealed *179*
The twofold line the double stock himself
Fooled by a new confusion of old lands
He owns then cries aloud Son long the sport
Of Ilium s fate Cassandra erst alone
Chanted this hap to me I now recall
She thus foretold our destiny and oft
Invoked Hesperia oft the Italian realm
But that the Teucrians to Hesperia s shore
Should come indeed who could have thought it? whom
Then would Cassandra s prophecies have swayed?
Yield we to Phoebus warning and pursue
The wiser course He spake and all with joy
His word obey this second home we quit
Leaving some few behind and with sails set
Scour the waste ocean in our hollow barks *191*
Soon as our galleys gained the open deep

Laden with night and tempest and the wave
Shuddered beneath the gloom At once the winds
Roll up the sea and mighty billows rise
Scattered we toss upon the weltering waste
Clouds wrapped the daylight dank night stole the sky
And fire burst through the welkin flash on flash
We are hurled from out our course and wander on
O er the blind waters Palinurus even
[illegible]

202

Upon the deep as many starless nights
On the fourth day at length land first was seen
To crown the horizon opening out afar
Mountains and wreathèd smoke Down drop the sails
We rise upon our oars with eager strain

The seamen churn the foam and sweep the blue 208
Saved from the waves me first the Strophad shores
Receive the Strophades—their Grecian name—
Lie in the great Ionian island haunts
Of fell Celaeno and her Harpy crew
Since Phineus door closed on them and they fled
Scared from their former board More foul than they
No portent and no fiercer plague or wrath
Of heaven e er rose from out the Stygian wave
Birds maiden faced their belly s excrement
Most noisome and with hookèd hands and cheeks
Blanched with eternal famine 218
Hither then
Borne safe and entering harbour lo! we spy
Rich herds of oxen scattered o er the plain
And flocks too of the goat tribe on the grass
Untended we rush on them with the sword
And call upon the gods and Jove himself
To share the spoil then on the winding shore
Pile couches up and feast on the rich fare
But sudden from the hills with fearful swoop
The Harpies are upon us and clap loud
T [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 228
In deep recess beneath a hollow rock
Curtained with trees and bristling shade once more
We lay the board renew the altar fires
When from a diverse point of heaven once more
Out of some hidden lair the clamorous rout
Come winging round the prey with hookèd feet
And taint the food with tasting Then I charge
My comrades seize their weapons and make war
[illegible] rds
237

Sounded Misenus from his lofty watch
With hollow brass gives warning to the assault
My comrades rush and a strange warfare try—
To harry with the sword these ominous birds
Of ocean But their feathers take no hurt
Their flesh no wound and soaring swift on high
They leave behind them the half-eaten prey
And their foul traces One Celaeno perched
On a tall crag ill boding prophetess
Breaks into heart wrung utterance Is it war

For our kine slaughtered and our bullocks felled,
Sons of Laomedon—war ye would wage
Against us and the blameless Harpies drive
Forth from their father s realm? Take then to heart
My words and write them there what prophecies
The Sire Omnipotent taught Phoebus once
Phoebus Apollo me I mightiest
Of Furies now make known to you the goal
Ye seek is Italy to Italy
The winds invoking shall ye come be free
Her ports to enter but your destined town
With walls ye shall not gird till famine dire
And your outrageous onslaught upon us
Drive you to gnaw your tables and devour' 257
She spake and to the forest winged her way
As for my comrades a quick chill of fear
Curdled the blood within them their hearts fell
No more with arms but vows and prayers they now
Bid sue for grace or be they goddesses
Or dread ill-omened birds aye and my sire
Anchises from the shore with outspread hands
Calls on the mighty ones of heaven proclaims
Due sacrifice Ye gods avert their threats
Such evil hap forfend and with your peace
Preserve the good Then bids he rend away
The rope from shore uncoil and ease the sheets 267
The south winds stretch our canvas fast we fly

Dulichium Same and the towering cliffs
Of Neritos we hurry by the rocks
Of Ithaca Laertes realm and curse
The land that gave to fell Ulysses birth
Soon too Leucate s stormy peaks and lo!
Apollo feared of seamen heaves in sight
Weary for him we make and enter so
The little town our anchor from the prow

277

With Ilian games my comrades strip and ply
All smooth with oil their native wrestling bouts
Glad to have scaped so many Argive towns
And through the midst of foes our flight pursued

Meanwhile the sun rolls round the mighty year,
And winter's icy north winds fret the sea
A shield of hollow brass, great Abas erst
Had wielded, on the portals' front I fix,
And with this line commemorate the deed
'Aeneas' spoil, from Danaan conquerors won,'
Then bid them quit the harbour, man the thwarts *289*
With eager zeal my comrades lash the sea,
And sweep the watery floor. Anon we let
Phaeacia's airy summits drop from view,
And skirt Epirus' shore, till entering
The harbour of Chaonia, we draw nigh
Buthrotum's high built city Here a tale
Of things incredible assails our ears,
That Helenus, Priam's son, was reigning now
O'er Grecian cities, master of the bride
And crown of Pyrrhus, son of Aeacus,
And that Andromache had thus once more
Passed to a lord of her own race Amazed
I stood, and my heart burned with strange desire
To accost the hero, from his lips to learn
Fortunes so strange On from the port I fare,
Leave fleet and shore behind me, when it chanced
That nigh the city, in a grove, where flowed
A mimic Simois, Andromache
Her yearly feast was offering, gifts of grief,
Unto the ashes, summoning the shade
To Hector's tomb, which with green turf, though
void
She had hallowed, and twin altars where to weep *305*
Soon as her wildered eyes my coming saw,
With Trojan arms about me, scared at such
A portent, her limbs stiffen in mid gaze,
Warmth left her frame, she swoons, and scarce at
length

315

What fortune worthy of her past hath found
Hector s Andromache? art still the wife
Of Pyrrhus? With downcast eyes and bated breath
She spake O blest beyond all women else
The maiden child of Priam bidden to die
Neath Troy s tall ramparts at the foeman s tomb
She who ne er brooked the casting of the lot
Nor captive touched a conquering master s bed! 324
We our home burnt o er distant oceans borne
Have from Achilles heir endured the pride
Of youthful insolence borne him a son
In slavery he wooing afterward
Leda s Hermione and nuptial ties
With Lacedaemon me to Helenus
Bondmaid to bondsman did consign But him
Orestes with fierce love for his stol n bride
Fired and still goaded by the fiends of crime
At his ancestral altars unaware
Waylaid and slaughtered Neoptolemus
Thus dying a portion of the realm he swayed
Passed o er to Helenus who called the fields
Chaonian and Chaonia all the land
From Trojan Chaon and topped the heights with
this
New Pergamus and Ilian citadel 336
But thou—what winds what fates have shaped thy
course?
Or what god driven unwitting to our shores?
How fares the boy Ascanius? lives he yet
And drinks the air of heaven?—whom while in Troy
But still to his lost mother doth he yearn
With boyish love? Aeneas for his sire
Hector his uncle—do these kindle him
To antique prowess and mettle of a man?

348

At every forward step I recognize
Troy but in little here a Pergamus
The model of the mighty there though parched
A river that from Xanthus takes its name
And clasp the portals of a Scaean gate
Along with me the Teucrians too enjoy

The friendly city, the king welcomed them
In spacious cloisters midmost of the court
They poured out wine libations, the meats set
On golden platters, goblets in their hand 355
' And now a day and yet another day
Has come and gone, the breeze invites our sails
The south wind swells and puffs the canvas out,
When, with these words approaching I thus seek
An answer from the seer 'Thou son of Troy,
Interpreter of heaven, who dost the will
Of Phoebus know, the tripods and the bays
Dear to the Clarian god, the stars and tongues
Of birds, and omens of the flying wing,
Come tell me—for the favouring voice of heaven
Hath my whole course declared and one and all
The gods with power divine urged me to make
For Italy, and distant lands explore,
Only Celaeno with her Harpy voice
Chants a strange portent horrible to tell
Boding fierce wrath and hideous famine—say
What perils first am I to shun or by
What clue surmount such heights of suffering? 368

And with his own hand to thy temple-gates
O Phoebus leads me wildered with excess
Of godhead then at last with priestly lips
Chants this prophetic utterance 'Goddess born—
For that thou journeyest over sea led on

Few things of many that thou may st safelier track
Strange seas and settle in Ausonia s port,
I will unfold thee what remains to know
The sister fates from Helenus withhold
Saturnian Juno to his tongue denies 380

First must thine oar be bent, and thy ships pass
The salt Ausonian main the infernal lakes,
Aeaean Circe s isle, ere thou may'st found
Upon safe shore thy city And tokens I

Will give thee, do thou keep them stored in mind
When by the wave of a sequestered stream
Thine anxious eye lights on a monstrous sow,
Under the holm oaks on the margin laid
With thirty head of swine new littered, white,
Stretched out along the ground, white too the young
About her udders know that there shall be
Thy city s site, there a sure rest from toil *393*
And shudder not though ye be doomed to gnaw
Your tables for the Fates will find a way
Apollo hear and aid you but these shores,
This border of the Italian coast that lies
Nearest by waves of our own ocean washed
Fly for in all their towns dwell evil Greeks *398*
Here have the Locri from Narycia built
Cities and Lyctian Idomeneus
Filled the Sallentine fields with soldiery
Here stands Petelia propped upon its wall,
The tiny town of Philoctetes lord
Of Meliboea Nay when o er the main
Wafted thy fleet hath anchored and ashore
On new built altars thou shalt pay thy vows,
First with a purple robe o er veil thy locks
Lest in mid worship while the sacred fires
Yet burn a foeman s face meet thine and mar
The omens And this ceremonial rite
So let thy comrades as thyself observe
And in its holy use thy sons abide
Blameless But when departing thence, the wind
Shall waft thee nigh Sicilia s coast and when
Pelorum s narrow bars asunder draw,
Cleave to the leftward land the leftward sea

Such power of change is in long lapse of time—
Leapt into twain, that were one land before,
Continuous and amidst them broke the sea,
That with its waves cut off Hesperia s side
From Sicily s and flowed a narrow firth,
Twixt fields and cities sundered shore from shore *419*
The right side Scylla doth beset the left
Implacable Charybdis aye and thrice
In the deep whirl of her abyss sheer down
She sucks huge billows and anon to heaven
Rears them in turn and whips the stars with spray

But Scylla, penned in a blind cave's recess,
Thrusts forth her mouth, drags vessels on the rocks—
Upward of human visage, and a maid
Fair breasted to the waist, beneath, a fish
Of bulk portentous, and with dolphin's tail
Joined to wolf's belly Better to lag round
Trinacrian Pachynus as your goal,
The long slow circuit fetch, than once have seen
Deformèd Scylla in her cavern vast,
And rocks that to her dark blue sea-dogs ring *432*
Aye, and if Helenus foreknoweth aught,
And as a seer win credence, if his soul
Brim with Apollo s truth, one prescient word,
For all will I vouchsafe thee, goddess born,

Victor at last, Trinacria left behind,
Shalt thou to Italy's far bourne be sped *440*
Here landed, when to Cumae s town thou comest,
The holy lakes, Avernus' echoing groves,
Thou shalt the frenzied prophetess behold,
Who in a rock's deep hollow chants the Fates,
To leaves committing characters and names
All prophecies upon the leaves impressed
The maid in order ranges, left to lie
Shut up within the cavern they remain
Unmoved in place, nor from their order stir,
But none the less, when with the turning hinge
A draught of air strikes, and the open door
Unsettles the light leaves, ne er heeds she then
To catch them, as they flutter round the cave,
Restore their places, or fit line to line *451*
Men go their ways uncounselled, and detest
The Sibyl's seat There count no loss of time
Too dear, though comrades chide thee, though the
    voyage
Press and provoke thy sails to sea, and thou
Might st fill their favouring hollows but approach
The prophetess, and with thy prayers implore
Herself to chant the oracles, and unlock
Her willing lips in speech She will unfold
The tribes of Italy, and wars to be,
How best to shun or suffer every toil,
And to thy prayer vouchsafe a prosperous voyage *460*

Thus far my voice may warn thee. up, away!
And by thy deeds lift Troy in might to heaven'
"So spake the seer with kindly word, then gifts
Heavy with gold and carven ivory
Bids to the ships be brought, massed silver stows

The arms of Neoptolemus My sire

471

"Meanwhile Anchises bids rig out the fleet
Nor longer dally with the wafting wind.
Him the interpreter of Phoebus then
With high regard addressed 'Anchises, deemed
Meet for the holy hand of Venus, loved
Of heaven, twice rescued from Troy's falling towers,
There lies Ausonia's land make sail and seize it,
Yet hold the deep, pass by the nearer coast,
Needs must thou, of Ausonia, see, the tract
Apollo doth reveal lies yonder far 479

Sad at the final parting, brings forth robes
With gold woof broidered for Ascanius,
And Phrygian scarf, nor scants the guerdon due,
But loads him with her loom gifts, and thus speaks:
'These too, as tokens of my hand, receive,
Dear boy, in witness of the lasting love
Of Hector's wife Andromache, aye, take
The last gifts of thy kin, sole likeness thou
Still left me of my own Astyanax!
Such eyes, such hands, such looks he wore, his youth
Had now been ripening to like years with thine'

492

Must still be summoned, but your rest is won
No plain of ocean need ye plough, pursue

I trust with happier omen, and less apt
For Grecian inroad But if ever I

To Tiber come, and Tiber's bordering fields,
And see the ramparts to my race assigned,
Our sister cities and their kindred folk,
Here in Epirus, in Hesperia there,
Who boast the self same founder, Dardanus,
The self same fortunes, we will yet some day
Take, and of twain create one Troy in heart
That task be left to our posterity' 505
"On through the deep we speed, and skirt the near
Ceraunians, whence the way to Italy,
And shortest passage o'er the waves Meanwhile,
The sun drops, and the hills are veiled in gloom
On the earth's welcome bosom, meting out
The oars by lot, we stretch us by the wave,
And, on the dry beach scattered, court repose,
Slumber bedews our weary limbs Nor yet
Driven by the Hours, was Night to her mid course

Arcturus, and the showery Hyades,
The Twin Bears, and Orion armed in gold 517
Seeing a set calm in a cloudless heaven,
Loudly he signals from the stern our camp
Is broken up we venture on the voyage,

And Italy's low coast line 'Italy!'
First cries Achates, Italy our crews
Hail with a shout of triumph Then my sire

529
The wished for breezes freshen, and the port
Widens with narrowing distance, and clear seen
The temple of Minerva tops the height
My comrades furl the sails, and shoreward steer
The harbour there by eastern waves is bent
Bow wise, with salt spray foam the barrier cliffs,
The port itself lies hidden, the towered rocks
Lower their arms, on either side a wall,
The temple from the shore retires Four steeds

Here on the grass, first omen, I beheld,
Grazing the plain at large, and white as snow. 538
Then Prince Anchises 'War it is thou bringest,
O stranger-country! Steeds are armed for war,
And war these herds portend us Yet at times
The same beasts use to bow them to the car,
And, yoked together, bear the friendly rein,
Yea, there is hope of peace too 'Then we pray
To sacred Pallas, queen of clanging arms,
Who first with joy received us, and with heads
Before the altar veiled in Phrygian robe,
As Helenus had so straitly charged us, pay
To Argive Juno the full rites prescribed 547
Then without stay, each solemn vow performed,
Shifting the sail yard horns, we quit the homes
Of Greek born folk, and their suspected fields
Next, known to Hercules, if true the tale,
Tarentum s gulf is sighted, while in front
Rises Lacinium s goddess, Caulon s heights,
Ship wrecking Scylaceum Then, far off
Out of the deep comes looming into sight
Trinacrian Aetna and a mighty moan
Of ocean hear we, and rocks buffeted
Afar and broken sounds upon the beach,
The shoals leap up, and sand and surges mix. 557
Then Prince Anchises 'Doubtless this is that
Charybdis these the crags and fearful rocks
That Helenus foretold Rescue, my friends!
Rise on your oars together' Nought they fail
To do his bidding, and Palinurus first
To the waves leftward turns her groaning prow,
Leftward the whole fleet strain with oar and breeze.
On the arched billow we mount up to heaven,
And once more, as the floods fail under us
Sink to the shades below. Thrice roared the rocks
Amid their craggy hollows, thrice we saw
The foam dashed up, and the stars raining spray 567
Meanwhile, outwearied, wind and sun alike
Failed us, and, all unwitting of the track,
To the Cyclopes' shores we drift

"There lies
A harbour sheltered from the wind s approach,
Spacious itself, but Aetna hard at hand
With hideous ruin thunders, and anon
Shoots a dark cloud to heaven of whirling smoke
Pitch black, with glowing ashes, and aloft

Heaves balls of fire, and licks the stars, anon
Rocks and the uptorn entrails of the hill
Spews forth, and heaps the molten stones in air

577

Bursts into channels, and breathes forth the fire
Oft as he shifts his side for weariness,
Trinacria's whole bulk with the rumbling quakes,
And curtains heaven with smoke Screened by the woods,
That night the monstrous portent we endure,
Yet cause of sound discern not for no stars
Were burning nor the vault was bright above
With constellations, but a dark pall hid
The heavens, and dead night held the moon in cloud 587
"And now the next dawn in the utmost east
Was breaking, and Aurora had dispelled
Dank shadows from the sky, when suddenly
Out of the woods, by extreme hunger worn,
Stalks the strange figure of an unknown man,
In piteous plight, and stretching suppliant hands
Toward the shore We turn to gaze on him
Ghastly his squalor, with a beard grown wild,
A garb thorn fastened in all else a Greek
And in his country's arms once sent to Troy
He when our Dardan guise, our *Trojan arms,*

'Now, by the stars, and by the gods above,
Aye, and this light of heaven we breathe take me,
Ye Teucrians, I conjure you bear me hence
To whatso land ye will, it shall suffice
One of the Danaan fleet am I, I know it,
Own I assailed your Ilian hearths with war 603
Wherefore, so heinous if my crime's offence,
Fling me piecemeal into the waves or drown
In the vast ocean If I die, twill be

609
My sire Anchises, with no long delay,
Himself extends his right hand to the youth,

And with the ready pledge assures him he
Fear banished speaks at length An Ithacan
By birth am I and comrade of ill starred
Ulysses Achaemenides my name
Since poor my father Adamastus—would
That fortune still were mine!—I came to Troy
Here in their haste these cruel doors to quit

Himself uptowering strikes the stars on high—

621

I myself saw of our own number twain
In the cave s midst as he lay backward clutched
By his huge hand and dashed against the rock
And the floor drenched and swimming with their
blood—
Saw when their limbs all dripping with black gore,
He munched the warm joints quivering twixt his
teeth
But not I trow unpunished nor such things
Ulysses brooked nor was the Ithacan
In that sore strait forgetful of himself 629
For when with feasting gorged and drowned in wine

Monstrous hid sole beneath the scowling brow
Like Argive shield or lamp of Phoebus glad
Thus to avenge at length our comrades shades 638
But fly ye hapless fly rend rope from shore

Fell C[illegible]

648

Berries and stony cornels from the boughs
And uptorn herb roots yield me sorry fare
All quarters scanning I at last beheld
This fleet of yours stand shoreward, and to this,
Prove what it might, consigned me tis enough
To have escaped the monster brood do ye
Rather, by any death, cut short my days'
"Scarce had he spoke, when on the mountain top
[illegible]

659

Lopped by his hand a pine tree guides his steps
And steadies, his woolly sheep beside him stray,
Sole pleasure, these, and solace of his ill
Soon as he touched the deep waves reached the main,
He laves therewith the flow of gore from out
His eyeless socket, and gnashing with his teeth
Groans, and through ocean now at midmost wades,
Nor wetted yet the flood his towering sides
Trembling we speed our flight afar, take up—
Meed well deserved—our suppliant, silently
Cut loose the rope, and bending forward sweep
With emulous oars the ocean He perceived,
And turned his steps toward the sound but when
No power is his to reach us with his hand,
Nor skill to match the Ionian waves in chase,
A boundless roar he raises, that the sea
And all its billows trembled, and, far in,
Affrighted was the land of Italy,
And Aetna bellowed through his winding caves 674
Thereat the race of Cyclops from the woods
And lofty mountains startled, to the port
Rushes, and throngs the shore We see them stand,
Each with vain lowering eye, that brotherhood
Of Aetna, and with heads upborne to heaven,
Grim conclave as on some tall mountain top
When skyey oaks, or cone hung cypresses—
Jove's lofty forest, or Diana's grove—
Stand clustering us keen terror headlong goads,
Whithersoever to slack out the sheets,
And spread our canvas to the following breeze 683
But Helenus late warning bids them not
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis hold their course—
On this or that side but a step from death
Backward to steer the purpose holds when lo!

The north wind from Pelorum s narrow home
Is launched upon us I am wafted by
Pantagia s mouth of living rock the bay
Of Megara and low lying Thapsus Such
The shores he showed unthridding all the track
Of his past wanderings—Achaemenides
Ill starred Ulysses comrade 691

An isle lies
Stretched full in front of the Sicanian bay
Wave washed Plemmyrium called by men of old
Ortygia Hither the tale runs Alpheus
River of Elis worked his hidden way
Beneath the sea now issuing at thy mouth
Blends Arethusa with Sicilian waves
The mighty guardians of the spot as bidden
We worship then the o er fertile soil I pass
Of marshy banked Helorus Hence we skirt
Pachynum s lofty cliffs and jutting crags
Far off shows Camarina fate ordained
To be molested never and Gela s fields
And Gela from its furious river named 702
Thence towering Acragas displays afar
Her mighty walls once breeder of brave steeds
Thee too I leave behind me with sails spread
Palmy Selinus and I thrid the shoals
Of Lilybaeum with blind rocks beset
Anon the harbour and the joyless shore
Of Drepanum receives me Here alas!
So many ocean storms o er blown I lose—
Lightener of every chance and every care—
My sire Anchises Best of fathers here
Thou leav st me to my weariness alas!
Snatched from those mighty perils all in vain 711
Nor did the prophet Helenus mid all
His fearful bodings of this grief foretell
Nor dire Celaeno My last trouble this
And this the goal of my long voyaging
Departing hence heaven drave me to your shores

Thus Prince Aeneas mid the hush of all
Alone rehearsed the destinies of heaven
And taught them of his wanderings then at length
Ceased made an end of speaking and was still 718

BOOK IV

But stricken long since with anguish deep, the queen
Feeds at her veins the wounds, whose hidden fire
Consumes her To her heart comes surging back
Full oft the manhood of the man, full oft
The lustre of his line his looks, his words,
Cling rooted fast within her bosom's core,
And anguish to her frame calm sleep denies
Now, with the torch of Phoebus, next day's dawn
Was traversing the world, and had from heaven
The dewy shade dispelled, when, ill at ease,
Thus, heart to heart, her sister she bespeaks *8*
"Anna, my sister, say what dreams are these
Perplex me and affright? what wondrous guest
Hath entered neath our portals? what a mien
He bears! what strength of breast and shoulder! I
Deem him—no idle fancy—sprung from gods
Fear proves the base born spirit Ah me! what shocks
Of fate he sang, what draughts of battle drained!
Were not my heart's resolve set firm and fast,
With none to yoke in wedlock bands, since he,
My first love, tricked me and betrayed by death—
Irked me not bridal torch and bridal bed—
To this one weakness I perchance had stooped *19*
Anna, for I will own it, since the doom
Of my poor lord Sychaeus, and the hearth
Stained by a brother's blood guilt, only he
Hath swayed my sense, my tottering heart o erthrown
Traces of that old flame I recognize
But first I would that earth yawn deep for me
Or that the Sire Almighty with his bolt
May to the shades pale shades of Erebus
And night abysmal, hurl me, before thee,
O Shame, I outrage, or thy laws relax
He, who first joined me to himself, hath borne
My heart away with him, his only be it
[illegible] g,

30

Anna replies, "wilt thou, till youth be done,
Still waste in lonely widowhood, nor e'er
The joy of children or love's guerdon know?
Think'st this to dust and buried shades a care?
Albeit I trow no suitors heretofore
Swayed thy sick heart,—no nor in Libya's land,
Nor erst in Tyre—Iarbas thus was scorned,
And other lords to boot, whom Afric land
Rich in war's triumph rears—wilt brave no less
A love that likes thee? dost not call to mind
Within whose borders thou art planted? here
Gaetulian cities hem thee in, a race
In war untamable and therewithal
Numidia's reinless riders and the shoals
Of barbarous Syrtis yonder lies a tract
Barren with drought, and the wide raging sons
Of Barce Wherefore tell of war's alarms
Rising from Tyre, and thine own brother's threats? *44*
With gods to guide, methinks and Juno's aid,
This man sailed hither in his Ilian keels
Think what a city, sister, here thou'lt see,
Aye, what a realm arise, so husbanded!
With Teucria's arms beside her, to what pitch
Will soar the Punic glory! only thou

Still blusters, and Orion's watery star,
Mid shattered barks, and skies implacable" *53*

Amid the altars, duly chosen ewes
To Ceres lawgiver, and Phoebus slaying,
And sire Lyaeus—Juno before all,
Mistress of wedlock bands Dido herself
In peerless beauty, with her right hand grasps
A cup, and pours it full betwixt the horns
Of a white gleaming heifer, or moves on
Majestic, in the presence of the gods,
To the rich altars, and with sacrifice
Inaugurates the day, then, all agape,
Peering into the victims' cloven breasts,
Consults the quivering entrails Ah! how blind
The eyes of seers! love frenzied, what can vows
Or shrines avail her? Ever the flame eats

Her tender heartstrings, and the wound is there
Silent, yet quick within her bosom's core 67
So, all on fire, unhappy Dido roams
Raging throughout the city, as some hind
Shaft stricken, at unawares 'mid Cretan groves,
Which from far off a shepherd, with his darts
Chasing, hath pierced, and left the wingèd barb
Not knowing, through Dicte's woody glades in flight
She scours, the death reed sticking in her side

And in mid utterance stops, now, as day falls,
Seeking the selfsame board, poor fool! she asks
Once more to hear the tale of Ilium s woe,
And hangs upon the speaker s lips *once more* 79
Then, when the guests have parted, when in turn
The low moon hides her radiance, and the stars
Sinking invite to sleep, in the void hall
With lonely grief, on his abandoned couch
She casts her, and, though sundered each from each,
Hears him and sees, or to her bosom clasps
Ascanius, ravished by his father s look,
Her tyrant passion haply to beguile
The half reared turrets rise not, the youth ply
No martial exercise, nor harbours build,
Nor bastions for defence in war, the works
Break off suspended, the high threatening bulk 89

Spake Saturn s daughter 'Peerless is the praise,
Ample the booty ye bear off, I wot,
Thou and thy boy, a great and famous name—
One woman by two gods o'ermatched with guile!

homes

Or whereto serves this mighty conflict now? 98
Why rather work we not a lasting peace,
And plighted spousal troth? that, thy whole heart

This people, let her own a Phrygian lord,

And yield her Tyrians to thy hand as dower" *104*
Perceiving that in guile of heart she spake,
To shift Rome's empire to the Libyan shore,
Venus in turn addressed her "Who so fond
As to reject such offers, or make choice

To Tyrian folk and travellers from Troy
Wills but one city, or would have them blent
Nation with nation, or firm league be joined *112*
Thou art his wife for thee 'tis meet to probe
His heart with supplication do thou lead,
I follow Then royal Juno took the word
'Leave me that task, now, mark, I'll briefly show
How the main purpose may be compassèd
Aeneas, unhappy Dido at his side,
Goes forth to hunt amid the forest, when
Titan to-morrow's dawn shall first display,
And with his beams lay bare the world, then I,
While huntsmen hurry, and hem the wood with
snares
Will a black storm of mingled hail and rain
Pour down, with thunder the whole welkin wake. *122*
Far will their train be sundered by thick gloom
Enveloped Dido and the Trojan prince
To the same cave shall come I will be there
To knit the twain, so stead me thy goodwill,
In wedlock sure and seal her for his own
Such shall their spousal be' To her request

Speed onward, and the dogs' keen scented might *132*
The queen still loiters in her bower, the while
Her Punic lords beside the portal wait,
See housed in gold and purple her steed stands,
And fiercely champs the foaming bit At length,

Here 'mid the Phrygian train Iulus rides

Exulting Comelier than all else himself
Aeneas moves to meet them, joins the troop 142
As when Apollo quits his winter home,
Lycia, and Xanthus' floods, his mother s isle
Delos to visit, and renews the dance,
While round the altar in a motley throng
Shout with one voice Cretans and Dryopes,

with gold,
Clatter the shafts about his shoulders, so,
Nor tardier limbed than he, Aeneas strode,
Such beauty from his peerless face outshone 150
Now to the heights and pathless coverts come,
Mark, how the wild goats from the crag top scared

But in the glen s heart young Ascanius
Joys in his fiery steed, now these, now those
Out galloping, and, 'mid the timorous game,

159

With Venus grandson, the Dardanian boy
Dismayed, seek various shelter through the fields,
Streams from the hillside race The Trojan prince
And Dido to the self same cavern come
Earth first, and bridal Juno gave the sign
Flashed at the nuptials fire and conscious air,
And shouted from their topmost peak the nymphs
First day of death was that, first cause of ill,
Swayed nor by outward show, nor rumour s tongue,
Dido of secret passion dreams no more
172

Motion her might, strength gains she as she goes
Small first through fear, soon mounts she up to
heaven,
Plants foot on earth, and hides her head in cloud.
Her once, provoked to wrath against the gods,
Earth bare, the latest of her brood, they say,

Sister to Coeus and Enceladus,
Swift footed, fleet winged, monster dreadful, vast,
Who for each plume her body bears, beneath
Hath watchful eyes as many, strange to tell,
As many tongues, as many sounding mouths,
Pricks ears as many by night 'twixt earth and heaven
She cleaves the darkness hissing as she flies,
Nor ever droops her eyelids in sweet sleep 185
By day she sits perched like a sentinel,
Or on high roof top, or on lofty tower,
And scares great cities, prone to grip as fast
False tales and baseless as bear tidings true
She now with manifold discourse had joy
Folks ears to fill now fable and now fact
Rehearsing that Aeneas has arrived,
Sprung from the blood of Troy, with whom for lord
Fair Dido deigns to wed now, each with each,
They lap the livelong winter in soft ease,
Heedless of empire by base love enthralled
Such tidings the foul goddess far and wide
Scatters from mouth to mouth then straightway
bends
Her course to king Iarbas and inflames
His heart with rumour and heaps high his wrath 197
He sprung from Ammon and his ravished bride
A Garymantian nymph, to Jove had reared
Through his broad realms a hundred mighty fanes,
A hundred altars and had hallowed there
Fire the gods' sleepless sentry, to keep watch
For ever a floor fat with blood of beasts
And portal with gay blossoms garlanded
He soul-distraught, fired with the bitter tale,
Is said before the altars and amidst
The majesties of heaven, to have implored
Jove fervently with suppliant hands upturned 205
Almighty Jove, to whom the Moorish race
On broidered couches feasting pour as now
The offering of the wine god, seest thou this?
Or is it for naught we dread thee, Sire, when thou
Hurlest thy thunderbolts, and do blind fires
Affright our spirit in the clouds, and brew
But empty rumblings? lo! a woman here,
Who wandering in our realm gat leave for gold
To found a paltry city, to whom we gave
Coastland to till, and laws of tenure—she
Hath our alliance spurned and ta'en instead

Aeneas to lord and partner of her throne
And now that Paris, with his emasculate train,
Chin and oiled hair with Lydian headgear propped,
Enjoys the spoil we to thy fanes aye thine,
Bring gifts forsooth and nurse an empty tale 217
  As thus he prayed and clasped the altar, lo!
Him the Almighty heard, and turned his eyes
Towards the queen s palace, and the lovers there
Of nobler fame forgetful Thereupon
He thus addresses Mercury, and withal
On such an errand sends him ' Hie thee forth,
Invoke the Zephyrs son glide on the wing
And to the Dardan chief who loiters now
In Tyrian Carthage, and regards no whit
His fate assignèd city, speak, bear safe
Through the swift winds my word Not such the man
His beauteous mother to our hopes foretold,
Twice therefore rescued from the hosts of Greece,
But one to rule o er Italy, a land
Teeming with empires, turbulent with war,
Hand on the race from Teucer s blood derived,
And to law's bidding make the whole world bow 231
If by such high renown he be not fired,
Nor for his own fame brace him to the toil,
Yet to Ascanius can his sire begrudge
Rome's ramparts? what designs he? with what aim
Lags amid folk unfriendly, nor regards
Ausonia's race and the Lavinian fields?
Let him aboard! this is the sum in brief,
Hereof be thou my herald " 237
He had said
Anon the other made ready to obey

Swift as the hurrying breeze, then grasps his wand,
Wherewith from Orcus the pale ghosts he bids,
Others to gloomy Tartarus sends below,
Gives or bereaves of slumber, and unseals

Upon his peak, Atlas whose pine-clad head
Girt round about for ever with dark clouds,

By wind and rain is buffeted, shed snow

251

rocks
Flies low beside the sea marge thus he flew
'Twixt earth and heaven o'er Libya s sandy shore,
And clove the winds leaving his mother s sire,

And from his shoulders hung a cloak that burned
With Tyrian purple wealthy Dido s gift,
Wrought by her hand and tissued with fine gold 264
Forthwith he thus assails him, Art thou now
Of lofty Carthage the foundations laying,
And rearing a fair city wife enthralled?
Ah! lost to thine own kingdom and its cares!
From bright Olympus lo! the lord of heaven,
Who with his deity sways earth and sky,
Sends down and through the swift breeze bids me
bear
This message What design st thou? with what aim
Wastest in Libya s land the idle hours?
If by such high renown thou be not stirred,
Nor for thine own fame brace thee to the toil,
Yet of Ascanius springing into man,
Thine heir Iulus and his hopes have heed,
To whom are owed the realm of Italy,
The land of Rome So saying Cyllene s god
Passed, while yet speaking from the eyes of men,
And into thin air vanished out of sight 278
But at the vision stunned and speechless stood
Aeneas his hair with horror rose, the voice
Stuck in his throat he burns to get him gone,
And quit the pleasant land dazed by so dread

Speeds it all ways and sweeps the round of thought,
Till, wavering long this counsel pleased him best 287

Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold
He summons all silently to trim the fleet,
Gather the crews on shore, and muster arms,
And of his altered purpose hide the cause
Meanwhile, since gracious Dido knows not, nor
Looks for so strong a passion to be snapped,
He will try access, and what hour for speech
Most tender, and what fashion fits the need
Right swiftly one and all his sovereign word
With joy obey, and do his bidding *295*
But
The queen—for who can lover's heart beguile?—
Divined it, caught at once the coming change,
Fearful where all was safety Fame again,
Fiendish as ever, in her maddened ear
Cries that the fleet is rigging, ripe for sea
Bankrupt at heart she rages and on fire
Through all the city, like some Maenad, storms,
Roused by the shaken emblems, when with shout
Of Bacchus the triennial orgies goad,
And loud Cithaeron summons her by night *303*
Then she took up the word, and thus bespake
Aeneas ' False heart, didst even think to hide
So foul a wrong and from my land depart
In silence? Can our love, and hand once joined
In hand not hold thee nor the cruel death
In store for Dido? Nay beneath the sky
Of winter even dost thou fit out thy fleet,
And 'mid the north wind s blustering haste to go,
O heartless, over sea? Why, wert thou not
Bound for strange fields and unknown homes, and
were
Troy, as of old, still standing, would st thou steer
Even for Troy across yon billowy deep? *313*

Did thee fair service, or if aught I am
Was dear to thee, pity a falling house,
And, if prayers yet have place, *I thee conjure,*
Cast the thought from thee For thy sake the tribes
Of Libya hate me, and the nomad chiefs,
And Tyrians turn to foes for thy sake, too,
Quenched is my honour and good name of old,
By which alone I had access to heaven

To whom dost thou abandon me to die,
O guest, since even to this has shrunk the name
Of husband? Wherefore do I linger on?
Is't that Pygmalion my brother, may
Pull down, the while, my battlements, or me
Gaetulian Iarbas make his thrall? 326
If only, if before thy flight, my arms
Had clasped a child of thine, if in my hall
Some tiny limbed Aeneas played, to bring
Thee back at least in feature, I had then
Not seemed so wholly captive and forlorn"
She had said the other by command of Jove
Kept his eyes fixed and struggling deep at heart
To smother down the anguish, thus at length
Returns brief answer 'Naught that thou canst plead
Of all thy countless benefits, O queen,
Shall e er by me be gainsaid, nor shall I
Tire of Elissa s memory, while of self
Still mindful, while the life-breath guides my limbs
Brief be my words to meet the need I ne er
Took thought—suppose it not—to veil my flight
In secrecy nor e er before thee held
The bridegroom s torch or to such compact came 339
Had fate vouchsafed me at mine own free will
Life s course to shape, and, as my own heart prompts,
Make truce with trouble, my first fond care had been
Troy s city, and the dear ashes of my friends
Priam s tall roof were standing, and this hand
Had for her vanquished children, from the dust
Requickened Pergamus But Apollo now,
The lord of Grynium, to great Italy,
To Italy the Lycian oracles,
Bid me repair this is my love, and this
My country If Phoenician as thou art,
The towers of Carthage and a Libyan town
Hold thine eyes gazing, wherefore grudge, I ask,
To Teucrian settlers an Ausonian home?
[illegible]

My sire Anchises spirit warns in sleep,
And with its troubled look affrights, me too
The thought of young Ascanius, and the wrong
To that dear head, from whom my fault withholds
Hesperia s empire and predestined fields 355
Now too the interpreter of heaven, by Jove

Himself sent down—thy head and mine I call
To witness—through the flying air has brought
A mandate I myself beheld the god
Entering the city in clear light of day
And with these ears drank in his accents Cease
With thy complaints to fire thy soul and mine
Not self impelled steer I for Italy

On him thus speaking she was all the while
Glaring askance and rolling to and fro
Her eyes surveying with their silent looks
The whole man through then thus blazed out in
words 361

No goddess was thy mother nor Dardanus
False man the founder of thy line but thee
Jaggèd with hard rocks Caucasus begat
And to thy lips Hyrcanian tigresses
Their udders set since why the truth disguise?
For what worse ills restrain me? Did he moan
Over my weeping? did he bend his eyes
Pay toll of tears show pity for his love?
What first what next to say? Now now no more
Juno great queen nor the Saturnian Sire
Looks on these things with equal eyes Nowhere
Can faith be trusted Cast upon my shore
A beggar I welcomed him and mad the while
Set on my throne to share it h s lost fleet
His crews from death I rescued Ahl the fires
Of frenzy toss mel Now Apollo too
Soothsayer now the Lycian oracles
Yea the god s mouthpiece sent by Jove himself
Now through the breezes his grim bidding bears 378
Such doubtless is the task of gods above
Such care disturbs their rest I keep thee not
Nor would rebut thy words go with the winds

The cup of suffering and oft cry aloud
On Dido s name with murky firebrands I
Will follow thee though far and when cold death
Has severed soul and limbs in every place
My shade shall haunt thee O graceless thou shalt
rue it
And I shall hear thereof yea for the tale
Will reach me even among the nether dead 38,

So saying, her speech broke off she sick at heart

slaves
Uplift, and to a marble chamber bear,
And lay her fainting limbs upon the bed
But good Aeneas, though he yearns to assuage
And soothe the sufferer, with his words ward off
Her sorrow, deeply groaning and with heart
That tottered neath the bulk of love, nathless
Obeys heaven's bidding, to his fleet repairs 396
Then fall the Teucrians to the work, and all
Along the shore drag down their lofty ships
The pitched keel floats and leafy oars they bring,
And timber from the woods unwrought, for flight
So eager you may mark them on the move,
At every outlet hurrying from the town!
As when ants plunder a huge heap of corn,
Of winter ware, and house it in their store;
Moves a black column o er the plain, the spoil
In narrow path along the grass convoying
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grains,
And push them, some drive up the rearward ranks,
407

And the whole sea beneath thy gazing eyes
Maddened with their loud shouting? Tyrant love,
To what dost thou not drive the hearts of men?
To tears once more must she betake her now,
Once more with prayer assail him, and bow down
Her pride, a suppliant at the throne of love,
Lest she die vainly, leaving aught untried 415
"Anna this hurrying over the whole shore
Thou seest, from all sides they are met the sail
Now courts the breeze, the seamen in their joy
Have crowned the sterns with flowers If strength was mine
Such grief to anticipate, I shall no less
Have strength to bear it, sister This one boon,
Anna, nathless perform for wretched me
For thee alone yon traitor made his friend,
To thee would e'en his secret moods confide,
Thou only knewest the tender ways and hours
Of access to the man go, sister mine,

And suppliant wise entreat our haughty foe: *424*
I never with the Danaan host conspired
At Aulis to cut off the race of Troy,
Nor sent a fleet to Pergamus, nor uptore
His sire Anchises' buried dust or shade,
That to those obdurate ears he should debar
My words from entrance Whither hastes he so?
This last boon let him grant his hapless love,

Fair Latium, *or resign his realm*, I seek
An empty hour of time, respite and room
For madness to have play, till fortune tame
And school me unto grief 'Tis the last grace
I ask—pity thy sister, grant but this,
In death I will requite it o'er and o'er " *436*
Such was her prayer, and such the tearful tale,
Her dolorous sister bears and bears again
But by no tearful tale will he be swayed,
Nor any words heed, to be bent thereby,
Fate hinders heaven shuts fast his willing ears
Even as a sturdy and time timbered oak,
Which Alpine north winds with their fitful blasts
Strive emulous to o'ertopple loud it creaks,
The stem rocks, and the leaves strew deep the
ground,
Itself clings to the crag and, howso'far
The summit soars toward the airs of heaven,
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell
E'en thus, with ceaseless ever shifting cries
The hero s heart is buffeted, he feels
The deep grief through his mighty bosom thrill,
The mind stands firm, and tears are showered in
vain *449*
Then ill starred Dido by her fate dismayed
Cries upon death it irks her to behold
The arch of heaven The more to goad her on
Her purpose to fulfil, and quit the light,
She saw—fearful to tell!—while offering gifts
Upon the incense-kindled altars—saw
The sacred juice darken, the outpoured wine
To loathsome gore transmuted but to none,
Not even her sister, spake she of the sight
Moreover in the palace was a shrine
Of marble to her former lord, which she

With wondrous honour tended wreathed about
With snow white fleeces and with festal boughs 459
Hence fell upon her ears accents and words
As of her husband calling her when night
Held the world darkling and the owl alone
On roof top uttered with funereal note,

Aeneas himself all fiercely goads her on
To frenzy and ever being left alone
She seems and evermore companionless
Pacing a weary journey while she seeks
Her Tyrians in a land untenanted 468
As maddened Pentheus sees the Furies troop,
A double sun a twofold Thebes appear,
Or on the stage as Agamemnon s child,
Orestes hunted flies his mother armed
With firebrands and black serpents—at the door,
Vassals of vengeance the grim sisters sit
So when by grief o erpowered she had conceived
The frenzy and resolved to die alone
She weighs with her own heart the hour the means,
And her sad sister thus bespeaks with face
That masks her purpose and hope brightened brow 477
Child of my sire I have found out a way—
Give thou thy sister joy—to win him back
Or loose me from his love Near ocean s bound
And sunset is the far-off Aethiop land
Where mightiest Atlas on his shoulder turns
The pole with fiery stars bestudded thence
Was shown me a priestess of Massylian race,
And temple warder of the Hesperides
Who erst with dainties to the dragon given
Kept safe the sacred boughs upon the tree,
Sprinkling moist honey and slumberous poppy seed 486
She with her spells takes on her to unbind
What hearts she will on others launch shrewd pangs,
Stop rivers in their flow turn back the stars

Thee sister dear, and thy belovèd head,
To witness that unwillingly I gird
The magic arts upon me Do thou rear
In the inner court, all secretly a pyre

To heaven, and let the hero's arms, which he,
Godless, left hanging in the chamber, all
His empty raiment, and the bridal bed
That was my bane—let these be piled above
To wipe out every record of the wretch,
Such is my pleasure, and thus the priestess bids" 498
So spake she, and was silent, pallor then
O'er spreads her features Anna none the less
Thinks not her sister by these novel rites
Weaves but a cloak for death, nor can her heart
Conceive such frenzy, nor aught worse she fears
Than when Sychaeus died so sets about
Her errand
But the queen, when now the pyre
Rose huge to heaven amid her hall s recess,
Of pine and cloven ilex, hangs the place

Aye, and his image, knowing what should come 508
Altars stand round, and with dishevelled hair
The priestess thunders forth three hundred gods,
Erebus Chaos, and triple Hecate—
Three visaged maid Diana Water too
She had sprinkled, from Avernus' fountain feigned,
And downy herbs with brazen sickles shorn
By moonlight, milky with black bane, are sought,
Sought too a love-charm torn from brow of colt,
Newborn, ere dam could snatch it She herself
With salt cake and pure hands, the altar nigh,
One foot unsandalled, and with garb ungirt,
Calls on the gods, and stars that wot of doom,
Or ere she die, aye, and if any powers
Righteous and unforgetful have in charge
Lovers ill mated, unto these she prays 521

Not so the spirit vexed Phoenician queen,
Nor ever does she sink dissolved in sleep,
Nor draw the night into her heart or eyes

Her pangs redouble, and raging love once more
Surges and swells with the high tide of wrath 532
Thus then begins she, thus with her own heart
Revolves "Lo! what have I to do? once more
Make trial of former suitors to my scorn?
Beg on my knees with nomad lords to mate,
Whose proffered nuptials I have spurned so oft?
Well, shall I follow, therefore, Ilium's fleet,
The Teucrians' utmost bidding? Because they
Are fain of my past succour, and the grace
Of former kindness in their hearts lives on?
Nay, if I would who'll suffer me, or take
The hated woman to their haughty ships?
Ah! lost one, know'st not, nor perceivest yet
The perjured race of false Laomedon? 542
What then? in lonely flight shall I attend
The triumph of their seamen? or, girt round
With Tyrians and the host of all my friends,
Rush forth and these, from their Sidonian town
Whom hardly I uptore, drive back to sea,
And bid spread canvas to the gale? Nay, die
As thou deserv'st end sorrow with the sword
Thou sister, vanquished by my tears, thou first
Didst load my frantic spirit with these ills,
And thrust me on the foe Why could I not,
Like a wild creature, free from wedlock, live
Blameless, and meddle not with woes like these?
Broken is my honour, and ill kept the faith
Vowed to the ashes of Sychaeus!" Such
Bitter complaints kept bursting from her heart 553

On the *high stern* Aeneas, *fixed to go*,
His gear in order trim, now slumbering lay,
When *the god s phantom with the self same face*
Returning, brake upon his sleep, and thus
Seemed to admonish him once more, in all
Like unto Mercury, both voice and hue,
And yellow locks, and youthful grace of limb:
"O goddess born, at such a time canst thou
Sleep on? what perils compass thee about
Perceiv'st not, madman, nor canst hear the breath
Of favouring Zephyrs? In her bosom she
Craft and dire crime revolving, fixed on death,
Lashes to storm the fitful tides of wrath 564
Why fliest not headlong hence, while headlong flight
Is in thy power? Anon the main thou'lt see
Crowded with craft, and with fierce brands aglow,

Anon the shore one fiery blaze, if dawn
Still find thee on these shores a loiterer Up!
Break off delay! a shifting changeful thing
Was woman ever." So he spake, and passed
Into the blackness of the night

Forthwith
Aeneas, by the sudden phantom scared,
Upleaps from slumber, and plies hard his crew 572
'Wake in hot haste, my friends, and man the thwarts,
Trim the sails quickly! sent from heaven on high,
A god, see! once again comes goading me
To speed our flight, and cut the twisted ropes.
Hail, holy among gods, we follow thee,

Flashing and cut the cable with bare blade
All, in one moment, the same ardour seized,
They hale, they hurry, deserted stands the shore,
The deep lies hid beneath their galleys, see!
Straining they churn the foam, and sweep the blue 583

Now with new ray young Dawn was sprinkling earth
Leaving Tithonus saffron couch The queen,
When first from her high tower she saw the light
Whiten, and all the ships with sails arow
Stand out to sea, and shore and harbour void,
With ne'er an oarsman, thrice and four times o'er
Smote with her hand the lovely breast, and rent
The yellow locks "O Jupiter,' she cries,
"Shall he then go, my kingdom put to scorn,
This stranger? will they not bring arms apace,
Pursue from all the city, and some tear loose
The ships from dock? away with speed, fetch fire,
Deal weapons out, ply oars!—what do I say?
Where am I? or what madness warps my wit? 595
Unhappy Dido! do thine impious deeds
Now touch thee home? it had been seemlier then
When thou wast offering him thy sceptre Lo!
His hand and word of honour, who, they say,

Cast them piecemeal upon the wave, cut down
His friends—his own Ascanius—and served up
The son for banquet at his father s board?

But doubtful would have proved the chance of war;
Be it so whom had I to fear, death-doomed?
I to their camp should have borne firebrands, filled
Their decks with flame, and, child and sire and race
Wiped out together, myself have crowned the pile   606
O Sun, that with thy torch encompassest
All earthly deeds, and Juno, messenger
And witness of my woes, and Hecate,
Name in the city crossways yelled by night,
And dread avenging sisterhood, and gods
Of dying Elissa, heed ye this, and turn
Your power to ills that earn it, and give ear
Unto my prayers If that accursèd life
Must reach the harbour and float safe to shore,
If thus Jove's doom require, here stand the goal,
Yet by the sword of a brave race beset,
Outcast from home, and from Iulus' arms
Torn, let him sue for succour, and behold
His friends slain miserably, and when to terms
Of wrongful peace he yields him, let him not
His kingdom or the pleasant light enjoy,
But in the bare mid plain, before his hour,
Fall and unburied lie For this I pray,
And this last utterance with my life blood pour.   621
And ye O Tyrians, the whole stock and race
Dog with your hate for ever, to my dust
This boon bequeath ye Let there be no love,
No league between the nations O arise,
Unknown avenger, from my tomb, to chase
With fire and sword the Dardan settlers, now,
Hereafter, whensoe'er the strength is given
Betwixt them, shore with shore, billow with wave,
And host with host, I call down enmity,
Be they themselves, and their sons' sons at war!"   629
So saying, on every side she turned her thought,
Seeking how soonest to break off the life
She loathed, then briefly unto Barce spake,
Nurse of Sychaeus, for the grave's black dust
In the old country held her own "Dear nurse,
Fetch me my sister hither, bid her haste
With water from the stream her limbs to lave,
And beasts, and expiating rites prescribed
Bring with her, and so come, and thou thyself
With a pure fillet veil thy brows My mind
Is bent this sacrifice to Stygian Jove,
Which duly I have ordered and begun,

640

Hurried her footstep But, in trembling haste
And fierce with her wild purpose, Dido now,
Rolling a bloodshot eye, her quivering cheeks
Flecked with bright spots, and blanched with coming
 death,
Bursts through to the inner court and madly mounts
The death pyre, and unsheathes the Dardan's sword—
Boon never asked for such a need as this
Here, when the Trojan garments she beheld,
And the familiar bed, a little while
Pausing for tears and thought, she cast herself
Upon the couch, and spake her latest words 650
"Relics once dear, while fate and heaven allowed,
Take this my spirit, and loose me from these woes
My life is lived, the course by fortune given
I have fulfilled, and now the shade of me
Passes majestic to the world below
I have built a noble city, mine own walls
Beheld, avenged my husband, and therewith
Wreaked on my brother the reward of hate,
Happy, ah! all too happy, if only—if
The Dardan keels had never touched our shore!"

To darkness Let the cruel Dardan's eyes
Drink in the conflagration from the deep,
And my death tokens haunt him on his way" 662
She had said and in the midst of words like these
Her folk beheld her sunk upon the sword,

And women's wail the palace rings, the sky
Resounds with their loud mourning Even as if
With in poured foes, all Carthage or old Tyre
Fell headlong, while the flames roll fiercely on
O er towers of men and temples of the gods
Half dead to hear, and scared at breathless speed
With nail torn features and fist smitten breast,

This that yon pyre, these flames and altars meant? *676*
What shall I weep for first, left desolate!
Dying didst spurn to have thy sister near?
Thou should'st have bid me share thy doom, the same
Sword pang, the self same hour had found us both
Nay, did I rear it with these hands, and call
Loud on our father's gods, ah! cruel, to be
Far off, and thou laid here? Thou hast destroyed,
Sister, thyself and me, the folk and sires
Of Sidon, and thy city Let me lave
Her wounds with water, the last hovering breath
Catch haply on my lips" As thus she spake,
The lofty steps surmounted, she had clasped
Her dying sister to her bosom's warmth
With groans, the dark blood stanching with her robe *687*
She, fain to lift her heavy eyes, sinks back
Swooning, the sword grides fixed within her breast
Thrice struggling, she uprose on elbow propped,
And thrice rolled backward on the couch, and sought
Light in the vault of heaven, with wandering eyes,
And, finding groaned Almighty Juno then,
Pitying her long pain, and hard fought for death,
Sent Iris from Olympus down to loose
Her struggling spirit and writhen limbs, for since
Neither by fate, nor as the wage of sin,
She dying lay, but woe struck, ere her hour,
And fired with sudden frenzy, Proserpine
Not yet had reft her of the yellow lock,
Nor to the Stygian Orcus doomed her head *699*
So Iris on her saffron wings through heaven,
Glides dewy down, trailing a thousand tints,
That shift against the sun, and, o'er her head
Standing "This offering unto Dis I bear,
As bidden, and from thy body set thee free"
So spake she, and with right hand sheared the lock:
At once the warmth ebbed wholly, and therewith
Her life into the breezes sped away. *705*

BOOK V

Meanwhile Aeneas upon the mid sea way
Held steadfast with his fleet, and cut through waves
That scowled beneath the north wind, glancing oft
[illegible]

Of what a frantic woman can, lead on
The Teucrians' hearts to presages of woe 7
Soon as their galleys gained the open deep,
And now no longer land appeared, but lo!
Ocean on all sides, and on all sides heaven,
There stood a dark blue storm-cloud o'er his head,
[illegible]

Alas! why have such clouds encircled heaven? 13
What next, O Father Neptune? Having said,
Straightway he bids them trim the rigging taut,
And bend to their stout oars, and to the wind
Slants sail, and speaks "High souled Aeneas, even
Though Jupiter should pledge me on his word,
No hope were in me to fetch Italy
In such a sky The winds veer round, and roar
Athwart, upgathering from the murky west,
And all the air is thickening into cloud
Make head against it, or strive hard enow
We cannot Since fortune betters us, be ours
To follow, and at her bidding shape our way.
Nor far thy brother Eryx' friendly shores
And ports Sicanian deem I if the stars
Erst noted, with due memory I retrace " 25
Then answered good Aeneas For my part I
Have long since seen the winds will have it so,
And that all vainly thou withstand st them turn
The vessels' course Could there be any land
To me more welcome, or where gladlier I
Would beach the weary ships, than that which holds
My Dardan friend, Acestes, and laps round
In its embrace my sire Anchises dust? '

This said, they make for harbour, and the gales,
Now favouring, stretch the canvas, swiftly rides
Their fleet upon the flood, and glad of heart
At length they steer into the well known shore. 34
But from a high far hill top, marvelling
At their arrival, and the friendly barks,
Acestes speeds to meet them, bristling o'er
With javelins and a Libyan she bear's fell.
Him to the river-god Crimisus erst
A Trojan mother bare nor heedless now
Of his old lineage their return he greets,
Gives them glad welcome of his rustic wealth,
And soothes their weariness with friendly cheer. 41
When the next day-beam in the utmost east
Had put the stars to rout, from the whole shore
Aeneas calls a gathering of his friends,
And from a mounded hillock speaks "Great sons
Of Dardanus, from heaven s high race derived,
A year s course, with its months accomplished, now
Is rounding to a close, since we in earth
My divine father's bones and relics hid,
And mourning altars consecrated Now,
Or I misdeem, the day is here, which I
Shall ever hold—for so ye gods have willed—
Sacred to grief and honour without end. 50
This were I passing 'mid Gaetulian shoals
An outcast, aye, or ta en at unawares
In Argive waters, or Mycenae's town,
Still had I quit my yearly vows, and pomp
Of solemn ordinance, and with their gifts
Heaped high the altars Now, beyond all hope,
Not undesigned nor all unwilled of heaven,
I take it, by my sire's own dust and bones
We stand, safe wafted to the friendly port.
Up then, and all glad homage let us pay!
Sue we for winds, and may he grant that I
May build a city, and offer year by year
These rites in temples hallowed to his name! 60
Two head of steers Acestes, sprung from Troy,
Gives every ship by tale bid to the feast
The hearth gods, not your sires' alone, but those
Our host Acestes worships Furthermore,
If the ninth dawn bring kindly day to men,
And with her beams disclose the world, I then
Will contests for the Phrygian folk ordain
First of the swift fleet, then—whoe'er excels

In speed of foot, or, dauntless in his strength,
Steps forth, a champion in the javelin bout,
gloves

Now hush ye, all with garlands bind the brow." 71
Thus spake he, and about his temples twined
His mother's myrtle So does Helymus,
So ripe of age, Acestes, so the lad
Ascanius, and the rest thereafter. He
Strode from the council to the tomb, thronged round
With many thousands, 'midst a mighty train

Bright flowers and cries "Hail, sacred sire, once
more!
Hail, dust of him once rescued, but in vain,
And shade and spirit of my father! not
With thee was it vouchsafed to seek the bounds
And destined fields of Italy, nor yet
Ausonian Tiber, whatsoe er it be" 83
He spake, and ceased, when from the shrine's recess
A slippery serpent trailed seven monstrous coils,
Plied seven times, fold on fold, and quietly
Twined round the tomb, and o'er the altars slid,
Whose back with dark blue spots was pied, his scales
Lit with the gleam of dappled gold as when
The cloud bow flings a thousand shifting tints
In the sun s eye Aeneas at the sight
Stood wonder struck at last, with lengthy train
Gliding among the bowls and polished cups,
It tasted of the viands, and once more,

The interrupted rites doubtful the while
Or genius of the spot to deem it, or
His sire s attendant spirit two young sheep
He duly slaughters, and as many swine,
As many black backed heifers and poured forth
The wine bowl, and on great Anchises shade
Called, and the ghost let loose from Acheron 99
His friends withal as each had substance, bring
Glad gifts, and heap the altars, and slay steers
Others in turn set cauldrons on, and, stretched

Along the greensward, lay live coals beneath
The spits, and roast the flesh
The expected day
Was come, the ninth dawn in a cloudless sky,
Drawn by the steeds of Phaethon report
And great Acestes' name the neighbouring folk
Had summoned in blithe groups they thronged the shore
To see the children of Aeneas, some too
Prepared to join the contest Full in sight,
And midmost of the ring, are first disposed
The prizes, sacred tripods, and green wreaths,
And palms to crown the victors, arms, and robes
With purple dyed, and talent weights of gold
And silver and from a hillock in the midst
The trumpet's note proclaims the sports begun. *113*
For the first contest matched with heavy oars,
Enter four vessels picked from all the fleet
Mnestheus with keen crew drives swift Pristis on—
Mnestheus-of Italy to be, from whom
Takes name the race of Memmius Gyas next
The huge Chimaera s mighty bulk, in mass
A city, which the Dardan youth propel
With triple sweep, a threefold tier of oars
Rising together on the Centaur's might
Sergestus, whence the Sergian house is named,
Cloanthus upon dark blue Scylla rides,
From whom thy race, Cluentius of Rome *123*
Far seaward fronts the foaming shores a rock
Oft drowned and beaten by the billowy swell,
What time the wild north-westers hide the stars,
In calm it sleeps, reared on still waves, a plain,
And standing-ground to sunny seagulls dear
Here a green ilex-goal Aeneas, as Prince,
Sets up for signal, that the crews might know
Whence to return and their long circuit bend
Then lots they cast for places; and the chiefs
Themselves upon the poop shine forth afar,
Glorious in gold and purple, for the rest,
The crews are crowned with wreaths of poplar-spray,
And steeped in oil their naked shoulders shine *135*
They man the thwarts, arms stretched to oars, full stretch
Await the signal drains each bounding heart
Quick-knocking fear, and the wild thirst for praise.
Then, when the shrill trump sounded, in a trice

All from their bounds leapt forward, a sea shout
Strikes heaven, the floods foam, churned with
indrawn arms
Abreast they cleave the furrows, the whole main
yawns
Convulsed with oars and triple pointed beaks.
Not in such heady race the two horsed cars,
Poured from the bounds grip course and go, nor shake
Their billowy reins above such scouring teams
The drivers, hanging forward to the lash 147
Then with applause of men shouts, favouring cheers,
The whole grove rings the pent shore rolls along,
And the hills, smitten buffet back, the din
Outspeeds the rest, and skims the forward wave,
'Mid crowd and tumult, Gyas follows him
Cloanthus, lustier-oared, but the pine's weight
Retards him next, and at like interval,
Pristis and Centaur strive for foremost place 155
Now Pristis has it and now the Centaur huge
Outstrips and overhauls her, and now both
Ride, beak and beak, together, and with long keel
Cleave the salt billows by this they neared the rock,
And had the goal in grasp when Gyas, now first,
And of the half course victor, loudly hails
Menoetes, his ship s pilot Whither away
So far to starboard? hither steer hug shore,
Let the oar graze the larboard cliff and leave
The deep for others! He said Menoetes still,
Fearing blind rocks, steers off toward open sea
Whither away so wide? Make for the rocks,
Menoetes! ' Gyas shouts and calls again,
And, glancing back, Cloanthus he beholds,
Now hard astern holding the nearer course 168
'Twixt Gyas vessel and the roaring rocks
He to the left skims inward, suddenly
Passes his leader, leaves the goal behind,
And gains the safe smooth water Then indeed
Grief in the young man's frame blazed fierce and
high,
Nor did his cheeks lack tears, and heedless both
Of his own honour and his comrades lives,
Laggard Menoetes sheer from the high poop
Into the sea he flings himself instead
The tiller takes, pilot and captain too,
Cheers on his men, and shoreward turns the helm.
But from the sea floor scarce at length cast up,

Menoetes, heavy now with age, and soaked
In his wet garments, to the cliff top climbed,
And on the dry rock sat The Teucrian folk
Laughed at him falling, swimming, and laugh now
To see the salt waves from his chest disgorged 182
Here the two last, Sergestus, Mnestheus, feel
Glad hope within them kindle to outstrip
The lagging Gyas Sergestus gains the lead
And nears the crag, yet overlaps he not
A whole keel's length, but part alone, and part
The jealous Pristis presses with her beak
Then, through his vessel striding, 'midst the crew,
Mnestheus exhorts *them "Rise to the oar, now, now,*
Comrades of Hector, whom in Troy's last hour
I chose to be my fellows, now put forth
That strength, that spirit, which erst ye showed
amidst
Gaetulian quicksands, on the Ionian Sea,
And Malea's *chasing waves* No more seek I,
Mnestheus, the foremost place, nor strive to win, 194
Yet oh!—but let them conquer, to whom thou,
Neptune, hast granted it Count we it shame
Last to arrive! thus far, my countrymen,
Prevail ye, and ward off disgrace!" They bend
Forward, and strive their utmost the brass poop
Quivers beneath their mighty strokes the floor
Runs from beneath them then thick panting shakes
Limbs and dry *lips the sweat flows out in streams*
A mere chance brought them the much wished for
place.
For while Sergestus, mad at heart, drives close
In toward the rocks, and draws to dangerous ground,
Hapless *upon projecting reefs he stuck.* 204
The cliffs were jarred on a sharp crag the oars
Smote with a crash, and the prow struck and hung
Up leap the crew loud shouting, fast aground,
Bring iron shod boat hooks and sharp pointed poles,
And from the billows pluck their broken oars
Mnestheus exults, and, keener by success,
Scuds with swift oar sweep, and a prayer to the winds,
Down the slope seas, and scours the open main 212
As, from her cave roused suddenly, a dove,
Whose home and sweet brood lie in the crannied
rock,
Flies fieldward borne, with clamorous pinion-clap
Scared from her cell, soon, gliding in calm air,

She skims the sky way swift on moveless wing
So Mnestheus, Pristis so, of her own will
Cleaves the last water, so mere speed of way

And learning to make way with broken oars
Then Gyas and his Chimaera vast of bulk
He overtakes she yields, of helmsman reft 224
And now, and close upon the goal, remains
Alone Cloanthus him he makes for, him,

These deem it shame, except they hold their own—
The glory they have won—would barter life
Itself for fame those thrive upon success,
They can because they think they can, and so
Perchance even now they would have ta'en the prize,
Prow matched with prow, had not Cloanthus
stretched
Clasped hands across the deep, and poured forth
prayers,
Calling the gods to hear his vows "Ye gods
That sway the main, over whose waves I run,
Gladly before your altars on this shore,
I, vow beholden, will a white bull set

Heard, and the choir of Phorcus, and with them
The maiden Panopea, and himself
The sire Portunus with his mighty hand
Pushed him upon his way To shore she flies
Swifter than south wind or a wingèd shaft,
And now lies sheltered in the haven's depth 243
Then, duly summoning all, Anchises' son
Proclaims Cloanthus victor by loud voice
Of herald, and with green bay leaf binds his brow,
And to the crews three bullocks of their choice
He gives, and wine, and a great talent weight
Of silver, to bear off, and to the chiefs
Themselves adds special honours—for the first

On leafy Ida, as he tires the stag
With javelin and the chase, keen, like to one
Panting, whom Jove's swift armour bearer snatched
Aloft from Ida with crook'd talons see!
His aged guardians stretch vain hands on high,
And the hounds' baying goes fiercely up to heaven. 257
But to the hero who gat second place
In prowess, a corslet linked with polished hooks
Of gold twilled triple, which his own victor hand
Had from Demoleos on swift Simois' bank
Torn beneath lofty Troy, he gives to bear,
A glory and defence in battle It
Scarce could the carls Phegeus and Sagaris,
Shoulder to shoulder, heave with all its folds,
But clad in it of yore Demoleos drave
Full speed the flying Trojans The third prize
He makes twin brazen cauldrons, and cups wrought
Of cunning silver, rough with tracery work 267
And now, thus dowered, and glorying in their gifts,
Brow bound with purple fillets, all went forth,
When, from the cruel rock with much ado
'Scaped hardly, oars lost, crippled of one tier,
'Mid laughter urging his inglorious bark,
Sergestus came As oft at unawares
A serpent, caught upon the heaped highway,
Which or a brazen wheel hath crossed aslant,
Or heavy smiting traveller left half dead
And mangled with a stone, now trying to flee
Twists his long body into coils, in vain,
Part still defiant, and, with fiery eyes,
Rearing aloft the hissing throat, but part
Maimed by the wound retards him, as he wreaths
Joint upon joint, self knotted and convolved
So oared, the ship came slowly labouring on,
Yet she spreads sail and, full sail, enters port. 281
Aeneas with promised boon Sergestus dowers,
Glad for ship saved and rescued crew, to him
Is given a slave, skilled in Minerva s craft,
The Cretan Pholoe, twin boys at her breast
Then good Aeneas, the race dispatched, moves on
Into a grassy plain, by sloping hills
Girdled with forest, and amidst the vale
There was an amphitheatre, whereto
The prince with many thousands strode, and sat
On a high mound, the centre of the throng 290
Here in fleet foot race whoso list to strive

He lures with prizes, sets the guerdon forth
Teucrians, Sicanians mixed, from all sides flock:
See! foremost Nisus and Euryalus!
Euryalus famed for beauty and fresh youth,
Nisus for the fair love he bore the boy
Next followed, reared from Priam's noble stem,
Princely Diores after him, together,
Salius and Patron, Acarnanian one,
One of Arcadia's blood, a Tegean born 299
Then two Trinacrian comers, Helymus
And Panopes, to forest life inured,
Comrades of old Acestes, many more
To boot, whom rumour doth in darkness hide
Then in their midst Aeneas spake My words
Take now to heart, and lend me cheerful heed
None of all here will I let giftless go 305
Two Gnosian javelins bright with burnished steel,
And an axe silver chased, I bid them bear,
Be this one meed to all The foremost three
Shall receive prizes, and their heads be bound
With pale green olive Let the first to wit,
As victor, have a horse with trappings proud,
The next an Amazonian quiver, filled
With Thracian arrows, which a broad gold belt
Circles a smooth-gemmed buckle clasps the third

314

Fixed on the finish First draws ahead, darts far
Beyond all rivals Nisus, swifter he

The third Euryalus Euryalus
Has Helymus behind him, close on whom

326

Here
Just flushed with triumph, he could not keep his feet,
Tripped by the ground they trod on, but fell prone

Right in the foul dung and slain victims' gore.
Yet of Euryalus, yet of his heart's love
Not he forgetfull for in Salius' path
He cast him, rising through the slush, who, rolled
Over and over, on the thick soil lay 336
Forth darts Euryalus and the first place holds,
Winner by his friend's gift and speeds him on
'Mid favouring shouts and tumult Next to him
Comes following Helymus, and now third prize,
Diores But here Salius with loud shouts
Fills the whole concourse of the mighty ring
With gazing sires in front, reclaims the prize
Snatched from his hand by craft Euryalus
Is strong in favour, and the grace of tears,
And worth seen comelier in a lovely form 344
Backs him Diores too with loud appeal,
Who to a prize succeeding has for naught
Gained the last guerdon if the foremost place
Be given to Salius Then Prince Aeneas
"Your gifts remain assured you, boys, and none
Changes the order of the prize let me
Pity my friend's unmerited mishap
So saying he gives to Salius the vast fell
Of a Gaetulian lion with rough hair
Heavy and claws of gold Then Nisus "If
Such be defeat's reward and those that fell
Win pity of thee, what worthy recompense
Hast left for Nisus? The first crown was mine
By merit and exploit had not the luck,
That frowned on Salius frowned alike on me" 356
And with the word he shows his face and limbs
Smeared with wet filth At him the gracious sire
Laughed and a shield bade bring, the workmanship
Of Didymaon by the Danai once
From Neptune's sacred portal torn With this
He dowers the noble youth a princely prize

Then, the race ended, and the gifts dispensed,
"Come now, he cries," and if in any breast
Be courage and prompt heart, let him approach,
Bind on the gloves and lift his arms" So saying,
He names a twofold guerdon for the fray,
A steer for the winner, garlanded with gold,
Sword and proud helm, the vanquished to appease 367
No pause at once in all his giant strength
Uplifts him Dares, and stands forth to view
'Mid murmurs of the crowd, he who alone

Would match with Paris and at the tomb wherein
Lies mightiest Hector conquering Butes smote—
Who with his vast bulk bore him to the field,
Of the Bebrycian house of Amycus—

Lashing the air with buffets Him to match
They seek another, but out of all that throng
No one durst face the champion, don the gloves *379*
So deeming all men from the prize withdrew,
Promptly he plants him at Aeneas feet,
Tarrying no more, then by the left horn grasps
The bull and speaks 'O goddess born, if none

Shouting with one voice, bade the promised boon
Be rendered to their champion Hereupon
Acestes with stern words Entellus chides
As he sat next him on the grassy couch *388*
'Entellus once most valiant, but in vain,
Wilt thou such gifts see tamely borne away,
And strike no blow? Where now, we ask that god,
Thy master, Eryx idly vaunted? Where
The fame that filled Trinacria, and those spoils
Still hanging from thy roof tree? He replied
It is not that the love of fame is sped,
Nor fear hath cast out honour, but indeed

396

I had not stayed for prize or noble steer
To lure me forward nor heed I the gifts
So saying twin gauntlets of vast weights he hurls
Into the midst, wherewith keen Eryx wont
Advance his hand to battle, and bind his arms

Dares himself stands dazed and far recoils
This way and that high souled Anchises' son
Poises and turns the thongs enormous folds
Then the old man with deep-drawn accents spake. *409*

What then if one had seen the gloves and arms
Of Hercules himself and the grim fight
Upon this very strand? Those weapons once
Thy brother Eryx wore thou seest them yet
Blood stained and brain bespattered he with these
Stood against great Alcides to these I
Myself was used while sounder blood gave strength,
Ere snowy age had sprinkled both my brows
But if the Trojan Dares shun these arms
Of ours and good Aeneas be set thereon
Backed by Acestes sanction fight we fair
I waive the hides of Eryx calm thy dread
And do thou doff the Trojan gloves So saying
He from his shoulder flings the twofold robe
Bares his huge limb joints mighty bones and thews
And stands gigantic in the arena s midst 423
Then equal gloves the sire Anchises son
Brought and with like arms bound the hands of both
Straining on tip toe each at once took stand
And raised his arms undaunted high toward heaven
Their towering heads far from the blow withdrawn
Fist with fist mingling they provoke the fray
One nimbler footed and relying on youth
One strong in bulk of body but his slow knees
Totter and quake and all his mighty frame
Heaves with a painful panting Many a blow
The champions idly bandy each with each
Many they rain on hollow flank and make
Loud music on their chests round ear and brow
The quick fist plays jaws crackle with hard blows 432
Ponderous in the selfsame posture stands
Unmoved Entellus with his body alone
And watchful eye shunning the strokes The other—
As who with engines batters a tall town,
Or sits down armed before some mountain hold—
Tries this approach and that and hovering round
Artful at every point plies him in vain
With manifold assault Entellus then
With right hand threatening and uplifted high
Rose to the blow which the other with quick glance
Foresaw descending and with nimble frame
Slipped out of reach and foiled it All his strength
Entellus spent on air, and self impelled
By his own heaviness heavily to the earth
Fell with prodigious weight so falls at times
On Erymanthus or on Ida s height

A hollow pine tree by the roots up torn 449
Teucrians, Trinacrians by one impulse urged,
Leap from their seats a shout goes up to heaven,

Returns yet keenlier to the fray, wrath goads
To violence shame and conscious valour too,

Fall rattling on the roof, so pelt the blows
He showers on Dares and with either hand
Pounds him and spins Then Prince Aeneas brooke
Wrath go no further, nor Entellus yet
Rage on in bitterness of heart, but bade
The battle end, and rescued the spent strength
Of Dares and thus speaks with soothing words 464

Lead to the ships the helmet and the sword,
When summoned, they receive, the palm and bull
Leave to Entellus Then the victor speaks,
Elate with pride, and glorying in the bull
O goddess born and you ye Teucrians mark
Both what was once my body s youthful might
And Dares from what death your rescue saves 476
He spake, and fronting the steer s forehead full
Which stood there prize of battle drew aback
His right hand, levelled the tough gloves and straight
Twixt either horn, up towering to the blow,
Crushed the skull inward and dashed out the brain,
On earth stretched lifeless quivering the bull falls
Then with deep utterance spake he over it
This better life, for death of Dares due
Eryx I pay thee—with this triumph crowned,
The gauntlets and the boxer s art lay by 484
Forthwith Aeneas to the swift arrow match
Invites who will and sets the prizes forth
Then from Serestus ship with mighty hand

The mast uprears, and by a rope passed round

And for first place outleaps, with favouring cheer,
The son of Hyrtacus, Hippocoon next,
Late victor in the ship race, Mnestheus comes,
Mnestheus now garlanded with olive green 494
Eurytion was the third brother to thee,
O most renownèd Pandarus, who of old,
Bidden the treaty to confound, wert first
To hurl thy dart amid the Achaean ranks.
Last in the helmet's depth Acestes lay,
Still bold of hand the tasks of youth to try 499
Then each for self, with sinewy might they bend
Their curving bows, pluck shaft from quiver, and first
The bolt of the son of Hyrtacus through heaven
Cleaves the fleet breezes from the whizzing string,
Arrives and sticks in the mast tree fair and full

home
High pointing, with one level of shaft and eye,
He luckless, the bird's self with bolt to strike
Skilled not but cut the noose and hempen cord,
Foot bound whereby to the tall mast she hung
Into the south winds and black clouds she flew 512
Then bow long since held ready and bolt on string,
With a quick prayer to his brother to hear his vows,
Eurytion marked the dove, now triumphing
In the free sky, and, as she clapped her wings
Under a dark cloud, pierced her Dead she fell,
And left her life among the stars of heaven,
Down trailing with the arrow in her side
Acestes the prize lost, alone remained,
Yet upward aimed his bolt into the air,
Showing an old sire's skill and sounding bow. 521
Here on their eyes a sudden portent falls,
To prove of mighty presage, the event
Taught them its vastness in the after time,
And awful seers their omen sang too late
For, on its flight amid the floating clouds
The reed took fire, and traced a path in flame,
And into thin air burnt itself away,
As oft, from heaven unfixed, shoot flying stars,

And trail their locks behind them All, aghast,
Stood rooted, and implored the gods of heaven,
Trinacrian folk and Teucrian nor did great
Aeneas spurn the omen, but his arms
Cast about glad Acestes, whom he loads
With mighty gifts, thus speaking "Take them, sire,
For by such tokens great Olympus' king
To thee no lot-drawn honour hath decreed 534

The record and the pledge to bear" This said,
He wreathes his temples with green bay, and hails
First, before all, Acestes victor, nor
Did kind Eurytion grudge the rank preferred,
Albeit he only struck the bird from heaven
Next for the prize comes in who cut the cord,
Last with fleet arrow he that pierced the pine 544
But Prince Aeneas, ere the sports were sped,

Ascanius, if his boyish band he now
Have ready, and his manœuvring troop arrayed,
Lead forth the squadron in his grandsire's name,
And show himself in arms" Such charge he gave,
And with his own voice bids the crowd withdraw,
Flooding the long course, and the field be cleared 552
The boys ride in, before their fathers' eyes
Glittering on bridled horses in array,
By all Trinacria's chivalry and Troy's
Hailed with admiring murmurs as they go
The locks of all a trim wreath duly binds,
Each bears two cornel spear shafts tipped with steel,
Some polished quivers upon the shoulder, high
On breast along the throat there runs a hoop
Pliant of twisted gold The companies
Of horse are three, three chiefs ride to and fro,
And following each, a band of twice six boys,
The troop trisected, with like leaders, shine 562
One youthful squadron a child Priam leads

Bears him, with white spots dappled, that displays

White-stepping pasterns, and white towering brow.
The next is Atys, from whom trace their line
The Latin Atii, the child Atys, loved
Of his boy friend Iulus Last appears,
In beauty before all, Iulus' self
On a Sidonian horse, fair Dido s gift,
Of her heart s love the record and the pledge. *572*
The remnant ride Trinacrian steeds of old
Acestes With a cheer the Dardan folk
Welcome the timid lads, and gaze with joy,
Tracing the features of their sires of old
When the gay cavalcade had ridden the round
Of the whole concourse under their friends' eyes,
And all were ready Epytides from far
Shouted the signal and cracked loud his whip
They rushed apart symmetric, in three troops
With open ranks dividing and once more
Wheel at the order and charge point to point.
Then other onsets and retreats they try
In quarters opposite and interweave
Circle with circle, each with each and wake
The semblance of armed warfare, now expose
Their backs in flight now point their levelled spears,
Now with peace plighted, as close comrades, ride *587*
As erst the labyrinth in lofty Crete
Had as folk tell, a way with blind walls woven,
And a dark trap with thousand paths perplexed,
Whose maze unsearched and irretraceable
Might balk all clues for following such the course
Wherein the Trojan boys their steps involve,
Weaving the sportive web of flight and fray
As dolphins, swimming through the watery seas,
Carpathian cleave or Libyan, and make sport
Amid the waves Such use of horsemanship,
Such games as these, Ascanius, as he girt
With walls his Alba Longa, first revived,
And trained the ancient Latins to the mode
Of his own boyhood with the youth of Troy, *599*
The Albans taught their sons, from whom
bequeathed
Majestic Rome received and kept alive
The ancestral rite now, named from Troy, the lads
Are called the Trojan troop Thus far were held
The games in honour of the sacred sire
Here Fortune changing first revoked her faith
Whilst they with various pastime to the tomb

Render due rites, Saturnian Juno now
Sends Iris from on high to Ilium's fleet,
And breathes fair winds to waft her, rife with
 schemes,
Still of her ancient smart insatiate She,
Speeding along her myriad tinted bow,
Shoots down the swift track, maid beheld of none *610*
She views the mighty throng and scans the shore
And sees the harbour void, the fleet forsook
But far withdrawn upon a lonely beach
The Trojan dames wept for Anchises' loss,
And, weeping all together eyed the deep
Ah, what vast floods, what weary length of sea
Was still before them, with one voice they cry
They crave a city, the travail of the main

The aged wife of Tmarian Doryclus,
Who once had lineage, and a name, and sons,
So mid the Dardan mothers makes her way *622*
' O hapless women, whom no Greek hand in war
Dragged 'neath your native walls to death, ' she cries,
' O race ill-starred, for what destruction say,
Doth fate reserve ye? Since Troy s overthrow,
The seventh summer now wheels her course, the
 while,
Borne over seas and traversing all lands,
So many inhospitable rocks and climes,
We chase the still receding Italy
On the vast ocean, by its billows tossed
Here are our brother Eryx bounds our host
Acestes who forbids to cast up walls
And give a city to our countrymen? *631*
O fatherland, and household gods in vain
Snatched from the foeman, shall no city bear
Troy's name for ever? Nowhere shall I see
A Simois or a Xanthus, Hector's streams?
Nay up, and help me burn the ill-omened ships!
For in my sleep the seer Cassandra s shade
Appeared, methought, and offered blazing brands
'Here look for Troy, here is your home,' quoth she
The hour is ripe for action prodigies
So mighty brook no tarriance Lo ye four
Altars to Neptune! and the god himself
Supplies the firebrand and the will ' So saying,

She, snatching first the deadly flame, upreared
Aloft her right hand, brandished with main strength,
And threw it. Brain wildered were the Trojan dames,
And heart astonied. Then, of many, one
In years their eldest, Pyrgo, royal nurse
Of all those sons of Priam, cries, "See you not,
This is no Beroe, no Rhoeteian wife
Of Doryclus good mothers! Mark the signs
Of heavenly beauty, and the glowing eyes
What breath about her! what a glance she hath!
What tone of voice, and stateliness of step! 649
Nay I myself left Beroe only now,
Sick chafing that she only in such rite
Should lack a part, nor to Anchises pay
The honours due to him.' So spake she. But
The matrons, wavering at the first, 'gan eye
The ships with looks malign, halting between
Infatuate passion for their present land
And realms that called them with the voice of fate.
But on poised wings the goddess borne through heaven
Cut flying a mighty bow beneath the clouds.
Then, by the portent crazed, and frenzy spurred,
All from their hearths' recesses, with one shout,
Snatch fire some strip the altars, and fling on
Leaf, brushwood, bough. With loose rein Vulcan riots
O'er thwarts and oars and sterns of painted pine 663
To Anchises barrow and the circus seats
Eumelus of the blazing fleet brings word.
Then glancing back they see the pitchy reek
Float in a cloud. And first Ascanius,
Then gaily leading his manœuvring troop,
Rode at full speed to the disordered camp,
Even as he was nor can his breathless guards
Detain him. "What new frenzy is this?" he cries,
'Or whither now, say whither are ye bound,
My wretched countrywomen? 'Tis no foe,
No hostile camp of Argives, that ye burn,
But your own hopes. See, it is I, your own
Ascanius!" and before his feet he flung
The empty helmet, wherewith armed but now
He woke in sport the counterfeit of war 674
At once Aeneas, at once the Teucrian train
Speed to the spot. But scattering o'er the beach,
This way and that the affrighted women fly,
Make for the woods by stealth, and wheresoe'er

The rocks are caverned now they loathe the deed
And daylight, know their own with altered eye,
And Juno's power is shaken from their soul
But not for that the conflagration's blaze
Slacks its resistless fury the tow glows
Beneath the wet wood, spewing forth slow smoke,

684

Then good Aeneas from off his shoulders rent
The raiment, and besought the gods for aid,
With outstretched hands "Almighty Jupiter,
If all the Trojans, to a man, not yet
Thou hatest, if thy goodness of old time
Recks aught of human woes, grant that the flames
Now scape our fleet, O father, and pluck thou
The Teucrians' shrunken power from ruin Else
Level thy thunderbolt, and what remains
Hurl down to death, if such be my desert,
And overwhelm us here with thy right hand" *692*
Scarce had he spoken, when with outpoured showers
A black storm rages, uncontrollable,
Earth trembles to the thunder, hill and plain,
From the whole welkin a wild water flood
Comes rushing, pitch black from the thickening
south,
The ships are filled, and over, the half burnt
Timbers are soaked, till all the heat is quenched,
And, four keels lost, all else escape the plague
But Prince Aeneas, stunned by the shrewd chance,
Shifted and turned the mighty load of care
Within his breast, now this way, and now that,
Whether to settle in Sicilian fields,
Heedless of fate, or grasp Italia's shore *703*

That which or heaven's high wrath portended or
Fate's course required—he thus bespake Aeneas
With comfortable words "O goddess born,
Pull or repel they, follow we the fates,
Betide what will, fortune in every phase
Is conquered but by bearing Here thou hast
Acestes of the Dardan stock divine
Him take, a willing yoke fellow, to share
Thy counsels, unto him deliver those

Who are left shipless or have weary grown
Both of thy fortunes and the great emprise 714
Men full of years and mothers wearied out
With ocean and whate er of weak thou hast,
Fearful of danger choose and in this land
Give ramparts to the weary ones Their town
Grant thou the name Acesta shall be called
  Fired by such words from his friend s agèd lips
Now was his soul with care on care distraught 720
And black night chariot lifted held the sky
When sudden lo! the likeness of his sire
Anchises seemed to glide from heaven and speak
With such like utterance Son than life to me
Dearer while life was mine—son sorely tasked
By Ilium s destinies hither I come

The bravest hearts lead on to Italy
Hardy the race and rude of life which thou
In Latium must war down First none the less
Approach the infernal halls of Dis and through
Avernus depth seek colloquy with me
My son For guilty Tartarus holds me not
Nor the sad ghosts but in Elysium
Mid fair assemblies of the blest I dwell
Thither with plenteous bloodshed of black kine
The Sibyl pure shall lead thee Then shalt thou
Learn all thy kindred and what walls are given 737
And now farewell! dank night her midway course
Is wheeling and the Orient s panting steeds
Breathe pitiless upon me He had said
And passed like vapour into empty air
  Ah! whither hurrying whither whirled away?
Exclaims Aeneas whom fliest thou or who
Bars thee from my embraces? With that word
He wakes the embers and the slumbering fire

745

The matrons to their city and set on shore

Who would, such souls as crave not high renown
Themselves repair the thwarts and shape afresh
The fire-gnawed ship beams and fit oars and ropes,
Few, but a pulse of manhood quick for war
Aeneas meanwhile is marking with a plough
The city boundaries and assigning homes,
Bids here an Ilium here a Troy to be
Trojan Acestes glorying in his realm
Proclaims a court, and to the assembled sires
Gives laws To Venus of Idalium then
Nigh to the stars on Eryx' top they found
A dwelling and Anchises tomb endow
With priest and grove of widespread sanctity *761*
Now the whole race nine days have wassail held,
And to the altars is due honour done
Calm winds have laid the ocean, and once more

Now e en the matrons, e en the men who late
Shuddered at ocean s face, scarce brooked its name,
Fain would set forth, bear all the toil of flight
Them kind Aeneas soothes with friendly words,
And, weeping to Acestes care consigns
His kinsman Then to Eryx he bids slay
Three heifers and a ewe lamb to the storms,
And duly loose the moorings He himself,
Bound with trim olive leaves about his head,
Stands high upon the prow, and holds a bowl,

With emulous oar strokes sweep the ocean plain *778*
Venus meanwhile to cares a prey, thus pleads
With Neptune, and pours out her heart s complaint
Juno s fell wrath and heart insatiable
Constrain me, Neptune, stoop to every prayer
No lapse of time, no goodness can assuage,
Nor Jove's command, nor fate itself, avail
To break and tame her With outrageous hate
Twas not enough from midst the Phrygian folk
To eat away their city, and drag them on
Through every retribution what remains,
The very dust and bones of perished Troy,
She persecutes Let her own heart resolve

The causes of such madness Thou thyself
Art witness, on the Libyan waves but now
What sudden coil she raised—mixed all the seas
With heaven, upon the storms of Aeolus
Vainly relying, and dared it in thy realm *792*
See too Troy s matrons goading into crime,
Their ships she hath burnt foully, forcing them,
With minished fleet, upon an unknown shore
To leave their comrades *Those that yet remain—*
Let them, I pray thee of thy goodness, spread
Safe sail across the billows, let them reach
Laurentian Tiber, lawful if my suit,
If there the walls by destiny assigned " *798*
Then Saturn's son, the lord of the deep sea,
Made answer ' Cytherea, 'tis full meet
Thou trust this realm of mine, that gave thee birth,
And I have *earned it* often have I quelled
Such wrath and fury both of sea and sky,
Nor less on land, Xanthus and Simois
Attest hath thine Aeneas been my care
What time Achilles, the disheartened hosts
Of Troy pursuing, dashed them on their walls,
And many thousands did to death, till groaned
The choked up rivers, nor could Xanthus find
A passage, and roll out to sea, then I
Seeing Aeneas with brave Peleus' son
Ill matched alike in strength and aid from heaven,
In a cloud s hollow caught him, though full fain
From their foundation to cast down the walls
Of perjured Troy, that mine own hands had built *811*
Now too within me the same purpose holds,
Away with fear! unscathed he shall arrive
The Avernian havens, goal of thy desire,
One *only shall there be, thou'lt seek in vain*

Skims light the sea top in his azure car *819*
Down sink the waves, the swelling water floor
Beneath his thunderous wheel is levelled smooth,
The clouds fly routed through the vast of air.
Then to attend him came shapes manifold,
Monsters enormous Glaucus' agèd choir,
Palaemon son of Ino, and the swift

Tritons, and Phorcus with his whole array;
Thetis upon the left, and Melite,
And maiden Panopea and Nisaee,
Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce 826
Then lo! through Prince Aeneas' tortured soul
Thrills the sweet solace of returning joy,
Quickly he bids each mast be reared, each sail
Stretched on the yardarms All made taut the sheet
right,

The winds they wait for, bear the fleet along
First before all, leading the dense array,
Was Palinurus others after him

Beneath the oars, on the hard benches stretched,
When Sleep slid lightly from the stars on high,
Parted the dusky air, and cleft the gloom,
Thee, Palinurus, seeking, and for thee

842

"O Palinurus, son of Iasus,
See, of its own will ocean wafts the fleet,
The gales breathe equably, the hour is given
To slumber Bow the head, and steal from toil
The weary eyes Myself awhile will take
Thy task upon me" With scarce lifted look,
To him speaks Palinurus "Bid st thou me
Mark not the sea s smooth face and tranquil waves?
Put faith in such a monster? Wherefore trust
Aeneas to the false breezes, tempt again
The oft rued treachery of a smiling sky?' 851
Such words he spake, and clutched and clung, nor
aught
Let go the tiller, and held his upward eyes
Still fixed upon the stars when lo! the god
O'er either temple shakes a bough besprent
With Lethe dew, and drugged with Stygian power,
That loosed his swimming eyes, reluctant Scarce
Had the first stealth of unexpected sleep

With many a cry to friends that could not aid.
But into empty air the vision's self
Soared on the wing Nathless the fleet unscathed 859
Speeds on its journey, and rides undismayed
In Father Neptune's promise And now it neared
The Siren crags, found perilous of old
Whitened with bones of many, while the rocks
With ceaseless surge were booming hoarse afar
Soon as the Prince perceived his vessel drift
Aimless for lack of helmsman he himself
Over the midnight wave, with many a groan,
Steered her, sore shaken by his friend's mischance:
'O all too trustful of the smiling face
Of sky and ocean, on an unknown shore,
And naked, Palinurus, thou wilt lie"

871

BOOK VI

Weeping he spake, and gave his fleet the rein,
And to Euboean Cumae s shore at length
Glides smoothly in They turn prows seaward, then
The anchors' tooth 'gan grip the vessels fast,
The round sterns rim the beach Outleaps amain
The war host on Hesperia's strand some search
For seeds of fire hid deep in veins of flint,
Some scour the wild beasts' tangled forest lairs,
Or point to new found streams But good Aeneas
Makes for the hill top, where aloft sits throned
Apollo, and a cavern vast, the far
Lone haunt of the dread Sibyl, into whom
The Delian bard his mighty mind and soul
Breathes, and unlocks the future Even now

13

Upon his uncouth journey floated forth
Toward the chill Bears, and stood light poised at last
On the Chalcidian hill Here first to earth
Restored, he dedicated to thy name,
Phoebus, the oarage of his wings, and built
A giant temple On the doors behold!
The murder of Androgeos, therewithal
The sons of Cecrops, bidden, alas! to pay
For yearly ransom, seven of their sons' lives
The urn stands, and the lots are drawn Uptowers
From Ocean, fronting it, the Gnosian land *23*
Here her fell love o' the bull, Pasiphae
Mated by cunning, and, that mongrel birth,
The Minotaur, a twy formed offspring stands,
Record of monstrous passion, here was that
Laborious dwelling with the wandering maze,
Inextricable, but that Daedalus,

In such a work hadst borne a mighty part,
Had grief allowed, O Icarus Thy fall
Twice had he sought in gold to fashion, twice

The father's hands dropped. Aye, and still their eyes
O'er all would have been ranging, had not now
Come from his quest Achates, and with him,
Priestess of Phoebus and of Trivia,
Deiphobe, Glaucus' child, who therewithal
Thus hails the king 'Such shows a time like this
Demands not better were it now to slay
Seven bullocks from the unbroken herd, and ewes
Picked duly of like number." Having thus
Addressed Aeneas—nor were the heroes slack
To do her sacred bidding—the priestess now
Summons the Teucrians into the high fane 41

The mighty face of the Euboean rock
Is scooped into a cavern, whither lead
A hundred wide ways, and a hundred gates:
Aye, and therefrom as many voices rush,
The answers of the Sibyl They had gained
The threshold, when the maid exclaims "'Tis time
To ask the oracles, Io! the god, the god!"
Before the doors thus speaking, suddenly
Nor countenance, nor hue, nor braided locks
Stayed in one fashion but her bosom heaves,
Her heart swells wild with frenzy, and more vast
She seems, nor mortal rings her voice, when now
Touched by the nearer breath of deity
'So slack to vows and prayers," she cries, "so slack,
Trojan Aeneas? for the mighty mouths
Of the awed temple will not ope till then"
So spake she, and was mute A shudder chill
Ran through the Teucrians' hardy frames, the while
Their king from his heart's deepest pours forth
prayer 55
'O Phoebus, who the heavy woes of Troy
Hast always pitied, who erst the Dardan shaft
And hand of Paris didst guide against the bulk
Of the son of Aeacus, at thy bidding I
Pierced all those seas that roam round mighty shores,
The far withdrawn Massylian tribes, and fields
That skirt their quicksands, till at length we grasp
The flying shores of Italy thus far
Let Troy's ill fate have followed her Ye too
May justly spare the race of Pergamus,
Gods all and goddesses, to whom Ilium
And the vast Dardan fame was an offence.
And thou most holy seer, who dost foreknow
The future, grant—I do but ask the realm

Owed to my destiny—that Teucria's sons
May rest in Latium with their wandering gods,
And storm tossed Trojan deities Then I
To Phoebus and to Trivia will uprear
A shrine of solid marble, and holy days
In name of Phoebus And thee too awaits
In our new realm a mighty sanctuary 71
For there thine oracles and mystic dooms,
Spoke to my people, will I set, and choose
Men, and ordain them thine, O gracious one
Only to leaves commit not thou thy strains,
Lest they fly scattered, sport of whirling winds,
Chant them with thine own lips, I pray 'He made
An end of speaking But the seer, not yet
Patient of Phoebus in the cavern storms
Immeasurably, if haply from her breast
She may shake off the mighty god, but he
So much the rather plies her raving mouth,
Tames her wild heart, and moulds her to his might. 80
And now the temple's hundred monster gates
Ope of themselves and through the air convey
The answers of the Sibyl "O thou that hast
Outborne at length the sea's vast perils know
Yet worse on shore await thee True, the sons
Of Dardanus to Lavinium's realm shall come,
Of this care ease thy bosom, yet shall it not
Rejoice them of their coming War, grim war,
And Tiber foaming high with blood I see 87
Simois and Xanthus and a Dorian camp
There shalt thou lack not, yea, for Latium
Even now a new Achilles hath been found,

What race, what city, shalt thou leave unsued?
Once more is cause of all the Teucrians woe
An alien bride, once more a foreign bed
Yield not to ills, but face them boldlier thou,
Even as thy fortune suffers thee The first

Her awful riddles and echo through the cave,
In darkness shrouding truth, so shakes the reins
Apollo in her raving mouth, and plies
Deep in her breast the goad Soon as had ebbed

Her frenzy, and the frantic lips were still,
The hero speaks—Aeneas "No phase of toil
To me, O maid, strange or unlooked for comes. 104
All things have I forecast, and in my mind
Traversed ere seen One boon I beg since this
Is called the portal of the infernal king,
And the dark pool of Acheron's overflow,
Let me to my dear sire's own presence pass;
Teach thou the way, and ope the sacred gates
Him I through flames and thousand following darts
Rescued upon these shoulders, and bore safe
From midst the foemen he, my wayfellow,
Endured with me all seas, all threats of sky
And ocean, weak of body, beyond the lot
And strength of age Moreover he it was
Charged and implored me with this suppliant suit
Thy threshold to approach Both son and sire
Pity, I pray thee, of thy grace, for thou
Canst all things, nor for naught hath Hecate
Made thee the mistress of Avernian groves 118
If Orpheus could recall his loved one's shade,
Armed but with Thracian harp and tuneful strings,
If Pollux, dying in turn, redeemed his brother,
Trod and retrod the way so oft—why speak
Of mighty Theseus, of Alcides why?
My lineage also is from Jove in heaven"
So spake he praying, and clasped the altar, then
The seer brake silence "Sprung from blood of gods,
Trojan Anchises' son, easy the road
Down to Avernus night and day the door
Of gloomy Dis stands open, but thy steps
Back to retrace emerge to upper air,
This is the task, the labour this Some few,
Favoured and loved of Jupiter, or borne
By their own glowing virtue to the sky,
Sons of the gods, attained it All between
Is forest-clothed, and with black gliding coil
Cocytus winds about it But if thou
So yearn'st at heart, if such thy longing, twice
To stem the Stygian pool, twice view the gloom
Of Tartarus, and it please thee to give play
To a mad quest, hear what must first be done.
Hid in a tree's dark shade there lurks a bough,
Gold both in leaf and limber twig, and called
Sacred to nether Juno All the grove
Hides it, by obscure valleys closed in gloom. 139

But none may probe the vaults of earth or ere

Fails not a second, gold no less, whose spray
Sprouts of the selfsame ore So with thine eyes
Search deep, and, duly finding, with thy hand
Pluck it, for freely at a touch 'twill yield,
If thou art called of fate not, otherwise,
By any force wilt thou prevail to win,
Or with hard steel to tear it Furthermore
The breathless corse of one that was thy friend
Still lies—alas! thou know'st not—and with death
Taints the whole fleet, while on our threshold here
Thou hoverest, seeking counsel Him first bear
To his own place, and hide in tomb, and bring
Black cattle in expiation, before all *153*

But Aeneas

Planting his footsteps Many a thought they wove
In varying converse—of what lifeless friend
The priestess spake, what corse for burial So
At length arrived, on the dry beach they see
Misenus, snatched by an untimely death,
Misenus, son of Aeolus, than whom
None more renowned with clarion s clang to rouse
Heroes, and fire the war-god with his blast *165*
Great Hector he had served, at Hector's side,
Famous alike for trumpet and for spear,
Would join the fray whom when Achilles quelled
And robbed of life, he, bravest of the brave,
Had ta en Aeneas the Dardan for his lord,
Following no meaner destiny But then,
While with his hollow shell he thrills the main,
Madman, and challenges the gods to match
His music, Triton, if the tale be true,

And, foremost, good Aeneas Then with speed

The Sibyl's bidding they dispatch with tears,
A funeral altar toiling to upbuild
Of heapèd boughs, and rear it to the sky. 178
Into an ancient forest forth they fare,

Huge mountain ashes down Aeneas, no less
Foremost amid such toil, cheers on his friends,
And girds him with like weapons Then alone
With his sad heart he ponders, gazing o'er
The boundless forest, and thus prays aloud 186
"If now that golden branch upon the tree
Might to our eyes in this vast grove appear!
Since all too truly spake the prophetess
Of thee, alas! Misenus "Scarce had he
Uttered the word, when, as it happed, twin doves

And steer your airy course into the grove,
Where the rich bough o'ershades the fertile ground.
And our perplexity forsake not thou,
O goddess mother "So saying, he stops to mark
What signs they bring, their course bend whither-
ward 198
They, feeding, still fly forward just so far
As the pursuer's eye might bear in sight
Then, having gained Avernus' poisonous jaws,
Swiftly they mount, and, gliding through clear air,
Perch both, and settle upon the wished for tree,
Flashed through whose boughs the gold's contrasting
gleam
As mistletoe, when winter chills the woods,
Bursts into new leaf, sown on alien tree,
And, saffron berried, clips the tapering trunk,
Such was the seeming of that leafy gold
On the dark ilex, so in the light breeze
Rustled the foil Aeneas instantly
Seizes and rives it from its lingering hold
With hungry clutch, and bears it 'neath the roof
Of the prophetic Sibyl 211
Nor less meanwhile
The Teucrians on the shore Misenus wept,

Paying the last dues to the thankless dust
First, rich with pine brands, of hewn timber vast,
A pyre they raise, with dark leaves wreathe the sides,
Plant funeral-cypresses in front, above
Deck it with gleaming arms Some set to heat
Water, and cauldrons heaving on the flame,
And wash the death cold body and anoint,
And make loud moaning Then the wept for limbs
Upon the couch they lay, and over them
Cast purple robes, the well known raiment some,
Sad service, bowed them to the heavy bier,
And, eyes averted, their ancestral wont,

225

The remnant of the thirsty dust they drench
With wine, and Corynaeus gathered up,
And in a brazen casket hid, the bones
He with pure water, too thrice paced the round
hem

But good Aeneas, for tomb, a mighty mound
Heaps o er the dead, and his own arms both oar
And trumpet neath a skyey mount which now
From him is called Misenus and preserves

235

Have called the place Aornos) And here first
The priestess ranges four black bodied bulls
Pours wine upon their brows, and 'twixt the horns

247

Others set knives beneath them, and in bowls
Catch the warm blood Aeneas a black fleeced lamb,
Unto the mother of the Eumenides
And her great sister, with his own sword strikes,
A barren heifer, O Proserpine, to thee,
Then to the Stygian king inaugurates

Hard upon dawn and sunrise, 'neath their feet
The ground 'gan rumble, and a quaking fell
The forest ridges, and through the gloom there
seemed
Dogs howling, as the goddess drew anigh
"Hence, hence, unhallowed ones!" the priestess
shrieks,
"From the whole grove avaunt! and thou, Aeneas,
Set forth upon the road, pluck sword from sheath,
Now need'st thou all thy courage and a stout heart." *261*
Thus far she spake, and like a fury plunged
Into the cave's mouth he, no falterer, keeps
Pace with the steps of his advancing guide
Gods of the spirit realm, and voiceless shades,
And Chaos and Phlegethon, vast tracts of night
And silence, grant me, what mine ear hath heard
To utter, and, with your fiat, to unfold
Things whelmed in darkness and the under world
On strode they blindly through the gloom, beneath
The solitary night, through the void halls
And ghostly realms of Dis as men may walk
The wood way 'neath a coy moon's grudging light,
When Jupiter with shade hath curtained heaven,
And black night of her colour robs the world *272*
Fronting the portal, even in Orcus' jaws,
Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed,
And pale Diseases house, and dolorous Eld,
And Fear and Famine, counsellor of crime,
And loathly Want, shapes terrible to view,
And Death and Travail, and, Death's own brother,
Sleep,
And the soul's guilty joys, and murderous War
Full on the threshold, and the iron cells
Of the Eumenides, and mad Discord, who
With blood stained fillet wreaths her snaky locks *281*
Spreads in the midst her boughs and aged arms
An elm, huge, shadowy, where vain dreams, 'tis said,
Are wont to roost them, under every leaf
Close-clinging and many a monster form beside

Gorgons and Harpies, and the shadowy shape
Three-bodied Here, in a tremor of sudden fear,
Grasped at his sword Aeneas, and with bare edge
Opposed their coming, and, but for warning word
From his wise comrade that they were but thin
Unbodied lives, 'neath hollow shows of form
Flitting, upon them he would rush, and cleave
Shadows in twain with ineffectual sword 294
Hence runs a road to the Tartarean waves

These floods and waters a grim ferryman
Guards, of fell squalor, Charon, on whose chin
Lies a thick grizzle, all untrimmed, his eyes
Are orbs of staring fire, and by a knot
Hangs from his shoulders a soiled garb Himself
Plies with a pole his craft, and tends the sails,

bank,
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls
308

Flock countless shoreward from the weltering deep,
When the chill year, now chasing over sea
Drives them to sunny lands There stood they praying
Each to be first o'erferried, and stretched forth
Their hands with yearning for the further shore
But the sour boatman takes now these now those,
And others from the strand thrusts far aloof
Aeneas, sore startled by the tumult, cries
'Say, maid, what means this thronging to the stream? 318
What seek the spirits? or by what law quit these
The brink, skim those the leaden oar swept tide?'
Briefly to him the aged priestess spake
Anchises son, sure offspring of the gods,
Cocytus deep pools and the Stygian marsh
Here thou discernest, by whose power the gods
Fear to swear falsely, helpless, tombless all
This crowd, which thou behold st, yon ferryman
Is Charon, those that cross have found a grave
But o'er the dread banks and hoarse sounding flood

Waft them he may not, till their bones have rest. 328
A hundred years about these shores they flit
[illegible] at length the [illegible] removed

And pitying from his heart their cruel fate
There—woful forms, and lacking death's last due—
Leucaspis and Orontes he espies,
Chief of the Lycian fleet, whom both, from Troy
Borne over squally seas, the South o'erwhelmed,
Winding in watery shroud both craft and crew. 336
Lo! there the helmsman Palinurus went,
Who late, star-gazing on their Libyan voyage,
Pitched from the stern had fallen amid the sea:
Whom, when at length the sorrowing face he knew
Through the thick gloom, he first addressed "What
god,
O Palinurus, snatched thee from our sight,
And in mid ocean plunged thee? Tell me who·
For, ne er till then found faithless, in this one
Presage Apollo fooled my mind, who sang
That scathless over sea thou shouldst arrive
Ausonia's bounds Is this his promised word?" 346
But he ' Nor Phoebus' tripod failed thee aught,
[illegible]

[illegible]

As for thy ship, lest now, of tackle shorn,
Dashed from beneath her master, she should fail
Amid such mounting billows Three wintry nights
Over the boundless ocean plains the South
With fury drave me scarce, the fourth dawn, high
On a wave's crest I sighted Italy. 357
By inches I swam shoreward, safety now
Was in my grasp, had not the savage folk,
As heavy with soaked weed my fingers' clutch
Caught at the rugged mountain heads, with sword
Assailed and for a prize misdeemed me Now
The wave holds, and winds toss me on the beach.
But by the pleasant light and air of heaven,
And by thy sire, I pray thee, by thy hopes
In young Iulus, pluck me from these ills,
O thou unconquered! Either, for thou canst,

Cast earth on me, reseeking Velia's port,
Or, if there be a way, if any way
Thy goddess mother show thee—for not all
Unwarranted of heaven, methinks, wouldst thou
Stem these vast waters, and the Stygian mere—
Grant to my tears thy hand, and bear me o'er
The billows with thee, that at least in death
I may find quiet resting "Thus he spake,
And thus the prophetess began "From whence,
O Palinurus, sprang this wild desire? *373*
Shalt thou unburied view the Stygian waves,
And the stern river of the Eumenides,
Or tread the bank unbidden? Cease to hope
That heaven s fixed doom can be unbent by prayer:
But, thy hard lot to solace, hear and heed
For lo! the border townsfolk far and near,
Goaded by heavenly portents, shall appease
Thy dust, and build a tomb, and to the tomb
Pay yearly offerings, and the place shall bear
The name of Palinurus evermore "
These words allayed his pain, and drove the grief
Awhile from his sad bosom, and he takes
Joy in the land that is to bear his name *383*
So they pursue the path, and near the stream

Thou art that to our river comest in arms,
Stand, and say why thou comest, and check thy step
This is the place of shades, Sleep slumberous Night,
The quick on Stygian barge I may not bear
Nor was it to my joy that erst I took
And sped Alcides on the watery way,
Nor Theseus and Peirithous, albeit
Both god begotten and of unconquered strength *394*

His queen to ravish ' Whereunto *replied*
Briefly the priestess of Amphrysus 'Here
Is no such trickery cease to storm these arms
Mean not offence let the huge gatekeeper
With ceaseless baying scare the bloodless ghosts,
Guard Proserpine her uncle s doors from stain
Lo! here, renowned for goodness as for arms,

Trojan Aeneas to the nether shades
Of Erebus descends, to seek his sire *404*
If thee such goodness moves not to behold,
At least this bough"—the bough which lay within

Then other spirits, which on the long thwarts sat,
Thrust forth, he clears the benches, and on board
Takes vast Aeneas, groaned beneath his weight
The seamy craft, and through its chinks let in
The marsh wave freely. Safe across the stream
Both prince and priestess he unships at last
416

Stretched in the cave's mouth fronting them To him,
Seeing his neck now bristling with its snakes,
A bait the priestess throws, with honey drugged
And medicated meal His triple maw

The warder sunk in sleep, Aeneas takes
The entrance, and quits swift the water's rim,
Renavigable never. *425*
Forthwith are heard
Voices of mighty wailing, and the cry
Of infant souls upon the threshold's brink,
Whom, dowerless of sweet life, torn from the breast,
A dark day quelled and plunged in bitter death
Next them were those by false charge doomed to die:
Not that their places without lot or judge
Are dealt them Minos, as inquisitor,
Handles the urn, the silent council calls,

439

Are shown the Mourning Fields such name they bear.
Here, whom fell love with cruel wasting gnawed
Close walks conceal, and myrtle groves embower
Their pangs even death removes not There he sees
Phaedra, and Procris Eriphyle sad,
Showing the wounds her ruthless son had dealt,
Evadne, and Pasiphae, and with these
Laodamia, and once man, now maid,
Caeneus, by fate to his old shape restored
And, among these, Phoenician Dido roamed,
Fresh from her wound, within the mighty grove
Whom when the Trojan hero stood anigh,
And knew, though dim through darkness—as a man
Sees when the month is young, or thinks he sees,

455

Brought to mine ears, that thou wert quenched in
 death,
And with the sword hadst sought the end of all?
Alas! was I thy doomsman? By the stars
I swear, and by the gods above, and by
Whate er is sacred in the under world,
Right loth O queen was I to quit thy shore
But heaven's decrees, which now to walk the shades,
Tracts rough with squalor, and abysmal night,
Compel then drave me with their high behests
Nor could I think that I should bring thee dole
So deep by my departure stay thy step
Withdraw not from my gaze whom fliest thou?—this
Of all my greetings doomed to be the last! 466
Aeneas with such words 'mid welling tears
Her fiery soul, fierce glancing, sought to soothe
She held her looks aloof eyes fixed on earth,
And at his proffered speech changed face no more
Than hard flint stood she, or Marpesian rock
At length she whirled away, and frowning sought
The green gloom, where Sychaeus her first lord
Echoes her grief, and gives her love for love
Nathless Aeneas stunned by her sad fate,

476

War famous dwell apart Here Tydeus, here
Parthenopaeus meets him famed in arms,
And the pale spectre of Adrastus, here,

An iron tower stands skyward, where enthroned,
Girt with a gory robe, Tisiphone
Guards sleeplessly the threshold, night and day. 556
Hence groans are heard, and sound of cruel stripes
And clank of iron, and trailing chains Aeneas
Stopped and stood rooted, by the din dismayed
' What shapes of crime are here, O maiden, say,
With what pains visited? What cry so swells
To heaven? Then thus the prophetess began
"Famed Teucrian leader, no pure foot may tread
The accursèd floor but Hecate herself,
What time she set me o'er the Avernian groves,
Taught me the punishments of heaven, and led
Through all its precincts Here—an iron reign—
Rules Gnosian Rhadamanthus, of dark crimes
Both punisher and judge, from guilty lips
Extorting whatso' any upon earth,
Exulting in the empty cheat, hath left
Of sins inexpiate till the hour of death 569
Straightway Tisiphone, armed with vengeful scourge,
Swinges and spurns the guilty, in her left
Brandishing snakes, and summoning the ranks
Of her fell sisters, then the awful gates
Open at last upon harsh grinding hinge
Seest thou what warder sits before the door?

Lo! Tartarus self, that opes sheer down, and strikes
Into the nether darkness, twice so far
As to Olympus skyey top and heaven
The eye scans upward Here that ancient brood
Of earth, the Titan children, where the bolt
Felled them, lie wallowing in the deep abyss 581
Here too beheld I, bodies of vast bulk,

Drawn by four horses, and with waving torch,
Through the Greek tribes and 'midst of Elis town
In triumph rode and claimed the rank of gods,
Madman! the clouds incomparable bolt
With brass to mock and tramp of hoofèd steeds! 591

But through thick clouds the Sire Omnipotent
Let loose a shaft—no brand or smoky glare
Of pine torch he—that with its mighty wind
Down drave him headlong there too Tityos,
Nursling of Earth, all mother, might be seen,
Whose bulk o'er nine whole acres stretched, the while
A crook beak'd monstrous vulture, gnawing still
The imperishable liver and entrails rife
With anguish, digs for dainties, housing deep
Within his bosom and no respite gives
To the requickened fibres Why tell o'er
The Lapithae, Ixion, Peirithous,
On whom a black crag, ever like to slip,
Frowns and seems falling? the high festal couch
Shines golden propped, the feast before their eyes
Is spread with royal splendour, hard at hand
The eldest of the Furies, couched, forbids

607

Or smote a parent, or for client knit
The mesh of fraud, or over treasures found
Brooded alone, nor meted to their kin—
The mightiest number these—or who were slain
For loves adulterous, or to rebel arms
Clave, and feared not with masters to break faith,
Prisoned, await their doom Seek not to learn
What doom, what phase or fate, hath whelmed them
Some
Roll a vast stone, or racked on wheel spokes hang,
Sits hapless Theseus and for ay will sit,
And Phlegyas, wretchedest of men, warns all,
And with loud voice bears witness through the
shades,

619

Not though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths
Were mine, a voice of iron, would these avail
To sum in gross and single all the crimes,
No, nor their penalties rehearse by name."

627

So Phoebus' agèd priestess, and anon
"Up! seize the path, fulfil the attempted task,

Speed we our steps," she cried, "I see the walls
Reared by the Cyclops' forges, and the gate,

The intervening space, and near the doors
Aeneas then takes the entrance, on his limbs
Sprinkles fresh water, and makes fast the bough
Full in the gateway This at last performed,
The goddess dues accomplished, they arrived
The happy region and green pleasaunces
Of the blest woodlands, the abode of joy. *639*
An ampler ether with purpureal light
Clothes here the plain, another sun than ours,
And other stars they know Some ply their limbs
Upon the grassy wrestling ground, and strive
In sport and grapple on the tawny sand,

To match their measures, and, with fingers now,
And now with comb of ivory, strikes them Here

Founder of Troy He marvels to behold
Their arms and ghostly chariots from afar *651*
The spears stand fixed in earth, their steeds, unyoked,
Roam grazing o'er the plain What pride had each,
Alive in arms and chariot, or what pains
To pasture his sleek steeds, the same no less
Attends them still, now hid beneath the earth
Lo! some he sees to right hand and to left
Feasting along the greensward, or in choir
Chanting a joyous paean, 'mid a grove
Of perfumed bay, whence risen Eridanus
Rolls wide through forests of the upper world
Here is the band of those who suffered wounds,
Fighting for country, or, while life remained,
Were priests and pure, or holy bards that spake
Things worthy Phoebus, or who sweetened life
With new found arts, earning by service wrought
Of some to be remembered—these are all
665

What haunt now holds Anchises? for his sake
Have we come hither, and crossed the mighty floods
Of Erebus" To her the hero thus
Brief answer made ' No fixed abode is here,
In shadowy groves we dwell, and make our home
The slope of banks or freshet quickened mead,
But, tends your heart s wish thither, mount this ridge
Soon will I set you on an easy track
He spake and strode before, and from above
Shows them the shining levels, then they quit
The mountain summits 678

Prince Anchises now
Deep in a green dell lay with busy thought
The souls there pent surveying, thence to pass

Their fates, their fortunes, characters and deeds
But when advancing towards him o er the sward
He saw Aeneas both eager palms he stretched,
And his cheeks ran with tears, and from his lips
This utterance fell And art thou come at last,
And has the love long looked for by thy sire
Conquered the toilsome road? May I behold
Thy face, my son, and hear the well known voice
And answer? So indeed with pondering heart
I deemed that it would be, counting the days
Nor did my longing cheat me O er what lands,
What vast seas art thou borne to my embrace,
Tossed by what perils, O my son! What fears
Had I lest Libya s realm should prove thy bane! 694
But he 'It was thy mournful shade, my sire,
Aye thine so oft appearing drave me toward
These portals Our ships ride the Tuscan main
Give father, give me thy right hand to clasp
Nor from my arms withdraw thee" Thus he spake,

702

Spies a sequestered grove, wood whispering brakes,

And therewith Lethe river, that flows by
The dwellings of repose Here, round about,
Nations and peoples without number flew,
Even as in cloudless summer, when the bees
Settling on meadow flowers, now this, now that,
Stream o'er the milk white lilies, all the plain
Hums with their buzzing At the sudden sight
Aeneas starts and witless asks the cause,
And what those floods afar, and who be they
That throng the banks in multitude so vast
Then Prince Anchises "Souls, to whom are owed
By fate new bodies, they by Lethe s stream
Drink heedless draughts of long forgetfulness 715
These to tell o er and show thee face to face
Long have I yearned and count my seed to be,
That thou the rather may st my joy partake
In Italy new found' "And must we deem,
Some spirits, father, heavenward mount from hence,

Replies Anchises, "nor prolong thy doubt,"
And all in order point by point reveals 723
'Know first that heaven, the earth, the watery
plains,
The moon's bright orb, and Titan's starry sphere—
These doth a spirit inly feed a mind,

The sea bears monstrous 'neath his marble floor,
Of fiery vigour, heavenly source, those germs,
Save as impaired by flesh corruptible,
Dulled with frames earthy, and limbs prone to
death

734
Nay, nor when life with its last beam departs,

Therefore, by sorrow schooled, of their old ills

Each his own weird we suffer—and then are sent
[illegible]

Each inbred blemish and leave naught behind
But sense aethereal and pure spirit fire 747
[illegible]

Heaven's vault revisit and a wish beget
Into the body to return once more '
Anchises ceased, and drawing thence his son
And eke the Sibyl into the mid press
And murmuring throng takes stand upon a mound
Whence in long line he might peruse them all,
Full face and learn their features as they came 755
[illegible]

Heirs of our name, I will unfold in words,
Thy fortunes teach thee Yonder, whom thou seest,
A youth and leaning on a headless spear
Nearest to light hath drawn a place he first
From the mixed strain of Italy shall rise
Into the air of heaven an Alban name,
[illegible]

Silvius Aeneas, excellent alike
[illegible]

Nomentum, Gabii and Fidenae s town,
These towered Collatium on the hills shall rear,
Pometia and the fort of Inuus,
Bola and Cora Those shall then be names,
[illegible]

Assaracus Seest how the twin plumes stand
Upon his crest and how his sire even now

By his own token marks him for a god? 780
Lo! 'neath his auspices yon glorious Rome
Shall bound, my son, her empire with the world,
Her pride with heaven, and with encircling wall
Clasp to her single heart the sevenfold hills,
Blest in a breed of heroes even as when
The Berecyntian mother in her car

In heaven and tenants of the heights above
Both eyes turn hither now, this race behold,
Thine own the Romans Here is Caesar, here
The whole line of Iulus, that shall pass
One day beneath the mighty pole of heaven 790
This this the man so oft foretold to thee,

O er Garamantians and the tribes of Ind,
A land that lies beyond the stars, beyond
The year s path and the sun s, where, prop of heaven,
Atlas upon his shoulder turns the pole,
Studded with burning constellations See!
Even now, against his coming Caspian realms
At the gods' omens shudder, aye, and plains
Maeotic and the mouths of sevenfold Nile
Quake and are troubled Not Alcides even
Traversed so much of earth, I trow, albeit
The brazen footed hind he pierced, and stilled
The Erymanthian groves and with his bow
Affrighted Lerna nor who steers his car
With reins of vine leaf Liber, as he guides
From Nysa s lofty crest his tiger team 805
And still by prowess to spread wide our power
Doubt we, and doth fear hinder us to tread
Ausonia's land? But who is he afar

From lowly Cures and a land of need
Launched on a mighty empire Next in turn
Comes Tullus, who shall break his country's peace,
And stir ease sunken warriors to the fray,
And ranks disused to triumphs, and hard on him

Ancus, o'erboastful, and too much even now
Caught by the breath of the vain multitude *816*
Wouldst see the Tarquin kings too, the proud soul
Of Brutus the avenger, and the rods
Of power retrieved? He first, with consul s sway,
Shall the stern axes wield, and his own sons,

And boundless thirst for honour shall prevail
The Decii and the Drusi too behold
Far off, Torquatus cruel with his axe,
Camillus bringing home the standards Those
Whom yonder glittering in like arms thou seest,
Of one heart now and while in darkness penned,
Let but their eyes attain the light alas!
Each against each what wars will they provoke,
What stricken fields and carnage! From the Alps'
Heaped barriers and Monoecus' citadel
The sire descending while his daughter s lord
Confronts him with the armies of the East! *831*
Make not a home within your hearts my sons,
For strifes so cruel, nor the broad thews she bred
Bend at your country s bosom And thou first
Forbear, who from Olympus dost derive,
Fling from thine hand the weapons O my blood!

Achilles sprung his ancestors of Troy
Avenging and Minerva's outraged shrine *840*
Who thee, great Cato would to silence leave,
Or thee O Cossus? who the Gracchan clan,
Or the two Scipios thunderbolts of war,
The bane of Libya, or Fabricius
Puissant in poverty, or, Serranus, thee,
Sowing amid the furrow? I am spent,
And whither whirl ye me, O Fabii?

From marble, at the bar plead better, trace

With rod the courses of the sky, or tell
The rise of stars remember, Roman, thou,
To rule the nations as their master these
Thine arts shall be, to engraft the law of peace,
Forbear the conquered, and war down the proud" *853*
So Prince Anchises in their wondering ears
Spake, and yet further "How Marcellus strides,
Look you, conspicuous with the splendid spoils,
Triumphant, and o'ertowering all men! he
Shall stay Rome s empire, when invasion's storm
Beats fiercely, ride the Carthaginian down,
Aye, *and the rebel Gaul, and dedicate*
To Sire Quirinus the thrice taken spoils."
And here Aeneas, for at his side he saw
A youth of peerless form in radiant arms
Pacing but with unjoyful brow, and glance
Dejected 'Who is he, my sire, who thus
Attends the hero as he steps? A son,
Or later offspring of his mighty race? *864*
What buzzing crowds about them! his own mould
How mighty! but black night around his head
With harsh gloom hovers ' Prince Anchises then
With brimming tears began "Seek not, my son,
To know thy kin's vast sorrow, him to earth
Fate shall but show, nor grant a longer stay
Too potent in your eyes, O gods, had seemed
The Roman stock, were such gifts given to keep.
What wail of heroes shall that field of Mars
Waft to his mighty city! what funeral train
Shalt thou behold, O Tiber, as thy stream
Flows by the new made tomb! No boy e'er bred
Of Ilian race shall to such height of hope
Uplift his Latian sires nor e er the soil
Of Romulus so boast her of a son *877*
Mourn for his goodness, for his old world faith,
His hand in war unconquered! Man to man,
None could have grappled him unscathed, on foot
Strode he against the foeman, or with spur
Goaded the red flanks of his foaming steed
O boy, our sorrow, if any way thou couldst
Burst the harsh bonds that doom thee, thou shalt be
[illegible]
!
885

So here and there, through the whole realm of mist,
In its broad fields they roam, surveying all.

And when Anchises had from end to end
Guided his son, and fired his soul with love
Of future fame, thereafter he makes known
What wars must next be waged, and teaches him
Of tribes Laurentian, and Latinus' town,
And how to shun or suffer every toil *892*
There are twin gates of Sleep, whereof the one
Of horn is rumoured, and real spirits thereby
Win easy outlet, and one finished fair
Of gleaming ivory, but false dreams are thence
Sent by the Manes to the world above
There with these words Anchises, following forth
His son and eke the Sibyl, sees them pass
Out at the ivory gate the hero speeds
Fleetward, returning to his friends, then steers
Straight for Caieta's port along the shore,
The prows drop anchor, the sterns press the beach *901*

BOOK VII

Thou too, Caieta dying a deathless fame,
Nurse of Aeneas to our shores hast given,
And still thy glory guards thy place of rest
And the name marks if such renown be aught,
Thy bones in great Hesperia But the rites
Of death paid duly and a funeral mound
Reared good Aeneas, now the deep was stilled,
Sails on his journey, and leaves port behind 7
The gales breathe on into the night, the moon
White-orbed their course denies not, all the deep
Glitters beneath her quivering beam From hence
Next skirted are the shores of Circe s land,
Where the rich daughter of the Sun makes ring
With ceaseless singing her unfooted groves,
And in proud hall burns odorous cedar wood
For light in darkness, with shrill whirring comb

Lest the good Trojans suffer, into port

24

And in high heaven the dawn on roseate car
Shone saffron tinted, when down dropped the breeze,
And every breath of wind sank suddenly,
And on the slow smooth surface toil their oars
Thereat Aeneas from out the deep descries
A mighty grove before him, cleaving it,
Lo! Tiber s pleasant stream in hurrying swirls,
And yellow with much sand, bursts forth to sea
Around above, were birds of various plume,
Haunters of bank and river bed, that charmed
The air with song, and fluttered through the grove

He bids the crew shift course, and shoreward steer,
And, blithe of heart, enters the shady stream 36
Now aid me, Erato, what kings had sway,
What exploits marked the time, how stood the weal
Of ancient Latium, when the outland host
First beached their galleys on Ausonia's shore,
I will unfold, and of the opening strife
Recall the prelude Do thou teach thy bard,
Thou goddess I will tell of grisly wars,
Tell of embattled hosts, kings to their death
By fury driven, and the Tyrrhenian ranks,
And all Hesperia gathered under arms
A mightier roll of exploit opens up
Before me, and a mightier task I try 44

[illegible]

Marica, saith the legend Faunus' sire
Was Picus, from thy loins, O Saturn, he

[illegible]

And stately palace one sole daughter kept,
Now ripe for husband, of full age to wed
From Latium's breadth, Ausonia's utmost bounds,
Came many a wooer, before all who came,
Turnus the goodliest, mighty by descent
From sires and grandsires, whom as son to clasp
The royal consort yearned with keen desire
But heaven with many a fearful sign forbad 58
There was a laurel in the secluded depth
Midmost the palace court, of sacred leaf,
And cherished many a year with awe, which King
Latinus, finding, as he laid, folk say,
The citadel's foundation, had himself
To Phoebus dedicated, and from thence
Gave to his settlers their Laurentian name.
Upon its topmost point a cloud of bees,
Wondrous to tell, with mighty buzzing borne
Across the clear air, settled, foot with foot
Linked fast together, and from the leafy bough
Hung there, a sudden swarm Forthwith the seer.

[illegible]

And lord it in the topmost citadel" 70

Moreover, while the altar with pure torch
She kindles, and beside her father stands,
The maid Lavinia in her flowing locks,
O horror! seemed to catch the flame, and all
Her head gear to let burn with crackling fire—
Ablaze her queenly tresses, and ablaze
The jewelled splendour of her coronal—

That sight was rumoured for herself, they sang,
Should be renowned in fortune and in fame,
But to her folk it boded mighty war *80*
Vexed by such portents, to the oracle
Of Faunus his prophetic sire, the king
Betakes him and consults the grove 'neath high
Albunea, that of woods the mightiest,
Rings with her haunted well, and through the gloom
Breathes forth a deadly vapour Hence the tribes
Of Italy and all the Oenotrian land
In doubt seek answers Hither when the priest
His gifts hath borne on fleeces of slain sheep
Stretched him 'neath hush of night, and sought
    repose,
Full many a phantom flitting he discerns
In wondrous wise, and divers voices hears,
Enjoys communion with the gods, and holds
91

And outspread fells was lying, when suddenly
A voice gave utterance from the forest-depth
"Seek not in Latin wedlock to unite

    heaven,
And whose posterity, where the circling sun
Views either ocean, shall the whole world see
Move neath their feet obedient" Such response

Had through the Ausonian cities borne the tale,
When now the children of Laomedon

Made fast their galleys to the grassy bank *106*
Aeneas and his chief captains, with fair faced
Iulus, stretch their limbs beneath the boughs
Of a tall tree, and set the banquet on,
And 'neath the viands along the sward lay cakes
Of sacrificial meal—great Jupiter
So bade them—and with country fruits pile high
The wheaten floor All else, it chanced, consumed,
When, driven by lack of food, they turned to munch
The thin flour fare, with hand and venturous teeth
Invade the circle of the fateful crust,
Nor from the out pressed squares refrain them, "Ha!
Eat we our tables too?" Iulus cries
Jesting, and adds no more That utterance heard
First set a term to trouble, and at once

119

And ye, Troy's faithful hearth gods," he exclaimed,
"Here is our home, and this our country, yea,
My sire Anchises—I recall it now—
Bequeathed me these dark words of destiny
'When wafted to an unknown shore, my son,
Hunger compels thee, as food fails, to eat
Thy tables, then remember, look to find
A home, way wearied, thy first dwellings then
Found, and entrench them with a rampart' This,
This was that hunger that till last remained,
To mark destruction's utmost Wherefore come,
Blithely explore we, with first ray of dawn,
What is this place, or what folk dwell therein,
And where the nation's city, in divers ways
Forth faring from the harbour Now to Jove
Bowls of libation pour ye, and with prayers
Call on my sire Anchises, and set fresh
The wine-cup on the board" So saying he binds
With leafy branch his temples, and adores
The Genius of the spot, and, first of gods,
Earth, and the nymphs and streams unknown as yet:
Then Night too, and the rising Signs of Night,
And Ida's Jove invokes, and in due course

A cloud resplendent with bright shafts of gold *143*

Here through the Trojan ranks swift rumour spreads
The day has come their destined walls to found
Eagerly they renew the feast and cheered
By the great sign from heaven set on the bowls

These are the waters of Numicius fount
This Tiber stream here the brave Latins dwell *151*
Then chose Anchises son from every rank
A hundred envoys bidding them repair
To the king s stately ramparts all decked out
With boughs of Pallas bear the hero gifts
And for the Teucrians claim his clemency
They tarry not but at his bidding speed
Borne with swift strides along Himself marks out
The ramparts with low trench prepares a site
And the first dwelling camp-wise girds about
There on the shore with battlements and mound *159*
And now the warriors all their journey done
Beheld the Latin towers and roofs arise
And to the wall draw near Before the town
Boys see and youths in manhood s opening bloom
Ply horsemanship and tame amid the dust
Their chariot teams or stretch the eager bow
Or the tough javelin hurl with strength of arm,
Or challenge to the race and boxing bout
When spurring forward lo! a messenger
Who to the agèd monarch s ear brings word
Of mighty men in uncouth garb at hand
Into the palace he bids summon them
And midmost sits on his ancestral throne *169*
The stately pile gigantic reared aloft
On hundred columns in the city s top
Once palace of Laurentian Picus stood

This temple was their senate house and this
Their holy feast hall here the elders wont
After ram slain at the long boards to sit
Aye and the forms of their forefathers ranged
A row of ancient cedar Italus
Father Sabinus planter of the vine
In semblance holding still a curvèd hook,
And hoary headed Saturn and the shape

Of two faced Janus, in the entry stood,
And other kings primaeval, and who else
Fighting for country had borne wounds in war. 182
And on the sacred doors great store of arms,

Himself too, with Quirinal augur staff,
And scanty toga girt, was seated there,
And in his left hand held the sacred shield,
Picus, of steeds the tamer, whom his bride
Circe, love maddened, smote with golden rod,
With drugs transformed into a bird, and flecked
His wings with colours Such the shrine wherein
Latinus, sitting on his father's seat,
Summoned the Teucrians to his presence hall,
And hailed them, entered, with these words of peace 194
O sons of Dardanus—for not to us
Unknown your race and city, and we have heard
Of your sea faring hither—what seek ye? say
What cause, what need, hath borne your barks so far
O er the blue billows to Ausonia's strand?
Whether track lost, or tempest driven—such hap
As sailors suffer oft on the high sea—
Ye have passed between our river banks, and safe
In haven ride, shun not our welcoming,
And know the Latins are of Saturn's seed,

204

To Phrygian Ida's cities won his way,
And Thracian Samos, now named Samothrace
Hence from the Tuscan house of Corythus
Forth fared the hero now upon a throne
In the gold palace of the starry sky
He sits and swells the altar roll of heaven 211
He spake, and Ilioneus took up the word
'King, peerless son of Faunus, nor wave driven
Hath louring storm compelled us to your coast,

In his far journey from the ends of heaven 218

Poured forth from fierce Mycenae, swept the plains
Of Ida by what destinies impelled
Europe met Asia, and world clashed with world,
Even he hath heard whom earth s remotest bound
Withdraws by ocean s baffled rim, or whom
The zone of the sun s fury, that lies stretched
Midmost the four zones severs from his kind 227
Forth from that deluge over the wide waste
Of waters borne, we for our country s gods
Crave a scant home, a harmless gift of coast,
And air and water, free alike to all
No blot upon your kingdom shall we be,
Nor light your fame be bruited nor the grace
Of deed so noble perish nor shall e er
Ausonia s sons repent them to have clasped
Troy to their bosom By the fates I swear
Of lord Aeneas and by the strong right hand,
Whether in troth or arms and battle tried
Full many a race and nation—scorn us not
That we come proffering garlands in our hands
And prayers upon our lips—have wooed and willed
To knit us to themselves, but heaven s decrees
With their high mandate drave us to seek out
No land but yours From hence sprang Dardanus,
Hither Apollo bids us back, and goads
Toward Tuscan Tiber and the sacred pools
242

Anchises at the altar poured the wine

And robes the handiwork of Ilian dames 248
As thus spake Ilioneus, Latinus held
His face set firmly in one downward stare,
And to the earth cleaves motionless his eyes
Rolling intently Nor doth broidered robe
Of purple no nor Priam's sceptre stir
The king so deeply, as in thought he broods

Upon his daughter's bridal troth and bower,
And ponders in heart's core the oracle
Of ancient Faunus This then is the man,
That traveller from an outland home, and son
By fate predicted, summoned with like sway

Joyful he cries "Heaven prosper our intent,
And its own presage! granted be thy suit,
O Trojan! nor spurn I the gifts While reigns
Latinus, a rich land's fertility
Lack shall ye never, nor the wealth of Troy *262*
Let but Aeneas, if his heart so yearn
To us ward, if for hospitable ties
Impatient, and the name of fellowship,
Himself draw near, nor shrink before the gaze
Of friendly faces Of my terms of peace
This shall be part, your prince's hand to press.

Nor oracles from out my father's shrine
Nor many a prodigy from heaven permits
Sons from an outland country are to come—
So chant they Latium's destiny—whose blood
Must raise our name to heaven That this is he
By fate demanded I both deem and, if
My mind of truth aught presage, him adopt" *273*
So saying, the sire from out his whole array
Picks chosen steeds three hundred stood there sleek

gold,
Red gold the bits between their champing teeth
But for Aeneas, for their absent king,
Car and twin coursers of celestial strain,
With nostrils snorting fire, sprung from the stock
Of those which subtle Circe to her sire

285

But from Inachian Argos, as she came,
Lo! the fierce spouse of Jove her airy voyage

Was holding when, from heaven far off as lies
Sicilian Pachynus, she espied
Aeneas rejoicing, and the Dardan fleet
Even now she sees them building homes, even now,
Their barks abandoned, trusting to the shore
Stabbed with sharp agony she stopped, and then,
Shaking her head, this heart wrung utterance
poured
"Ah! loathèd stock, ah! Phrygian destinies
At odds with ours! upon Sigeum's plain
Say could they perish, or, when captive ta'en,
Be captured? did the flames of Troy burn up
Her warriors? through armed hosts, through fire, they
have found
An outlet But my deity belike
At length lies spent, or, surfeited with hate,
I have turned me to my rest nay, even when hurled
From home and country, o'er the billows I
Relentless spared not to pursue them still,
And bar the exiles path on every main 300
Upon the Teucrians have been spent the powers
Of sky and ocean What did Syrtes, say,
Or Scylla, or Charybdis' weltering waste
Avail me? In the Tiber's wished for bed
They shroud them, careless of the main and me.
Mars on the monstrous Lapithaean brood
Could ruin wreak, the Sire of gods himself
To Dian's wrath old Calydon consigned—
For what desert of sin so heinous doomed
Or Lapithae or Calydon? But I,
Jove's mighty consort, who have deigned to leave
Nothing undared—ah! wretched, to all shifts
Have turned me—by Aeneas am subdued
Well if my deity lack might enow,
I'd spurn not to ask aid from whencesoe'er,
If powerless to bend heaven, I'll stir up hell 312
'Twill not be mine to bar him from the throne
Of Latium—be it so, and Lavinia stands
Immutably his fate appointed bride
Yet stay the hour, heap hindrances on hopes
So mighty—this I may, and extirpate
Of either prince the people at such cost
Of their own kin let son with sire unite!
O maid, with Trojan and Rutulian blood
Shalt thou be dowered, and for thy brideswoman
Bellona waits thee Nor did Cisseus' child

Alone of women travail with a brand,
And bring forth nuptial fires, nay, Venus too
Hath the like offspring—a new Paris—borne,
A bale torch to the towers of Troy re-risen " 322
So saying, she dropped to earth, an awful form,
And from the dwelling of the sisters dread,
Even from the nether darkness, summons forth
Baneful Allecto, to whom dolorous wars,
Wraths, treacheries, and disastrous feuds, are dear
Loathed even by Pluto, who begat her, loathed
By her own hellish sisters, is the pest,
So many her changing shapes, so fierce her forms,

O Night born maiden lest mine honour fail,
Or fame fall shattered, and the sons of Troy
With marriage bonds be able to win o'er
Latinus, or Italia's bounds beset 334
Thou canst arm brothers of one mind for strife,
With hate wreck houses on the homes of men

Sow battle s rancorous seed, let all at once
Desire, demand, and clutch the tools of war "
Forthwith Allecto, steeped in Gorgon bane,
To Latium first repairs, and the proud halls
Of the Laurentian monarch, and besets
Amata s silent bower, who, as she mused
Upon the coming of the Teucrian lords,
And Turnus' bridal troth, was seething hot

345

Hard by the heart that, maddened with the pest,
She may the whole house in confusion whelm
'Twixt robe and ivory bosom in it creeps,
Glides without touch and maddens unaware,
Its vipery breath instilling the great snake

Now, while the first contagion creeping in
With clammy poison penetrates her sense,
And wraps her bones in fire, ere yet the soul

Through all her bosom's depth had caught the flame,
Mildly she spoke, in mother's wonted wise,

Good father, must be given? Hast thou no touch
Of pity for thy daughter and thyself? 360
None for her mother, whom, with the first north
wind,
Yon faithless rover will leave desolate,
Flying o'er ocean with his maiden prey?
Was it not thus the Phrygian shepherd thrid
His way to Lacedaemon, and from thence
Bore Leda s Helen to the towns of Troy?
What of thy plighted word? Where now the love
Of old time for thy people, the right hand
So oft to Turnus, to thy kinsman given?
If from a foreign race must needs be sought
A son for Latium, and that purpose hold,
And thy sire Faunus word upon thee weigh,
Then I deem foreign every land self ruled
That from our sway lies severed and that thus
The gods declare it Aye, for Turnus too,
If back to its first fount his line be traced,
From Inachas and sire Acrisius sprang,
And mid Mycenae " 372
When, with words like these
Making vain trial, she sees Latinus still
Withstand her, and the serpent s raging bane
Deep in her very heart has sunk, and now
Pervades her wholly, then the unhappy queen,
Goaded by monstrous horrors, unrestrained
Storms like a thing possessed, from end to end
Of the broad city As at times a top
Scuds 'neath the twisted whip-cord, which boys drive
In a great circle round some empty hall,
Intent upon their sport, it, lash impelled,

384

Launched on a mightier madness, forth she flies,
And hides her daughter on the wooded heights,

To rob the Teucrians of their bride, and stay

For thee the pliant wand, thee celebrates
In dances, trims the sacred lock for thee" 391
The rumour flies, and lo! the matrons all,
A sudden frenzy kindling in their breasts,
The self same passion at one moment drives
To seek new dwellings They have left their homes,
Bared necks and tresses to the breeze but some
With quivering shrieks fill heaven, and clad in skins

Rolling a blood shot eye and sudden shouts
Fiercely 'Ho! Latian mothers, wheresoe er,
Hearken! If any kindness yet survive
For poor Amata in your loving hearts,
Pricks you compunction for a mother s right,
Loose from your locks the wreaths, take up with me
The revel" So 'mid forest depths, amid
The wild beasts' lonely covert, far and wide
With Bacchic goad Allecto drives the queen 405
When the first rage seemed whetted to her will,
Latinus counsel to confusion turned,

For her Acrisian settlers, as folk tell,
Founded, borne shoreward by the furious South
By men of old the place was Ardea called,

414

And for his throne is sought an outland heir 424
Go now, face thankless perils, jeers for pay,
Go, tread the Etruscan armies down, protect
With peace the Latins Such the very words
Saturn's almighty daughter, self revealed,
Bade utter in thine ear, when thou should'st be
Lapped in the hush of night Uprouse thee then,
And blithely bid thy warriors arm and march
Forth from the gates to battle, and burn up
These that have moored them in our river fair,

Now taste and prove the power of Turnus armed." 434
Then jeering at the prophetess, thus oped
The youth his lips in answer 'Of a fleet
Arrived in Tiber's water way the tale
Hath not escaped my hearing, as thou deem'st.
Fashion me no such terrors not of us

Leave men to manage, by whom wars are waged." 444
Allecto at such words blazed out in wrath.
But in mid utterance a swift shudder seized
The warrior's limbs, his eyes grew stony-stiff,
So thick with myriad serpents hissed the fiend,
So vast her form expanded Rolling then
Her fiery eyes as he lay faltering there,
Searching what more to say, she spurned him back,
Reared from her locks twin serpents, cracked her whips,
And with wild utterance added: "It is I,
Look you whom, quelled with slow decay, old age,
Of truth waxed barren, fools 'mid warring kings
With empty fear! Turn thee and look on these.
From the dread Sisters' dwelling am I come,
And in my hand I carry wars and death" 455
So saying, a torch she hurled at him, and fixed

Body and bone For arms he wildly shouts,
Ransacks for arms both couch and castle, then
Lust of the sword and frenzy of cruel war
Storm high within him, wrath to boot as, when

Rages and reeks and surges high with foam,
Nor can the wave now hold itself anon
Flies the dark vapour to the void He then
Calls on his captains outraging fair peace,
To march on King Latinus, bids all arms
Be ready to compass Italy and thrust
The foeman from the land himself for both,
Teucrian and Latin too, would sole suffice *470*
When thus he had said, called heaven to hear his
vows,
Rutule cheers Rutule eagerly to the fray
One the rare charm of youth and beauty moves,
One his ancestral royalties, and one
His deed renownèd hand
While Turnus thus
With breath of valour fills each Rutule breast,
Allecto hies on Stygian wing to seek
The Teucrians, marking, with a new device,
The spot where fair Iulus on the bank
Snares the wild quarry, or on foot pursues *478*
Here flings upon his hounds the maid of hell
A sudden fury, and with the well known scent
Infects their nostrils for the stag s hot chase—
First source of ill which set the rustic heart
Afire for war A stag of matchless mould
There was, and spreading antlers, from its dam
Stolen and nourished up by Tyrrheus sons
And their sire Tyrrheus, of the royal herds
Ruler, and ranger of the wide domain
Their sister Silvia with all tenderness
Had tamed it to obedience, and would deck
Its antlers and with pliant wreaths entwine,
Comb the wild thing and in pure water lave *489*
Trained to her hand and at the master s board
Familiar, it would wander in the woods,
And of itself again, how late soe er,
Home to the well known threshold wend its way
Now wandering wide, Iulus' ravening hounds
Amid their hunt aroused it, as down stream

It chanced to float, or on the grassy bank
The heat allayed Ascanius, too, himself
Fired with the love of peerless praise, bent bow
And levelled shaft, nor swerved his hand for lack
Of a god guiding and with loud whirr, driven
Through belly and through flank, the bolt sped
home 499
But to the well known roof for shelter fled
The stricken beast, into the homestead crept
Moaning, and, blood bedabbled, with loud plaint,
As supplicating aid filled all the house
First sister Silvia, smiting hand on arm,
Cries out for help and summons the stout hinds
They, for within the silent forest yet
Lurks the fell pest, ere looked for, are at hand,
One with fire hardened stake for weapon, one
With heavily knotted club what every hand
First groping found, wrath makes a tool of war.

510

But from her watch tower the grim goddess now,
Seizing the hour for mischief, to the stall s
High roof repairs, and from its summit winds
A pastoral point of war, on wreathèd horn
Straining the hellish note from end to end
Shuddered the whole grove, and the forest-depths
Re echoed heard it Trivia s lake afar,
Heard it Nar's river, white with sulphurous wave,
And Velia s springs, and mothers at the sound
Trembled and clasped their children to their breasts 518
Then hurrying at the call, the signal blast
By the dread trumpet given, from every side
The dauntless husbandm

The ranks are set no more in rustic strife
Is plied the knotty club or fire seared stake,
Nay but with two-edged steel they fight it out,

527

As, when a wave beneath the rising gale
'Gins whiten the sea slowly heaves and rears
Its billows higher, then from the lowest deep
Mounts in one mass to heaven And hereupon

Lodged and choked up the channel of moist speech
And the thin life with blood Around him fell
Full many a warrior form and with them old
Galaesus as for peace he interposed
Erewhile of all men the most upright he
And wealthiest in Ausonian soil For him

539

Wheels through the sky way and to Juno thus
Speaks in proud tone triumphant At thy suit
See discord ripened into dolorous war!
Bid them knit friendship or strike treaty now!
I who have sprinkled with Ausonian blood
The Teucrians will add this beside—so be
Thy will assured to me—draw neighbouring towns
With rumours to the fray and fire their hearts
With the mad war-god s lust from far and near
To aid them I will sow the land with arms 551
Juno replies Enough of fears and plots
Firm stand the grounds of quarrel in armed fight
Man grapples man the weapons chance supplied
Reek with fresh blood to-day Such nuptial rite
Such bridal let them hold—the peerless seed
Of Venus and great Latium s king That thou
With freer foot should st roam the air of heaven

Saturnia spake But the other rears aloft
Her serpent hissing pinions quits the vault
Of heaven and homeward to Cocytus hies 562
There is a spot midmost of Italy
Beneath tall mountains famous and renowned
In many a land Amsanctus vale tis hemmed
On this side and on that by wooded walls
Dark with dense foliage and amidst it boils
And swirls among the rocks with broken roar
A torrent Here is shown an awful cave
Outlet of cruel Dis and a vast chasm

Where up bursts Acheron, opes its noisome jaws,
Thereinto plunged the Fury, loathèd power,
And lightened earth and heaven 571

Nor less meanwhile
Sets Queen Saturnia to the work of war
Her consummating hand From field to town
Rush the whole shepherd rout, bear home their slain—
Young Almo, and Galaesus' mangled face—
Conjure the gods, and on Latinus call
Turnus is there, 'mid fierce death kindled cries
Redoubling terror "Teucrians called to reign—
A Phrygian shoot engrafted—he himself
Spurned from the door!" Then they, whose matrons still,
Blinded by Bacchus, foot the pathless groves
In dance—for mighty is Amata s name—
Muster from all sides, and importune war. 582
Straight one and all, in spite of signs, in spite
Of dooms from heaven, by some thwart power beguiled,
Clamour for cursèd strife With emulous zeal
Round King Latinus' palace gates they swarm.
He like an unmoved ocean cliff withstands—
An ocean cliff, which when a great crash falls,
And multitudinous billows bark around,
Holds steadfast by sheer bulk in vain the crags
And foamy rocks roar round it, and the weed,
Dashed on its bases, is washed idly back 590
But when no power to quell their blind resolve

And driven before the tempest! Ye yourselves
Will with your impious blood atone for this
Fond wretches! Thee, O Turnus, thee the crime
And its dread reckoning shall await, and thou
Wilt sue to heaven too late for prayers to aid
My rest is won and, hard on harbour s verge,
'Tis but a [illegible] ith I miss" Therewith
He ceased [illegible] *ithin his palace doors*
Immured [illegible] the reins of power.
There w[illegible] in Latium s realm
Hesperian, h[illegible] e to age
By Alba's cit[illegible] Rome,
Earth's might[illegible] the god of
To battle, wh[illegible] foes

Intent to launch amain the dolorous fray,
Or Arabs, or Hyrcanians, or to march
On India's sons, or track the morning star,
And from the Parthian their lost standards claim
There are twin gates of War—so named and known—
By holy fear and terror of fell Mars
Made venerable a hundred brazen bolts

. 610

The Consul in Quirinal robe arrayed
And Gabine cincture, the harsh griding valves
Himself unbars, himself invokes the fray,
Then all the war host follow, and with one throat
The brazen clarions blare their hoarse assent
Now too on this wise was Latinus bidden
War to proclaim against the sons of Troy,
Unclose the sullen portals From their touch
The sire recoiled, turned from the loathèd task
[illegible]

And Saturn's daughter upon back swung hinge
Asunder burst the iron bound gates of war 622
Ausonia, erst supine, immovable,
Anon takes fire Some gird them o'er the plain
To march afoot, some mounted on tall steeds,
Storm through a cloud of dust, all shout for arms
Some furbish with rich lard the buckler smooth,
The javelin bright, or on the whetstone wear
Their axes to an edge with joy they thrill
To advance the standard, hear the trumpet bray 628
Five mighty cities set their anvils up
To fashion arms anew—Atina strong,
Proud Tibur, Ardea and Crustumeri,
And turret-crowned Antemnae For head gear
Helmets they hollow, and for the boss of shields
Bend wicker plait, some corslets beat from brass,
Smooth greaves from pliant silver Even to this
The pride of share and hook, to this hath fallen
All passion for the plough their fathers swords
I the furnace they re temper And now sounds
The clarion speeds the watchword for the war
One in hot haste plucks helm from house wall, one
Couples his snorting coursers to the yoke,
In shield and hauberk triple twilled with gold

Arrays him and girds trusty sword on thigh 640
Now Muses ope the gates of Helicon
And wake the song—what kings were roused to war,
What hosts behind them following filled the plain
Bloomed with what heroes with what armour burned,
Even then the nursing soil of Italy
For being maids immortal ye both mind
And can recount them scarcely to our ears
Floats through the ages a thin breath of fame
First to the field despiser of the gods
Speeds fierce Mezentius from the Tyrrhene coast,
And arms his ranks for battle hard by him
Lausus his son than whom no goodlier man
Save Turnus of Laurentum At his back
Lausus steed tamer beast-destroyer leads

· 654

Behind them on the grassy sward displays
His palm-crowned chariot and victorious steeds
A hero sprung from Hercules the fair
Fair Aventinus on his shield he bears
A hundred serpents his ancestral sign
The snake-encircled Hydra Him by stealth
The priestess Rhea on wood-clothed Aventine
Woman with god commingling bare to light
When the Tirynthian victor Geryon quelled
Arrived the fields Laurentian and there bathed
His kine Iberian in the Tuscan stream
Javelins and cruel pikes they wield for war

Flung with its flashing teeth thus strode on foot
Into the palace grisly rough the garb
Of Hercules about his shoulders clasped 669
Then brethren twain from Tibur s hold a folk
Called from their brother s name Tiburtus come,
Catillus and keen Coras Argive youths
First of the foremost on they press where darts
Throng thickest as when from some tall
mountain top
Descend two cloud born Centaurs Homole
Or snow-capped Othrys quitting with swift stride
The mighty forest as they go gives place
And with loud crash the thickets yield them way 677

Nor lacked the founder of Praeneste's town,
King sprung from Vulcan mid the pasturing herds,
And by the fireside found, as every age
Hath deemed him—Caeculus A rustic band
Spread wide attends him, those that dwell on steep
Praeneste's height, or Gabian Juno's fields,
Chill Anio, or the stream-dewed Hernic rocks,
Whom rich Anagnia nurtures, or whom thou,
Sire Amasenus Arms they have not all,

For head gear the left foot bare-soled they plant,
The other a raw bull's hide sandal sheathes 690
Messapus the steed tamer, Neptune s child,
Whom none with fire nor yet with steel, may quell,
Tribes long inert and ranks to battle strange
Calls suddenly to arms, grasps sword once more
These have Fescennine warriors in their host
And Aequi of Falerium these hold high
Soracte and Flavinian fields, the lake
And hill of Ciminus, and Capena s groves
In measured time they march and chant their king
As snow white swans that through the liquid clouds
From food returning, utter forth their full
Long throated strains The stream and Asia's fen
Afar ring smitten Nor had one deemed them there
A mail clad army blent in vast array,
But rather of hoarse birds an airy cloud,
That from the deep mid-ocean shoreward ply 705
Lo! Clausus of old Sabine blood who leads

wide
Through Latium and along with them the vast
Cohort of Amiternum and old world
Quirites, all Eretum s folk, and they
Of olive rife Mutusca, men who throng
Nomentum's city and the Rosean plain
Hard by Velinus, who the rugged rocks
Of Tetrica, and mount Severus hold,
Casperia's town, and Forali, and where flows
Himella's stream, who drink of Tiber's wave
And Fabaris, or whom chilly Nursia sends,
With Horta's squadrons and the Latian tribes,

[illegible] 640

[illegible]

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Even then the nursing soil of Italy
For being maids immortal ye both mind
And can recount them scarcely to our ears
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And arms his ranks for battle hard by him
Lausus his son than whom no goodlier man,
Save Turnus of Laurentum. At his back
Lausus steed tamer, beast-destroyer leads
His thousand from Agylla s town—in vain,
Worthy of happier service as a son
And other than Mezentius for his sire 654
Behind them on the grassy sward displays
His palm-crowned chariot and victorious steeds
A hero sprung from Hercules the fair,
Fair Aventinus on his shield he bears
A hundred serpents, his ancestral sign,
The snake-encircled Hydra. Him by stealth
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[illegible]
[illegible]

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The mighty forest as they go gives place,
And with loud crash the thickets yield them way 677

Of baneful breath with charm of voice and touch
Shed slumber, and assuaged their wrath, his craft
Their bites allaying But stroke of Dardan spear
To heal he skilled not, nor his slumbrous charms
Availed against their wounds, nor herbs with care
Culled on the Marsian mountains Wept for thee
Anguitia s grove, for thee the glassy wave
Of Fucinus the crystal pools for thee 760
There Virbius to the war in beauty strode,
Son of Hippolytus, whom in flower of fame
His mother sent, Aricia nursed he was
In groves Egerian round the humid shores,
Where Dian s rich and gracious altar stands
Aye, for Hippolytus, so runs the tale,
By stepdame s treachery done to death and torn

769
Then, wroth that mortal should from shades of hell
Rise to the light of life the Almighty Sire
With his own levin bolt to Stygian wave
Thrust down the finder of such craft and cure,

With altered name, as Virbius, to live on
Whence too, from Trivia's shrine and hallowed groves
Horn hoofèd steeds are banished for that they,
Frighted by ocean monsters, on the shore
Flung car and warrior But the son no less
His fiery steeds along the level plain

782

Tressed with a triple plume, Chimaera bears,
Out breathing from her jaws Aetnean fires,

In gold emblazoned, now with hair o ergrown,

Now turned to heifer, a stupendous sign,
And Argus, the maid's warder, and therewith,
His flood outpouring from a graven urn,
Sire Inachus. Behind the hero comes
A cloud of footmen, and o'er all the plain
The shielded ranks are thickening Argive men;
The Auruncan musters with the Rutule ranks,
And old Sicani, the Sacranian host
And gay shielded Labici, who thy lawns,
O Tiber, and Numicius' sacred shore
[illegible]

Rejoicing in her greenwood, where out stretched
Lies the black marsh of Satura, and where
Along the valley bottoms winds his way
Cold Ufens till he plunges in the deep. *802*

  To crown them comes Camilla, Volscian bred,
Heading her horse troop, squadrons bright with brass,
A warrior maid, her woman's hands unused
To loom or basket of Minerva's wool,
But strong to bide the battle, and on foot
Out race the breezes. she might even have sped
[illegible]

Nor in the surges dipped her flying feet.
At her, astonied, youths and maidens all
From house and field throng gazing, as she goes,
Agape with wonder at the royal pomp
Of purple draped about her shoulders smooth,
Her tresses intertwined with clasp of gold,
To mark the Lycian quiver that she bears,
And pastoral wand of myrtle tipped with steel. *817*

BOOK VIII

When Turnus from his citadel flung out
The flag of war and hoarse the clarions blared
When his bold steeds he roused and clashed his arms

The god despiser call their musters in
And strip the wide fields of their husbandmen *8*
Then to the city of great Diomede
To sue for succour Venulus is sent
With tidings of a Teucrian host afoot
In Latium that Aeneas to their shores
Fleet wafted with his vanquished household gods
Invades them claims to be their destined king
That to the Dardan lord cleaves many a tribe
And louder and more loud through Latium s
    breadth
His name is rumoured what he builds on these
Beginnings to what outcome of the fray
Should fortune follow at his back aspires—

17

Laomedon s great son beholding all
Is rocked upon a mighty sea of cares
Hither and thither his swift mind he parts
Speeds it all ways, and sweeps the round of thought
As when from water in a brazen vat
A flickering beam shot by the mirrored sun
Or bright moon s image flits from side to side

25

When Prince Aeneas on the bank beneath
Heaven s chilly vault and by the dolorous war
Heart troubled stretched him and let sleep at last
Steal o er his limbs To him appeared the god
Of that fair spot he of the pleasant stream

Old Tiber rising mid his poplar leaves
Veiled in a grey-green mantle of fine lawn,
With shadowy reeds about his locks he thus
In words addressed him and his grief allayed 35
O heaven-descended thou who bring'st us back
Troy s city from the foeman and preserv st
Her towers for ever on Laurentum s soil
And Latium s fields long looked for here for thee
Waits a sure dwelling—draw not back—and sure
Penates nor be scared by threats of war
All the gods swelling anger has died out
And now lest these things to thine eyes appear
A dream s vain figment thou shalt find anon
Under the holm-oaks on the margin laid
A mighty sow with thirty head of swine
New littered white stretched out along the ground,
White young about her udders sign whereby
Ascanius in thrice ten returning years
Shall Alba found of glorious name I chant
No doubtful doom Now mark the present need
How to dispatch and triumph o er in brief
Will I discover Arcadians on this coast
A race derived from Pallas in the train
Of King Evander following have a site
Chosen and built a city on the hills
From their sire Pallas Pallanteum called 54
These with the Latins wage perpetual war
These welcome to thy *tents and knit with bonds*
Of friendship I myself betwixt the banks
And straight up stream will lead thee that thou may st
The adverse current conquer oar impelled
Up goddess born! and with first set of star
Do homage meet to Juno and disarm
With suppliant vows her wrath her threats to me
Thou shalt pay conqueror s tribute Lo! tis I
Whom grazing here the banks with brimming flood,
And cleaving the rich cornland thou behold st
Blue Tiber *river* best beloved of heaven 64
Here doth my watery mansion outlet find
Life-source of lofty cities Having said
Into his deep pool plunged the river-god
Seeking the bottom Night and slumber left
Aeneas he rises and the Orient beam
Marks of the sun in heaven then from the flood
Takes duly in the hollow of his hands
Water and holds it and pours forth to heaven

Such words as these "O Nymphs, Laurentian Nymphs,
Whence rivers have their being, and thou too,
O Father Tiber, with thy hallowed flood,
Take to your care Aeneas and at length
From perils fend him Whencesoe'er be fed
The pool that holds thee, pitier of our woes,
Where'er thou hast thy glorious outgoing,
Ever with offering, evermore with gifts,
By me shalt thou be graced, the hornèd flood,
Lord of Hesperian waters Only grant
Thy presence, and with nearer token seal
The heavenly utterance "Thus he spake, and chose
From out his fleet twin biremes, fits their decks
With oarsmen, and equips with arms the crew *80*
But lo! a sudden portent strange to see!
White, of one colour with her milk white young,
Along the wood, on the green bank lay stretched
A sow, conspicuous which to thee, to thee,
O mightiest Juno, good Aeneas slays
In sacrifice, and at the altar sets,
With all her offspring Through that livelong night
Tiber his swelling stream assuaged, and so,
With refluent effort halting, hushed his tide,
That, like still pool or quiet mere, he spread
A watery plain, whereon the oar might lack
[illegible]

The shields of warriors gleaming bright afar,
And the gay vessels gliding on the stream *93*
They with their rowing wear out night and day,
Pass the long bends, are roofed with divers trees,
And cleave green forests on the glassy flood
The fiery sun to heaven's mid cope had climbed,
When walls and citadel afar they spy,
And scattered house roofs, which Rome's power to day
Has matched with heaven, then but the needy realm
Swayed by Evander Shoreward speedily
They turn their prows, and to the town draw nigh *101*
It chanced that day the Arcadian monarch paid
Due honour to Amphitryon's mighty son
And the high gods, within a grove that faced
The city His son Pallas, hard at hand,

With all the chiefs and simple senate, brought
Incense, and warm blood at the altar smoked.
Soon, as they saw the lofty ships glide in,
Through the dark grove, and rest on silent oars,
Scared at the sudden vision, all leap up
And quit the board But Pallas, undismayed,
Forbids break off the banquet, grasps a spear,
Speeds toward them, and from a far hillock cries:
"Warriors, what cause to try an unknown path
Constrains you? Whither fare ye? Of what race?
Sprung from what home? and bring ye peace or war?" *114*
Then Prince Aeneas from the lofty stern
Speaks, in his hand a peaceful olive-branch
Out stretching "These are Trojans whom ye see;
Darts deadly but to Latins, who have spurned
And forced us into flight with wanton war.
We seek Evander bear this message back,
And say the flower of Dardan chiefs are come
[illegible]

Speak face to face, and enter the abode
Of hospitable hearth gods "So, with grasp
Of welcome, to the chief's right hand he clave:
Forth through the grove they fare, and quit the
stream *125*
Then courteously Aeneas hails the king:
' Best of the sons of Greece, to whom I pray—
So wills it Fortune—and come proffering boughs
With fillet decked, I feared not for that thou
A Danaan leader art, Arcadian born,
And from the twin Atridae's stem derived,
But my own worth, high auguries from heaven,
And our ancestral kinship, and thy fame
Spread through the world, have knit me to thy side,
And led me fain along the path of fate.
Dardanus, father of our Ilian town
And founder, to the Teucrians came of old,
[illegible]

Win credence, from the selfsame Atlas sprung,
Atlas, who holds aloft the starry heaven:

So branches from one blood the line of both *142*
On this relying no embassage I planned,
No artful first approaches me myself,
Yea mine own person, have I brought, and come
A suppliant to your doors The selfsame race,
The Daunian, persecutes ourselves, as thee,
With cruel warfare if they drive us forth,
'Twere all as one, think they, beneath their yoke
To thrust Hesperia wholly, and possess
Both seas that wash her shores, above, below *149*
Take and return our friendship, we have hearts
Valiant for war, high courage, and a youth
In action tried Aeneas ceased The king

Thus to receive, to recognize thee thus,
How fain am I! How I recall the words,
The voice, the features of thy sire, the great
Anchises! for I mind how Priam once,
Son of Laomedon, when he came to view
The realm of Hesione his sister, bound
For Salamis, passed thence and visited
Arcadia's chill borders In those days
The down of early manhood clothed my cheeks;
And I admired the Teucrian lords admired
Laomedon s great son, but high o er all
Anchises towered With youthful zeal I burned
To accost the hero, and clasp hand to hand. *164*
Approaching, eagerly his steps I led
To Pheneus' city He, departing thence,

In treaty, and when first to-morrow s dawn
Shall earth revisit, I will send you hence,
Glad of our succour, and with stores supply.
Meanwhile, since hither as my friends ye come,
This yearly rite, which to defer were sin,
Keep with us, of your grace, and learn even now
To grow familiar at your comrade s board " *174*
So saying, the viands and wine-cup, erst removed,
He bids set on afresh, with his own hand
Ranges the heroes on a grassy couch,
To a heaped cushion of rough lion's fell

Welcomes Aeneas, as most honoured guest,
And entertains him on a maple throne
Then those appointed, with the altar priest,
In emulous service bring roast flesh of steers,
Pile upon baskets Ceres' hand wrought boon,
And serve the wine cup There Aeneas feasts,
With him the Trojans, upon long bull s chine
And sacrificial morsels When at length

No idle superstition that knows not
The gods of old hath ordered, as men saved
From deadly perils, O my Trojan guest,
These offerings pay we, and of right renew. *189*
First look upon yon cliff hung crag and how
Huge blocks afar lie scattered, and void stands
The mountain-dwelling! Of down tumbled rocks
How vast the havoc! Here was once a cave,
Deep yawning inward, where, terrific shape,
Half human Cacus dwelt, to the sun's rays
Impenetrable and evermore the ground
Reeked with fresh blood, and to its tyrannous doors
Hung nailed men s faces blanched with grim decay.
This monster s sire was Vulcan, his the flames
Dark issuing from his mouth, as on he strode
In bulk gigantic To us also time
Brought in due course at our desire the aid
And advent of a god For hard at hand
Alcides mightiest of avengers, stood,
Now glorying in the slaughter and the spoils
Of triple Geryon as this way he drove
His giant bulls triumphant, while the kine
Filled vale and river side But Cacus now,
In a brute frenzy, not to leave undared
Or unattempted aught of crime or guile,
Four bulls of peerless beauty stole from stall,
With heifers of surpassing mould to match *208*
These by the tail, no forward track to leave,
Into his cavern with back pointing steps,
He haled, and hid them in the gloomy rock·
No footprint led the seeker to the cave
Meanwhile, when his full herds Amphitryon's son
Would from their pasture shift, at point to go,
Bellowed the parting oxen, all the grove
O erflows with their complaining, and the hills

Are clamorously forsaken To that cry
One of the heifers from the cave's vast depth
Lowed in response, and from her prison foiled
The hope of Cacus In Alcides' heart
Black venomed wrath straight into fury blazed.
Seizing his arms and heavily knotted club,
Full speed he hies him up the skyey steep 221
Then first our folk beheld Cacus afeard,
And trouble in his eyes away he speeds
Swifter than Eurus, his feet winged with fear,
And seeks the cave soon as, shut fast within,
He had burst the chains, and let the vast rock fall,

Was close upon him, to this side and that
Turning his eyes, as each approach he scanned,
And gnashing with his teeth Thrice he surveys,
Boiling with anger, Aventine s whole hill,
Thrice tries in vain the rocky portal, thrice
Sinks wearied in the valley A sharp peak
Stood there, with rocky sides up rising sheer
Above the cave's back, far as sight could soar,
Fit dwelling for foul birds to build in This,
As headlong from the ridge it leftward leaned
Over the river, from the right he shook
Straining against it, and up-wrenched, and tore
Loose from its lowest roots, then suddenly
Launched forth, and, as he launched it, bellowed loud
The mighty welkin, and asunder leapt
The river banks, and the affrighted stream
Flowed backward But the cave and ample hall
Of Cacus lay discovered, bare to view,
With its dark hollows yawning to their depth
As the rent earth should open wide her mouth,
Unlock the infernal dwellings and disclose

246
Him, then, quick-caught by the unlooked for glare,
Pent in his rock-cage, uttering uncouth roars,
Alcides from above plies home with darts,
Calls every arm to aid him, and bombards
With boughs and mighty mill stones He the while,
Escape none else remaining, from his jaws
Vomits a vast smoke, marvellous to tell,

Wraps in pitch darkness the whole den and blots
All eyesight out up rolling from the abyss
One stifling night of blackness blent with fire
This brooked not fierce Alcides through the flames
With headlong bound he cast him where the smoke

261

Straight are the doors burst the black den laid bare,
The stolen cattle and the theft forsworn
Shown to the eye of heaven and by its feet
The huge mis shapen carcass is dragged forth

Hence sprang this high observance and with joy
Have younger generations kept the day
Potitius the first founder and the house
Pinarian keeper of the sacred rites
Of Hercules erected in the grove
This altar which shall evermore be called
Mightiest and mightiest evermore shall be — 272
Up then O warriors! such high deeds to grace
Garland your locks hold forth the cup in hand,

Shade dear to Hercules festooned and hung
And his right hand the sacred beaker clasped
Then on the board right quickly one and all
Make glad libation and the gods adore — 279
Evening meanwhile adown Olympus slope
Draws nearer and the priests Potitius first
Marched as was wont skin clad and carrying fire

The Salii round the altar glow brow bound
With sprays of poplar here a band of youths,

Dashed peerless cities to the ground in war,

Troy and Oechalia how hard toil on toil,
As King Eurystheus' vassal, he endured,
By cruel Juno's doom "Unconquerable,
Thou didst the cloud begotten and twy formed
Hylaeus slay and Pholus with thy might,
Thou too the Cretan monster, and the vast
Lion that dwelt beneath the Nemean rock. 295
Trembled at thee the Stygian lake, at thee
Hell s warder, couched above his mumbled bones
In the blood boultered cave no bodily shape

Hail, very child of Jove, to the high gods
An added glory! with propitious foot
To us and thine own rites draw kindly nigh"
Such themes in song they celebrate, and crown
All with the cave of Cacus, and himself

305

Turn city ward The king, o ercrept with age,
Moved onward, keeping ever at his side
Aeneas and his son, with various talk
Lightening the way. Aeneas on all around
Casts quick admiring eyes, spot after spot
Enthralls him, and with rapture he inquires
And learns the legends of the men of old
Then, founder of Rome's fortress on the height,
Spake King Evander 'In these woodlands once
Dwelt native Fauns and Nymphs, a race of men
From tree stocks sprung and stubborn hearts of oak,
Who had no rule, no art of life, nor knew
To yoke the steer, heap wealth, or husband it,
But fed on branches and rough hunting fare 318
Then from Olympus' height first Saturn came,
Flying the arms of Jove, from his lost realm
An exile He the untutored race, broadcast
Among the mountain tops, together brought,
And gave them laws, and chose for the land s name
Latium, since there safe-hidden he had lain.
Under his sceptre were the golden years
Men tell of, in such peace he ruled the folk,

And tribes Sicanian came, and many a time
The land of Saturn cast her name away,
Then kings arose, and with his monstrous bulk
Fierce Thybris, from whom we of Italy
Have since called Tiber's river, when Albula
Lost its true olden name Myself, from home
Outcast and exile, to the utmost bounds
Of ocean questing, the resistless might
Of Fortune and inevitable Fate

336

He said, and passing thence the altar shows
And gate Carmental, name by Rome of yore
In honour of the Nymph Carmentis given,
That prophetess of sooth, who first foretold
The future greatness of the Aeneadae
And Pallanteum's glory Next he shows

Of Pan Lycaean And he shows the grove
Of sacred Argiletum, and invokes
The spot to witness, and recounts the death
Of his guest Argus Hence he leads them on
To the Tarpeian Rock, the Capitol,
Gay golden, now, but whilom bristling rough
With woodland thickets Its dread awe made quake
Even then the fearful rustics, aye, even then
They shuddered at the forest and the rock. 350
"This grove," said he, "this hill with leafy crown
Is a god's dwelling, but what god's, unknown
Arcadia's folk believe they oft have seen

Relics and records of the men of old
One fort Sire Janus, and one Saturn, built—
This called Saturnia, that Janiculum"
So parleying they drew nigh the roof where dwelt
Thrifty Evander, and saw cattle stray
Lowing within Rome's Forum and superb
Carinae When to his abode they came,
"These doors," said he, "Alcides' conquering feet
Once entered, him this palace hath contained. 363
Dare to spurn riches, O my guest, and shape

Thyself, too, worthy godship, and approach
All undisdainful of our humble hoard"
He spake, and 'neath the roof tree s narrow slope
Led great Aeneas, and set him on a couch
Of strewn leaves, and a Libyan she bear's fell

Night falls, and clasps the earth with dusky wings
But Venus, mother like, with no vain fear
Scared, and disturbed by the Laurentians threats
And rude up rising, thus to Vulcan speaks,

372

Troy's doomèd towers, and ramparts soon to sink
In hostile flames, no succour I, nor arms
Craved of thine art or power, nor, dearest lord,
Thee or thy travail would I tax for naught,
Deep though my debt to Priam's sons, and oft
Though my tears mourned Aeneas' sore distress
Now, by Jove's sovereign word, his foot stands firm
Upon the Rutule shore I therefore now
Come suing, and of the godhead I adore
Crave boon of arms, a mother for her son
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Now whet the sword, to uproot me and mine" 386
The goddess ceased, and with the soft embrace
Of snowy arms about his body wound
Fondled him as he faltered Quick he caught
The wonted fire, the old heat pierced his heart,
Ran through his melting frame as oftentimes
A fiery rift, burst by the thunder-clap,
Runs quivering down the cloud, with flash of light
This saw his spouse, and at her guile rejoiced
In conscious beauty Then thus spake the God
Enthralled by love immortal "Wherefore seek
Afar for pretexts? Whither then hath fled
Thy faith in me, my goddess? Nay, hadst thou
So yearned of yore, even then I had not sinned
To arm the Teucrians nor the Almighty Sire,
Nor Fate forbad it, that for ten years yet

399

My craft can offer, what from ore of iron
Or molten electrum may be wrought, so far

As fire and air may stead thee—cease to pray,
Mistrustful of thy power" So saying, he gave

Hard on the half way course of driven night,
What time a woman, forced to eke out life
With distaff and Minerva's slender toil,

That she may keep her husband s couch from stain
And rear her infant sons, not otherwise,
Nor than that hour more slothful, from soft bed
Rose to his anvil work the lord of fire *415*
There is an isle hard by Sicania's coast
That rises, and Aeolian Lipare,
With smoking rocks precipitous, where beneath
Thunders a cave, and Aetna's vaults, scooped out
By Cyclopean forges, the strong strokes

Of Vulcan, and Vulcania the land's name
Then hither from heaven's height the lord of fire
Descends In their vast cave the Cyclops brood
Were forging iron, Brontes and Steropes,
And naked limbed Pyracmon By their hands
Shaped, and e'en now part burnished, was a bolt
Such as the Sire from heaven's wide cope to earth
Hurls many a time, part yet unfinished lay *428*
Three shafts of writhen shower, of watery cloud
Three, had they fused together, three of red
Flame and of wingèd south wind, and were now
Mingling terrific flashes with the work,

Aetnean Cyclopes, your unfinished tasks,
And hither hark ye, armour must be made

For a bold warrior Now is need of strength,
Now of deft hands and all your master skill *442*
Spurn loitering! ' There he ceased they swiftly all

Orb upon orb clenched sevenfold Some, the while,

ight

The cave floor They alternately in time
With giant strength uplift their arms and turn
The massy metal with the forceps grip *453*
While on Aeolian shores the Lemnian sire
Speeds on the work, Evander the kind dawn

And binds Tyrrhenian sandals round his feet,
Then, fast to side and shoulder buckling on
A Tegean sword flings back the panther's hide
Low drooping on his left and therewithal
Twain watch-dogs from the lofty threshold go
Before him, and their master's steps attend
Toward the secluded chamber of his guest
Aeneas fared the hero, of their talk
Mindful, and his own promised boon Nor less
Meanwhile Aeneas was astir betimes,
Beside him strode Achates, by the king
Pallas his son Encountering they clasp hands,
Then, seated in the palace midst, at length
Enjoy free converse First the king began *469*
' O mightiest leader of the Teucrian host,
Who living, ne'er will I confess the realm
And power of Troy defeated,—scant enow,
To match a name so famous, are our means
Of warlike aid on one side hems us in
The Tuscan river, on one the Rutule foe
Presses, and thunders round our wall in arms,
But mighty tribes, a camp with kingdoms rich
With thee to knit I purpose—safety shown
By chance unlooked for At the call of Fate
Hither thou wendest Not far distant lies
A peopled city, reared of ancient stone,

Agylla where the war famed Lydian race
Once had their home upon the Etruscan heights. 480
Full many a year it flourished and then passed
Neath the proud sceptre and fierce iron sway
Of king Mezentius Why the tale repeat—

Dead corpses to the quick hand locked to hand,
And mouth to mouth—grim torment—and so steeped
In the rank moisture of that vile embrace
By lingering death destroy them But at length,
Sick of his frantic raging his own folk
Hie them to arms close king and palace round
Cut down the guards and at the roof fling fire 491
He mid the carnage safe to Rutule soil
Flies and finds shelter with the friendly host
Of Turnus All Etruria hereupon
Hath risen in righteous fury and reclaims
Her king for vengeance Of these thousands I
Will make thee chief Aeneas for their ships
O er all the shore throng clamouring and bid march
To battle whom their agèd seer restrains
Thus chanting doom Maeonia s chosen hearts,
Prime flower and pith of a brave race of old
Whom righteous anger hurls upon the foe,
Fired with just wrath against Mezentius none
Italian born so proud a race may tame 502
Choose outland leaders Then the Etruscan host,
By the gods warning frighted on yon plain
Reposed them Tarchon to myself hath sent
Envoys with crown and sceptre of the realm,
The signs of empire to my charge commits
Bids join the camp assume the Etruscan sway 507
But me the numbing frost of time worn eld

Thou who in years and lineage both alike
Of Fate art favoured whom the heavens demand
Go forth most valiant leader of the sons
Of Troy and Italy Aye, and with thee
Pallas my comfort and life s hope I ll send,
Thy scholar let him learn to brook the field
And the stern work of war, thy deeds behold,
And thee from youth s first opening years admire, 517

Scarce had he said Aeneas Anchises' son,
And true Achates, with eyes earthward bent,
On many a peril mournfully 'gan muse,
When lo! the Cytherean from clear skies
Gave signal for, unlooked for, out of heaven
Came quivering flash and thunder peal, and all
Seemed sudden to reel round them, and anon
A Tyrrhene trumpet-clang through heaven to blare
Upward they glance, again and yet again
Crashed the vast din, then, canopied in cloud
Amid a stormless region of clear air,
Lo! the red gleam and thunderous shock of arms 529
Others stood heart amazed, but in that sound
Troy's hero knew his heavenly mother s pledge
Then, 'Seek not, O my host, seek not," he cried,
"What fate the portent bodes, 'tis I am called
From heaven This sign the goddess who me bare
Foretold should war assail us, she would send,
And wafted through the air from Vulcan bring
Armour to aid me What vast carnage now
Hangs o'er the doomed Laurentines! What a price,
O Turnus, shalt thou pay me! Neath thy tide
How many shields, helms, bodies of the brave
Wilt roll, O father Tiber! Let them call
Their armies out, and snap the cords of peace! ' 540
So saying, he gat him from his lofty seat,
And first with fire to Hercules awakes

Slay duly chosen victims To the ships
Then hies the hero, and re seeks the crews,
And of their number culls the flower of war
To follow him afield, the remnant left
Ride on the downward stream, and idly float
With favouring current, to return and tell
Ascanius of their fortunes and his sire
To Teucria s sons for Tyrrhene borders bound
Chargers are given, a steed of choice they lead
Forth for Aeneas in tawny lion s skin
Housed wholly, that gleamed out with claws of gold 553
Noised through the little town swift rumour flies
That to the palace of the Tyrrhene king

Horsemen are speeding Mothers then for fear
Their vows redouble, more close on peril treads
Panic, and larger looms the shape of war.

The years departed, and the man I was
When close beneath Praeneste I mowed down
The foremost ranks, kindled the heapèd shields
Victorious and to nether darkness hurled

Thrice to bear arms thrice o er to be in death
Down stricken yet him of all his lives that day
This right hand robbed, and stripped of arms to
match 567
Ne er from thy dear embrace had I been torn,
As now my son, nor on this neighbour head
With armèd insult had Mezentius dealt
Carnage so cruel, nor of so many sons
Bereaved my city But O, ye powers above,
And Jupiter *prime potentate of heaven,*
Pity, I you beseech, Arcadia s king,
And hear a father s prayer 'If your dread wills,
If Fate keep whole my Pallas, if life be
Once more to see and meet him then for life
I beg all burdens can with patience bear 577
But, if some dire mischance thou threatenest, now,
Now Fortune let me snap life s cruel thread,
While sorrow masks her meaning while hope hangs
Uncertain of the future, while I hold

Then swooned, and by his serfs was borne within 584
Now had the horse-troop through the open gates
Issued Aeneas at their head with true
Achates came, then other lords of Troy,
Pallas himself midmost the column rode,
With scarf and inwrought arms conspicuous seen.
As when the dawn-star, washed in ocean's wave,
Dearer to Venus than all stellar fires,
Uplifts in heaven his sacred head and melts
The darkness Mothers on the ramparts stand
Trembling, and following with their eyes afar

The dust cloud, and the squadrons bright with brass 593
They through the brushwood, where the journey's
end
Lay nearest, move in arms a shout goes up,
And in formed column, hark! the four foot tramp

Girdling the forest Twas dedicate, folk tell,

602

Not far from hence camped in a sheltered spot,
Were Tarchon and the Etruscans, all their host
From the high hill top might be seen outspread
Along the tented fields Hither repair
Aeneas and his chosen warrior train,
And for tired limbs and horses find repose
But Venus, the white goddess, gifts in hand,
Now through the clouds of heaven drew near, and
when
Her son she spied in the long vale afar,
By the cool stream sequestered, with such words

611

Or proud Laurentians or keen Turnus' self
To bid to battle' Cytherea spake,
And sought her son's embrace the gleaming arms
Beneath a fronting oak she set He glad
Of the divine gift and deep honour done,
Gazes insatiate, and from point to point
Lets his eyes wander, and admires, and turns
Twixt hand and arm the terrible crested helm

625

There had the fire lord, skilled in prophet lore,
Nor witless of the future, wrought the tale
Of Italy the triumph roll of Rome,
There all the kindred of the race to be,
Sprung from Ascanius, and the wars they waged,

Undaunted, she, with shapely neck bent back,
Fondles by turns, and moulds them with her tongue. 634
Nor far from hence he had portrayed withal
Rome, and the Sabine maidens' lawless rape
In the thronged seats at the great Circus games,
And a new war up starting, as the sons
Of Romulus with agèd Tatius closed
And his stern Cures Next, the strife allayed,
Lo! these two kings were standing armed before
Jove's altar, cup in hand, as each with each
They knit firm treaty o'er a slaughtered swine.
Hard by, the four horse cars swift-driven had torn
Mettus in twain—thou should'st have kept th ine oath,
O Alban!—through the brake the liar's limbs
Tullus is haling, the splashed thorns drip blood. 645
Here too Porsenna, bidding them take back
The banished Tarquin, with a mighty siege
Hemmed in the city, while Aeneas' sons
Rushed on the sword for freedom You might see
Wrath's semblance, aye, and menace in his face,

654

662

And bare Luperci, the wool tufted caps,
And shields that fell from heaven and through the streets
Chaste matrons the high pomp on cushioned cars
Were leading Far from hence hereto he adds

The halls Tartarean, lofty doors of Dis,
And dooms of sin, and, on the sheer rock poised,
Thee, Catiline, by Fury faces scared,

And dolphins of bright silver, circling round,
Swept ocean with their tails, and cleft the tide *674*
And fleets of brass i' the centre could be seen,
The battle-lines of Actium you might mark
Leucate all a glow with war's array,
And billows gleaming gold Here to the strife
Caesar Augustus leading forth the host
Of Italy, with fathers and with folk,
The hearth gods and the mighty gods of heaven,
Stands on the lofty stern, from his bright brows
Shoot two fold fires, and his ancestral star
Dawns overhead Elsewhere Agrippa towers
Leading the line with winds and gods to aid,
Bright gleam his temples—proud device of war—
Beaked with the naval crown Antonius here
With host barbaric and with motley arms,
Triumphant from the peoples of the dawn
And the Red Sea, brings Aegypt in his train,

688

With in drawn oars and triple beaks up torn
Seaward they press thou dst deem the Cyclades
Up rooted swam the main, or mountains tall
Crashed against mountains, with such monstrous
weight
The warriors mass them on the tower crowned poops

With native timbrel cheers her ranks nor sees
697

And Venus and Minerva, poise their darts
Storms Mavors in the battle s midst embossed
In iron, with the fell Furies from on high,
And, in rent robe rejoicing, Discord stalks,
Bellona at her heels with blood stained scourge.

Actian Apollo saw, and from above
His bow was bending at whose terror all
Aegypt and Ind, with Arabs, every man,
And all the sons of Saba, turned and fled
The queen herself to gales that heard her cry
Seemed spreading canvas, and now, now in act *706*
To slip the loosened sheet The lord of fire
Had fashioned her pale faced with coming death
Amid the fray, borne on by wave and wind,
And opposite, in all his mighty bulk
Mourns Nilus, and throws open fold on fold,
With wide-spread vesture welcoming the rout
To his blue lap and watery fastnesses
But Caesar, here in triple triumph borne
Within Rome s ramparts, to Italia s gods *713*
Was dedicating through the city s breadth
Three hundred mighty fanes, his deathless vow,
With gladness games, and shouting the streets rang.
In all the fanes were matron bands in all
Were blazing altars, at each altar foot
Slain bullocks strewed the ground The hero's self,
On fire bright Phoebus snowy threshold throned,
Tells o er and hangs above those haughty gates,
The gifts of nations In long pomp wind on
The vanquished peoples manifold of speech,
As in the fashion of their garb and gear
Here Mulciber the nomad race had formed,
And ungirt Africans, the Leleges *723*
And Cares and Gelonian arrow men,
There went Euphrates now with humbler wave,
And utmost of mankind, the Morini,
The hornèd Rhine, and Dahae unsubdued,
And proud Araxes chafing to be bridged
Such marvels sees the hero on Vulcan's shield,
His mother s gift, and glorying in the signs
Of things he knows not, high on shoulder heaves
The fame and fortunes of his sons to be

731

BOOK IX

Now while elsewhere afar these things are done,
Saturnian Juno hath to Turnus bold
Sent Iris out of heaven It chanced that then
Turnus amidst his sire Pilumnus' grove
Sat in the sacred dell, to whom, as thus,
The child of Thaumas spake with rosy lip.

left,
Aeneas hies him to Evander's seat
And sceptre of the Palatine, nay, more,
To the utmost towns of Corythus hath pierced,
And gathers in armed bands the rustic folk
Of Lydia Palter not, now, now s the time
To call for steeds and chariot, stop for naught,
But instant fall on their disordered camp 13
She spake, and on poised pinions reared aloft,
Cut flying a mighty bow beneath the clouds
The warrior knew her, and both hands upraised,
With such like words her flying form pursued
"Who sped thee, Iris, ornament of heaven,
Adown the cloud way earthward to my side?
From whence this sudden splendour of the sky?
I see the pole part midway, and the stars
Roving the vault I follow the great sign,
Whoe er thou art, my summoner to arms '

vows 24

The warrior sons of Tyrrheus midmost rides

And now hath sunk within his bed Anon

The Teucrians a black cloud of sudden dust
See gather, and darkness rise upon the plain
First from a fronting mound Caicus cries 35
"What mass of pitchy gloom, my countrymen,
Rolls onward? Speed to arms, bring weapons, mount
The walls! The foeman is upon us, ho! '
With clamorous shouts the Teucrians through all gates
Plunge in, and fill the ramparts For even thus
Aeneas, warrior peerless, ere he went
Had charged them, if that aught meanwhile should
hap,
Nor venture to draw out the ranks of war,
Nor trust the plain but keep the camp alone,
And sheltering bulwark of the walls So now,
Though shame and anger point them to the field,
The gates they bar, his bidding do and armed
Within their hollow towers await the foe 46
Turnus whose swift advance his tardier troop
Had distanced with a score of chosen horse
Behind him stands ere looked for, at the gate,
Borne on a Thracian steed of dappled white,
A gold helm guards him decked with ruddy plume
' Friends is there any will first upon the foe
With me? '—he cries, "now mark you" and a spear
Whirling he casts as prelude of the fray,
[illegible] 53

They marvel at the Teucrians' laggard hearts,
That a fair field they face not, nor abide
The battle shock like men but hug the camp
Hither and thither stormily he rides
Scanning the ramparts, and, where way is none,
Questing for entrance As a wolf that lies
In wait for some full sheep-fold, at the doors
Stands howling, buffeted of wind and rain
At midnight safe beneath their mother's sides
The lambs bleat loudly, he, with savage wrath
[illegible]

The Rutule's wrath takes fire, as on their walls
[illegible]

Drive forth the Teucrians pour them on the plain? 68

The fleet, which close beside the camp lay snug,
[illegible] wave,

Spurred on by Turnus' presence, the whole troop
Arm them with murky brands the hearths are
stripped,
The reeking torch sends up a pitchy glare,
And Vulcan wafts the sooty lees to heaven 76
[illegible] urned

But famed for ever What time Aeneas first,
On Phrygian Ida fashioning his fleet,
To the high seas addressed him, in such wise
The Berecynthian mother of the gods
Spake to Almighty Jove "Grant, son, the boon
Which thy dear mother for Olympus quelled
Now craves of thee A pine-forest had I

These, when a fleet he lacked, full fain I gave
Unto the Dardan youth now anxious fear
Disquiets and torments me Loose my dread,
And let a parent's prayers prevail, that these
Nor voyage may break, nor whirlwind overwhelm,
So speed them from my mountains to have sprung" 92
To whom her son, who wheels the starry worlds
"Whither would st bid the Fates? for these thy barks
What seek st thou, Mother? Shall ships of mortal
build
Win rights immortal, or Aeneas roam
Through changeful perils, unassailed by change?
What god may boast such plenitude of power?
Nay, but when, service o er, they one day reach
Their bourne, Ausonia s haven, such as then
Have 'scaped the waves, and borne the Dardan chief
To shores Laurentian, these will I divest
Of mortal mould, and bid be goddesses
Of the great deep, as Doto, Nereus child,

Nodded assent, and with the nod set all

Olympus quaking 106

So the promised day
Had come, the Fates their destined hours fulfilled,
When Turnus' outrage the great Mother warned
To drive the fire brands from her sacred ships.
Here a strange light first flashed upon their eyes,
And from the Dawn a vast cloud seemed to speed
Athwart the sky, with Ida s choirs Then fell
An awful utterance through the air, that filled
Both Trojan ranks and Rutule "Trouble not,
Ye Teucrians, to defend my ships, nor arm
Your hands with weapons, Turnus shall have power

Rend each her cable from the bank, dip beaks,
And dive like dolphins to the watery depth,
Then one and all--stupendous prodigy--
As maiden forms emerge, and stem the main. 122

Astounded were the Rutules, terror fell
Even on Messapus and his plunging steeds,
Tiber himself, hoarse murmuring, stays his flood,
And from the deep recoils But not for that
Quailed the bold heart of Turnus, nay, with words
He roused their spirit, and spared not even to chide:
' These portents threat the Trojans, aye, from them
Great Jove himself hath reft their wonted aid,

As for the mainland, in our grasp it lies,
So many thousands--tribes of Italy--
For battle stand The bodeful dooms of heaven,

134

I too have counter fates, to smite nor spare
The accursed stock that balks me of my bride;
Not Atreus sons alone that pang can pierce,
Nor but Mycenae's city rise in arms 139
'But suffering once suffices? Yes, had once
To sin sufficed them, hating from their hearts
Well nigh all woman kind And these to trust
Their screening rampart, by a hindering trench
Emboldened, a poor span 'twixt death and them!
Why, saw they not Troy walls, by Neptune's hand

Up builded, sink in flame? But which of you,
My chosen hearts, makes ready to hew down
The rampart at sword s point, and rush with me
Upon their fluttered camp? No need have I
Of arms from Vulcan, or a thousand keels,
To face the Teucrians Let Etruria now
Band all her sons to aid them They need fear
No darkness, no Palladium s coward theft,
Or sentries slaughtered on the fortress height.
Nor will we shroud us in a horse's womb
Out of men's eyes In the broad light of day
We are purposed to ring round their walls with fire *153*
I trow they shall not say they have to do
With Danaan and Pelasgic chivalry,
Whom Hector till the tenth year baffled Now,
Day's better part o'erpast, for what remains,
Refresh you, warriors, heartened by success,
And deem, so doing, ye fit you for the fray' *158*
Meanwhile Messapus to blockade the gates
Hath charge with sentry pickets and surround
The works with watch fires Twice seven Rutule chiefs
Are chosen with soldiery to keep the walls,
Each has a hundred warriors in his train,
Gay with red helmet plumes and glittering gold
They speed apart, and shift the alternate watch,
Or, stretched on greensward let the wine have way,
And tilt the brazen bowls The fires burn bright,
[illegible] *167*

Set to control the host and guide the war
Parting the peril, the whole band by turn,
Each at his post, keep watch along the walls *176*
Nisus, keen warrior, held the gate, the son
Of Hyrtacus whom in Aeneas train
Ida the huntress sent quick handed he
With spear, and light winged arrows beside him.
Euryalus, than whom no comelier youth
Clave to Aeneas, or donned Trojan arms—
Whose smooth boy face showed faint the budding man
These had one heart between them side by side
They wont to rush on battle and now too

Each with like charge was posted at the gate. *183*
Quoth Nisus "Is't the gods thus fire our hearts,
Or maketh each his wild desire a god,
Euryalus? My heart's long since afret
On war to launch me, or some great essay,
With stagnant ease ill satisfied Thou seest
What confidence in fortune holds the foe
Few gleam their lights and far themselves lie prone,
In sleep and wine dissolved all s hushed around
Mark further what I muse of in my mind
What purpose rises 'Tis the cry of all,
Both folk and fathers, that we summon back
Aeneas send messengers with tidings sure *193*
If what I ask they promise thee—myself
The deed s own fame suffices—'neath yon mound
Methinks my feet would guide me to the walls
And fort of Pallanteum' Euryalus,
Thrilled and transfixed with mighty love of praise,
Thus at the word his glowing friend bespeaks
Nisus dost shun to knit me to thy side
In high exploit? Or should I let thee go
To face such perils singly? Twas not thus
My sire Opheltes to war s work inured,
Mid Argive terrors and the woes of Troy
Trained me and reared nor at thy side have I
So borne me since I followed to the field
High souled Aeneas and his utmost fate
Here here's a soul that scorns the sunlight, deems
That fame thou striv st for cheaply bought with life" *206*
Then Nisus No such fear of thee had I
Nor just it were nay so may mighty Jove,
Or whoso on these things bends favouring eye,
Restore me to thy side in triumph But if—
As oft in such adventure thou behold st—
Some chance or god should hurry me to harm,
I would that thou survive me At thine age
It is more meet to live O, be there one
To lay me snatched or ransomed from the fray,
In earth, or, if some wonted hap forbid,
Pay funeral offerings to my absent dust,
And grace me with a tomb! Nor let me bring
Such grief on that sad mother, who, alone
Of many mothers dared follow thee, her boy,
And hath no heart for great Acestes town" *218*
But he '*Thou weavest empty pleas in vain,*
Nor doth my purpose alter or give way.

Speed we betimes! ' He spake, and roused the watch,
Who to their charge succeed, then quits his post,
And, step by step with Nisus, seeks the prince
All creatures else on earth were easing care
With slumber, and their hearts forgot to ache
The foremost Teucrian lords their flower of war,

228

Midmost the camp in a clear space they stood.
Then Nisus and with him Euryalus
In eager haste crave audience what they urged
Was weighty, and would recompense delay
Iulus first to their impatient suit
Gave audience, and bade Nisus speak, then thus
The son of Hyrtacus "O sons of Troy,
Hearken with kindly heed nor let the worth
Of what we offer by our years be weighed
Dissolved in wine and sleep, the Rutuli
Keep silence our own eyes have marked a spot
For stratagem left open, where yon gate
Lets in or out upon the seaward side 237
Their line of fires is broken, and black smoke
Goes up to heaven Let us but use the chance
To seek Aeneas and Pallanteum s fort,
Soon will ye see us here at hand with spoils,
After great slaughter done Nor will the way
We go beguile us down the valleys dim,

Whose power divine still watches over Troy,
Howbeit, ye think not a full end to make
Of all the Teucrians, in that ye vouchsafe
Our youth such valour and heart steadfastness."
So saying the shoulders and right hands of both
Embraced he, and bathed all his face with tears 251
"What guerdon, heroes of your glorious deeds
Can I deem worthy to be paid you? First
Heaven and your own hearts will the best bestow,
Then good Aeneas, what else remains anon
Will yield you, and Ascanius, whose fresh youth
Service so noble never can forget "
'Nay I,' breaks in Ascanius,' whose sole hope
Of safety hangs upon my sire s return,

By the great hearth-gods Nisus thee adjure,
The guardian spirit of Assaracus
And hoary Vesta's shrine whate'er I have
Of faith or fortune in your laps I lay
Bring back my sire restore him to my sight
He here again grief is not Goblets twain
Silver wrought rough with tracery will I give
Ta'en by my sire what time he smote and quelled
Arisba and twin tripods and of gold
Two mighty talents and a bowl of yore,
Sidonian Dido's gift But if our lot
Be to take Italy to win and wield
A conqueror's sceptre and mete out the spoil—
Thou sawest the war steed whereon Turnus rode
In arms all golden—none but that with shield
And ruddy plume O Nisus will I pluck
Forth from the lot thine even from this day *271*
Matrons twice six beside of choicest form
My sire will give thee and men-captives eke,
All with their armour and of land to boot
What King Latinus hath for his domain
But thee thrice honoured youth whose age my own
Doth in the race press closer from this hour
To my whole heart I take betide what may
And clasp thee for my comrade Without thee
For mine own lot no glory shall be wooed
Come peace or war to thee both deed and word,
Be all my heart unbosomed Answered then
Euryalus From such bold venture me
No time shall prove degenerate let but Fate
Be kind not cruel But all gifts beyond
One boon I beg I have a mother sprung
From Priam's ancient race whom Ilian land
Held not poor soul nor King Acestes' town
From faring forth with me Her now I leave
Unwitting of this peril whatsoe'er
Aye and ungreeted—Night and thy right hand
My witness be—for that I may not brook
A parent's weeping But do thou I pray
Comfort her need and aid her loneliness *289*
Let me bear hence this hope of thee hereby
Into all dangers I shall boldlier go
Touched to the heart the Dardans wept and fair
Iulus before all whose soul was wrung
With likeness of the love he bore his sire
Then thus he speaks Assure thee of all done

That thy great exploit merits for she shall be

Be the deed s sequel, by this head I vow,
As oft my sire was wont, whate'er to thee
I promise, prosperously returned, the same
Shall for thy mother and thy kin abide " *302*

Both young and old, escorting to the gates,
Follow with vows And fair Iulus too,
Armed with man s thought and spirit beyond his
  years,
Full many a message to his sire bade bear
But one and all the rude winds rend amain,
And to the clouds consign them unfulfilled *313*
  Thence issuing forth, they cross the trench, and seek
Through shades of night the foeman's camp—yet first
To be the death of many In drunken sleep
Stretched on the greensward scattered forms they see,
Cars tilted on the beach, twixt wheels and reins
Their masters, and with these one litter of arms
And wine First spake the son of Hyrtacus
"Now for a bold stroke! now, Euryalus,
The deed itself invites, here lies our way
Watch thou, and keep wide outlook, lest some hand
Should from behind assail us here will I
Deal havoc, and by a broad lane lead thee on ' *323*
He spake, then checks his utterance, and lets drive
At haughty Rhamnes, who, it chanced high propped
On heaped carpets, the full-chested breath
Of sleep was heaving—king himself, and seer,

Among their weapons, he takes unaware,
And the armour bearer, aye, and charioteer,
Of Remus, close beside his horses caught,
And with the sword shears through their lolling
  necks, *331*

Then from their lord himself he lops the head,
And leaves the red trunk gurgling with black gore
Reek couch and greensward Lamyrus withal,

Ah! happier had he played a night long bout,
Nor made an end till morn!—such havoc as when

And roars with blood stained mouth Nor less mean
while
The slaughter of Euryalus he too
Rages like fire and as they blocked his path,
Falls on a vast and nameless crowd, and slays
Fadus Herbesus Rhoetus Abaris,
Or ere they knew it Rhoetus awake saw all,
But crouched in fear behind a mighty bowl 346
Full in whose breast, as up he rose the youth
At arm s length to the hilt his sword blade plunged,
And steeped in death withdrew it He pours forth
The red life, dying and blood mingled wine,
The other on his dark errand hotly hies

When Nisus briefly—for he saw him borne

355

foe
Hewed out a passage ' Many a trophy fair—
Men s arms of solid silver wrought and bowls,
And sumptuous coverlets they leave behind
Euryalus the trappings tears away

For friend he sought him to his grandson s hand
Dying he left them, by the Rutule host
After his death in war and battle won
These he tears off, and on his shoulders brave
Binds but in vain, then dons Messapus helm
Well fitted plume adorned So forth from camp
They pass and make for safety 366

But meanwhile
Horsemen, sent forward from the Latin town,
While halts the main host on the plain arrayed,
Came bringing answers for King Turnus' ear,
Three hundred, shield men all, by Volscens led.
Even now they approach the camp, and near the wall,
When at some distance they descry the twain

375

Who are ye that go armed, and whither fare?'
Naught urge they in reply, but speed amain

Fringe every outlet The wood bristled wide
With brambles and dark ilex, every way
Choked with impenetrable thorns, the path
Through the dim forest tracks gleamed brokenly. 383
Euryalus by darkness of the boughs
Perplexed, and spoil encumbered, is by fear
Fooled of his bearings Nisus wins clear off
And now, all heedless, he had passed the foe,

Unhappy one! where have I left thee? how
Follow and unthrid all the tangled path
Of treacherous woodland?" Therewith, questing back,
His footsteps he retraces, roaming on
Through the hushed brakes He hears the horses' tread,

394

By sudden onslaught, the whole band even now
Hale onward, struggling valiantly, in vain
What can he do? Say, with what force, what arms
A rescue dare? Or should he rush on doom
Amid the sword blades, and precipitate
Through wounds a glorious death? Quick drawing back

His arm and brandishing a spear he looks
Up to the moon in heaven and prays aloud 403
Thou goddess thou Latona s child be near
To aid my effort glory of the stars
And guardian of the groves if Hyrtacus
My sire hath ever to thine altars brought
Gifts for my sake if any I myself
Have added from the chase and in thy dome
Hung them or fastened to thy sacred roof
Let me confound this banded mass and guide
My darts through air He spake, and hurls the steel
With his whole body s strength The flying spear
Sunders the shades of night meets the turned back
Of Sulmo and there snaps, the splintered shaft
Riving his heart he spouting from his breast
The hot life stream rolls over chilled in death,
And long gasps heave his palpitating sides 415
All eyes look every way He thereupon
The keenlier poises seel a second dart
Aimed from the ear tip While they hesitate,
Through Tagus either temple sped the spear
Hissing and clave warm in the piercèd brain
Volscens storms fiercely but can nowhere spy
ler of the weapon nor whereon
least he cried,
of both,"
And so drew swor
Was rushing Then indeed with terro mad
Nisus shrieks wildly nor can shroud himself
Longer in darkness or such anguish bear 426
Here here am I the doer on me on me
Turn all your steel O Rutules! Mine the fault
Mine only he nor dared nor could have done it
This heaven these stars be witness that know all!
He only loved his hapless friend too well
So spake he but the sword with strength driven
home,
Has pierced the ribs and rends the snowy breast
Euryalus rolls in death the blood runs o er
His beauteous limbs and on his shoulder sinks
The faint neck as a bright flower, by the plough
Shorn through droops dying or poppies weary
necked
By a chance shower o er weighted bow the head 437
But Nisus leaps amidst them seeks through all
Volscens alone, for none but Volscens stays

The foe massed round him close on either side
Beat him aback Nathless he presses on
And whirls his lightning blade till plunging it

Ah! happy pair! if aught my verse avail
No lapse of hours from time s recording page
Shall e er erase you while Aeneas house
Dwells on the Capitol s unshaken rock
And the great Roman sire holds sovereignty *449*
The conquering Rutules masters of the spoil
And plunder now with tears the breathless corse
Of Volscens bear to camp nor in the camp

One with another they recognize the spoil
Messapus gleaming helm and trophies fair
That cost such sweat of battle to win back *458*
Now rising from Tithonus saffron bed
Young Dawn was sprinkling with new beams the world
In floods the sunl ght and lays all things bare
When Turnus girt in his own warlike arms
Summons to arms his men and every chief
Musters for battle his brass mailed array
And with a thousand rumours whets their wrath
Aye and on upraised spear points piteous sight!
They fix and follow with loud shouts the heads
Of Nisus and Euryalus But Troy s sons
Unflinching on the ramparts leftward side
Have set their line of battle—for the right
Is girded by the river—and there guard
The yawning trench and on the lofty towers
Stand sorrowing moved to see on spear heads borne
Those warrior-faces known alas! too well
And dripping with dark gore *472*
Winged Fame the while
Speeds with the tidings through the affrighted town
And to the mother of Euryalus
Comes floating in at ear Then hapless one!

Warmth left her frame of a sudden, from both hands
Dashed was the shuttle, and all her task unwound.
Forth flies the ill fated dame with woman's shrieks,
Rent locks and madly for the ramparts makes
And foremost fighters, heedless she of men,
Heedless of danger and of darts, then fills
The heaven with lamentations "Is it thus,
Euryalus, I see thee? and could'st thou,
Late refuge of mine age, so leave me lone?
Ah! cruel and on such perilous errand sent,
Might thy poor mother bid thee no farewell? *484*
Alas! in a strange land thou liest, a prey
To Latin dogs and vultures! Nor have I,
Thy mother led thy funeral pomp, or closed
Thine eyes, or washed thy wounds, or with the robe
Thee covered, which I toiled at, night and day,
Easing an old wife's sorrow with the loom
Say whither can I follow, or what land now
Holds thy dismembered frame and mangled corse?
Son bring'st me back no more of thee than this?
Is't this I followed over land and main? *492*
If ye have men's hearts, pierce me, upon me
Heave all your shafts, O Rutules, with the sword
Me first devour or thou, great Sire of gods,
Have pity and with thy bolt to Tartarus' depth
Hurl this detested head, since sunder else
Life's cruel yoke I may not" With her sobs
All hearts were torn, a moan of anguish passed
From rank to rank, their valour numbed and crushed
For battle As thus she fed the flame of woe,
Idaeus and Actor, bidden of Ilioneus
And tear dissolved Iulus, in their arms
Caught her, and bore within *502*

But hark! the trump
Its terrible note of clanging brass afar
Has uttered a shout follows, and the sky
Reverberates The Volscians side by side
Urge the shield tortoise onward, fain to fill
[illegible] rend the rampart Other some
[illegible] -gear
[illegible] cant,
And the gapped [illegible] owed
thin
The Teucrian host with motley missile-showers
Meet who assail them, and stout push of pole,
Taught by long warfare to defend their walls. *511*

Stones too of deadly weight they roll in hope
The roofed ranks to shatter, though fain are these
All shocks to bear 'neath that impervious shell
Yet fail they now for where yon mighty swarm
Threatens up roll the Teucrians and heave o er
A monstrous mass which on the Rutules wrought
Wide havoc, and brake their coverlet of mail
No longer the bold Rutules care to wage
A blindfold war, but from the rampart strive

Tamer of horses, Neptune s child, tears down
The rampart, and cries' Ladders to the wall!' 524
O Calliope inspire me, thou and thine,
To sing what havoc, what deaths upon that day
Dealt Turnus with the sword what warrior s life
Sped each to Orcus and unroll with me
The mighty margins of the scroll of war
There was a tower that strained the upward gaze,
With gangways high, on site of vantage set,
Which all of Italy strove amain to storm,
And toiled their utmost to o er topple this
The Trojans were defending armed with stones
And through the loop holes hurled their darts in
showers 534
Turnus first flung a blazing torch, and drave
Into its flank the fire which, swollen with wind,
Caught board and beam, and clung there and
devoured
Wild panic reigns within and vain essay
To shun disaster While they huddle close,
Back settling to the side which lacks the bane,
Suddenly, over weighed, down fell the tower,
And all the welkin thundered with the crash 541
Half dead to earth they come the monster mass
Behind them pierced alike by their own darts,
And with hard splinters through the breast impaled
Scarce one alone, Helenor, and with him
Lycus, escaped Helenor in youth s prime,
Whom slave Licymnia erst had secretly

Of Latium standing on this side and that,

As a wild beast that by the huntsmen s ring
Hemmed closely storms against the darts and leaps,
Eyes open upon death and with a bound
Springs on the spear points even so the youth
Midmost the foemen rushed on doom and where
He saw the darts throng thickest aimed his way 555
But Lycus with his feet far doughtier thrids
Through foes and darts his flight and gains the wall
Fain to clutch coping and reach comrades hands.
Whom Turnus following both with foot and spear
Thus taunts in triumph Fool thought st thou to
escape
My grasp? so seized him as he clung and tore
Down with a mighty fragment of the wall 562
As when with hare or snowy bodied swan
Gripped in his hooked talons soars aloft
Jove s armour bearer or as wolf of Mars
Snatches a lamb from fold with bleat on bleat
Sought by its mother From every side ascends
The war shout on they press and from the mound
Fill in the trenches Others at the roofs
Fling blazing brands With a huge mass of rock
Torn from a mountain Ilioneus strikes down
Lucetius as with fire in hand he drew
Anigh the gate Liger Emathion
Asilas Corynaeus with javelin that
This skilled with sly winged arrow from afar
Caeneus Ortygius Turnus Caeneus quells,
Fresh from his victory Turnus Itys too
And Clonius Dioxippus Promolus
And Sagaris and Idas as he stood
In forefront of the bulwarks Capys slays
Privernus Him Themilla s glancing spear
At first had grazed who madly dropping shield
Laid hand on hurt on flew the wingèd shaft
Pinned to left side his palm probed deep and tore
With murderous breach the passages of breath 580
The son of Arcens stood in splendid arms
With needle broidered scarf superbly dight
Of dark Iberian dye for beauty famed
Whom his sire Arcens to the field had sent
Reared in his mother s grove anigh the streams
Symaethian where Palicus altar stands
Gift-dowered and gracious flinging spears aside
Mezentius with strained thong the whizzing sling
Thrice whirled about his head with molten ball

Cleft the mid forehead of the opposing foe,
And stretched him all his length upon the sand. *589*
Then first, 'tis said, Ascanius his swift shaft
Levelled in war, till now but wont to fright
The flying quarry, and with his hand laid low
The brave Numanus, surnamed Remulus,
To Turnus' younger sister late allied
In wedlock He before the vanward ranks
Strode, shouting words meet and unmeet to tell,
And swollen at heart with his new royalty,
Stalked vainly, clamouring loud "Ah! blush ye not,
Twice captured Phrygians, yet again to be
Cooped within rampart by the leaguer s ring,
And thus to wall off death? Lo! these the men
Who claim our wives at the sword s point! What god,
What madness, say, drove you to Italy? *601*
Not here the Atridae, nor Ulysses here
Tongue-trickster Hardy and of a hardy stock,
Down to the river our very babes we bring,
And brace them with the water s cruel cold
Our boys hunt tireless, and wear out the woods
Their sport to rein the steed, stretch shaft on bow
Patient of toil to need inured our youth
Tame earth with mattocks, or shake towns with war.
No age of life but with hard steel is worn,
With spear reversed our bullocks' flanks we goad,
Nor sluggish eld doth our hearts strength impair,
Or warp our vigour on white locks we press
The helmet rim, and evermore delight
To mass new plunder and by rapine live *613*
Yours are embroidered robes of saffron tint,
Or gleaming purple, sloth is your delight,
Ye love to revel in the dance, and wear
Sleeved tunics and stringed turbans Phrygians ye,
Women, indeed, not men, go, range the heights
Of Dindymus, where to practised touch the pipe
Utters its twofold note The timbrels hark!
The Idaean mother's Berecynthian flute
Calls you leave arms to men, and quit the sword " *620*
Such wordy boasting and loud threatening taunts

Will yearly offerings bring, and set a steer

Brow gilded at thine altar, dazzling white,
His head borne level with his dam's, now meet
To butt with horn and spurn with hoof the soil." 629
The Father heard, and from a clear sky space
Thundered upon the left, at once the bow
Twanged with its deadly freight. The shaft drawn
home
Flew whistling grim, and borne through Remulus'
head
Cleft with steel barb the hollows of his brow
Go then with haughty words at valour mock!
The twice ta'en Phrygians to the Rutules send
This answer back "Thus far Ascanius spake,
The Teucrians cheer responsive, shout for joy,
And mount in soul to heaven It chanced that then
Long haired Apollo from a tract of sky
Was glancing downward on the Ausonian host,
And city cloud-enthroned, and thus addressed
Iulus as he triumphed "Good luck have thou
Of thy new valour boy! So men mount heaven,

643

From heaven on high, disparts the breathing gales,
And seeks Ascanius Then his form he shifts
To that of agèd Butes who erewhile
Was armour bearer to the Dardan chief
Anchises, and true warder of the gate,
Thereafter charged by the lad's sire to guard
Ascanius Onward then Apollo strode,
Like the old man in all both voice and hue,
As in white locks, and fiercely-clashing arms,
Then thus to fiery souled Iulus spake 652
Child of Aeneas, enough that by thy shafts
Numanus unavenged hath bit the dust,
This thy first praise doth great Apollo grant,
Nor grudges arms that emulate his own
Cease, boy, from further warfare" Thus began,
But in mid utterance left the eyes of men,
Apollo, and into empty air afar

660
Ascanius, eager for the fray, they check
With Phoebus word of power, themselves once more

Fill up the battle-ranks, and cast their lives
Into the yawning peril A shout runs
From tower to tower, the whole wall's length, they
stretch
Their eager bows, and whirl the javelin thong
Earth is all strewn with missiles, shield and helm
Ring hollow to their blows, fierce swells the fight,
Thick as a shower that, rising from the west,
Beneath the watery kid stars whips the ground,

671

Pandarus and Bitias, from Alcanor sprung
Of Ida, whom Iaera, forest nymph,
Reared in the grove of Jupiter, now men
Tall as their native pines or mountain peaks,
Throw wide a portal to their charge consigned
By the chief's word, and, on their arms relying,
Bid enter free the foemen through the walls
Themselves within, to right hand and to left,
Take stand before the bulwarks, armed in iron,
While the plumes flutter on their towering heads.
Even as on either side some river's flow,
On Padus' banks, or by sweet Athesis,
Twin oak trees soar aloft, and rear to heaven
Their unshorn heads, with nodding crest sublime. *682*
In burst the Rutules, when the approach they see
Wide open Quercens and Aquicolus,
In glorious arms, and Tmarus, rash of heart,
And Haemon, son of Mavors, there and then,
With all their squadrons routed, turned aback,
Or on the very threshold laid life down
Then wrath waxed fiercer in their battling souls,
And now the Trojans to the selfsame spot
Gather in swarms, to close encounter come,
Nor fear to launch into the open *690*
Word
Is to Prince Turnus brought, as far aloof
He stormed and wrought confusion, that the foe
Seethe with fresh slaughter, and throw wide their
gates
His hand he stays, and, wildly raging, speeds

To great Sarpedon, his launched javelin smites

Flies through the buxom air the Italian shaft

And Merops he lays low with might of hand;
Aphidnus then, then Bitias, fiery eyed
And furious hearted—not with javelin stroke,
For to no javelin had he yielded breath,
But, hissing loud, a whirled Phalaric spear

709

The billows boil, dark sand comes silting up;
Then Prochyta's foundations at the sound
Quake, and Inarime's rough bed of pain,
Piled o'er Typhoeus by Jove's sovereign word 716
  Now Mars, the lord of battle, lent new strength
And valour to the Latins, deep in heart
Turning his eager goads, and Flight withal
Among the Teucrians and dark Fear he sent.
From every side, now scope for fight is given,
They swarm, the war god leaps into their soul
When Pandarus sees his brother's outstretched corse,
How fortune sits, and what chance wields the day,
By a mighty effort on its turning hinge
He swings the gate back with stout shoulder push,
Leaves many a friend amid the cruel fray
Shut out from camp, but others, in hot haste
Retreating, with himself shuts safely in.
Madman! to see not midmost of the rout
Burst in the Rutule monarch—yea, wantonly
Within their walls to impound him, as it were
Some monstrous tiger among helpless herds 730
At once strange light flashed from the hero's eyes;

And limbs gigantic. Then huge Pandarus

Springs from their midst, and for his brother's death
Red hot with wrath bespeaks him "This is not
Amata s bridal palace, nor Ardea now
Holds Turnus fast within his native walls,
'Tis the foe's camp thou seest all exit barred" *739*
To him spake Turnus, smiling calm at heart.
'Begin, if thou hast manhood, and fall on
Word shalt thou bear to Priam that here too
Thou found st Achilles He had said, the foe,
With main strength heaving, hurled a rugged spear,
Knotty with untrimmed bark, the breezes took it,
Saturnian Juno from its course made swerve
The coming wound, the spear sticks in the gate
'Not so this weapon my right hand wields amain,
Shalt thou escape, for no such falterer here
Aims wound or weapon So saying, he rises high
To his uplifted sword, and with the blade
Full betwixt either temple, a grisly stroke,
Cleft him through forehead and through beardless
cheeks *751*
A loud crash followed, earth reels with the vast
weight,
Rolled in a heap, with his brain spattered arms,

And had the victor now ta en instant thought
To burst the gate bolts and let in his friends,
That day the war had ended, and the race *759*
But rage impelled him and mad lust of blood
Like fire upon the foe First Phaleris
He overtakes, and Gyges, neath the knee
Slitting his sinews Plucking forth the spears
From these, he hurls them on the fliers backs,

Forward, calls up his comrades, with one strong

Then Amycus, of woodland beasts the scourge,
Than whom none happier handed to anoint
Darts, and envenom steel, and Aeolus' son,

Clytius, and Cretheus, to the Muses dear—
Cretheus, the Muses' mate, who ever loved
Song and the lyre, and to stretch note on string,
And steeds and arms and battles ever sang. 777

Friends flying wide, the foe within their gates.
Then Mnestheus "Whither next, whither," he cries,
"Urge ye your flight? what other walls remain,
What ramparts beyond these? Shall it be told
That one man, O my countrymen, and he
Hemmed by your circling lines, wrought unavenged
Such carnage through the camp, to Orcus hurled
So many of our bravest? Coward souls,
Your wretched country and her ancient gods,
And great Aeneas—do these no pity stir,
No shame?" By such words kindled, they take heart
And halt in dense array Then foot by foot
'Gan Turnus from the conflict to withdraw,
Make for the river, and wave-encircled side 790
At this the Teucrians with a mighty shout
Press keenlier on, and form one solid mass
As when a crowd with threatening spears beset
Some savage lion, he, terrified, yet fierce
And angry-eyed, recoils, valour and wrath
Forbid him turn aback, nor yet, though fain,
Through darts and huntsmen can he force his way;
So now doth Turnus doubtfully withdraw
No hurrying steps, wrath surges in his soul 798
Aye and even then upon the foemen's midst
Twice had he rushed, twice turned their ranks to rout
Along the wall, but the whole host from camp
In hot haste rally and unite, nor durst
Saturnian Juno lend him strength enow
To match them, for now Jupiter from heaven
Sent air borne Iris with no mild behests
Charged for his sister, except Turnus quit
The Teucrians lofty ramparts So nor shield

With ceaseless din, the solid plates of brass
By stones are split, the crest dashed from his head;
Such strokes the boss may bear not, spear on spear
Trojans, and Mnestheus' self with lightning hand,

Launch thick upon him Then o er all his frame
The sweat flows pouring—and no space to breathe—
Its grimy torrent a sick panting shakes
The o er wearied limbs At length with headlong
bound
Armed at all points he plunged into the flood
Its tawny eddies took him as he came
Up bore with buoyant waters cleansed of blood
And sent him back rejoicing to his friends *818*

So strive with rancorous hearts? That Italy
With Troy should clash in onset I forbade,
What is this feud, defiant of my ban?
What terror hath seduced or these, or those,
To rush on battle, and provoke the sword? *10*
War's rightful hour—forestall it not—will come,
What time fierce Carthage on Rome's heights shall
 hurl
Mighty destruction and the opened Alps
Then hate for hate, then rapine shall have sway.
But now give o'er and cheerfully confirm
The peace decreed' Thus Jupiter in brief
Not briefly golden Venus makes reply
'O Sire, O sovereign power eterne of men
And all things—for what else is left us yet
To pray to?—dost thou mark how insolent
The Rutules? and how Turnus' chariot borne,
Vaunts him in mid career, and speeds amain
Flushed with war's triumph? Their close walls no
 more
Now shield the Teucrians nay, within their gates,
Even on the mounded ramparts, hand to hand
They grapple, and all the trench o'erflows with blood *24*
Aeneas is unaware, far off Wilt thou
Ne'er yield us respite from the leaguer's ring?
Over the walls of new born Troy *once more*
A foe is hovering, and once more a host,
And from Aetolian Arpi, as of old,
Up-springs against the Teucrians Tydeus' son.
My wounds, methinks, await me yet, and I,
Thine offspring, but delay some mortal spear
If unapproved and all unwilled of thee

The Trojans have sought Italy, that sin
Let them atone, nor speed them with thine aid
But, if obedient unto call on call
From Heaven and Hades, how can any now
Reverse thy bidding and write fate anew? 35
Why call to mind the fleet on Eryx' shore
Burnt up with fire? Why of the lord of storms
And his mad blasts roused from Aeolia, tell,
Or Iris sped from heaven? now too she stirs—
Tract unattempted yet—the shades below
And, on the upper world launched suddenly,
Allecto riots through the Italian towns
Of empire naught I reck, that hope was ours
While Fortune stood win whom thou wouldst have
win 43
If realm be none which thy relentless spouse
Can spare the Teucrians, by Troy s overthrow
And smoking ruins O Sire, I thee conjure,
Suffer me pluck Ascanius from the fray
Scathless my grandson—suffer him to live.
Aeneas on unknown waters may be tossed,
And follow fortune whatso path she point
Let me this life avail to shield, and filch
From war s dread peril Amathus is mine,
Mine lofty Paphos and Cythera s isle
And fair Idalia s home there let him pass
His days unarmed inglorious With proud sway
Bid Carthage curb Ausonia naught from thence
Shall balk the Tyrian cities To have scaped
The plague of war what boots him to have fled
Clean through the Argive fires and drained so oft
Dangers of sea and desert, while Troy s sons
Seek Latium s shore and Pergamus re risen? 58
Were it not better to have sat them down
Amid their land s last ashes and the soil
Where once was Troy? Ah! hapless, give them back
Xanthus and Simois let the Teucrians Sire,
Unroll afresh the tale of Ilium s woe '
Then royal Juno, by fierce frenzy spurred
' Why my deep silence driv st thou me to break,
And vent abroad in words a hidden pain?
Aeneas hath any man or god compelled
To fly to arms, and launch him as a foe
On king Latinus? At the call of fate
He sought the shores of Italy so be it, 67
Urged by Cassandra s raving was it we

Bade him quit camp, trust to the winds his life,
To a boy's guidance commit walls and war,
Stir treason in Etruria's peaceful folk?
What god, what cruel tyranny of ours,
Impelled him to his bane? say, where in this
Was Juno's hand, or Iris sent from heaven?
'Tis shame for Italy's sons to gird with fire
Your new born Troy, and on his native soil
Turnus set foot, from old Pilumnus sprung,
Venilia for his mother, Nymph divine   *76*
What for the Trojans then with smoking brands
To fall on Latium, crush beneath the yoke,
Ravage and plunder lands that knew them not,
Pick wives at will, tear bride from lover's breast—
Hands craving peace, and vessels lined with war?
Thou canst Aeneas from Greek hands filch away,
Mist and void air present them for a man,
Into as many nymphs canst turn their fleet
That we to Rutules too some aid should bring—
Counts it for crime? Aeneas is unaware,
Far off, thou sayest, far off and unaware
Let him remain Paphos, Idalium,
Are thine, and tall Cythera why provoke
Fierce bosoms and a town that teems with war?   *87*
Think you 'tis I who labour to o'erthrow
The crumbling power of Phrygia? I, or he
Who on the hapless Trojans first drew down
The Achaean onslaught? Wherefore, say, to arms
Did Europe rise, and Asia with a rape
The cords of peace unravel? Did I lead
The adulterous Dardan to storm Sparta's hold,
I find him weapons, or fan war with lover
Fears for thy children had become thee then·
Now all belated, and with baseless plaints
[illegible]   *95*

[illegible]

The winds are dropped, the sea smoothes flat his
floor   *103*
"Hear then, and graft within your heart, my words.

Ausonian Teucrian since no league may join
Nor your own jars have end howe er to day
Thrive either cleave what path of hope he will
Or Trojan or Rutulian shall by me
Be deemed alike indifferent whether now
The destinies of Italy or Troy s
Own baneful error and ill counsel hold

He spake and by his Stygian brother s stream
B nks that with pitch and a black w hirlpool boil,
Nodded assent and with the nod made all
Olympus tremble Here their parle had end
Then Jupiter from off his golden throne
Rises escorted to his palace-doors
By all the companies of heaven *117*
Meanwhile
At every gate the Rutules press around
To deal red death and ring the walls with flame
But fast within their palisades are penned
Aeneas leaguered host no hope of flight
Forlorn upon the lofty towers they stand
In vain and with a scant ring crow n the walls
The first rank Asius son of Imbrasus
And Hicetaon s son Thymoetes then
The twain Assaraci and Thymbris old
And Castor brothers of Sarpedon both
Clarus and Themon at their side are ranged
From lofty Lycia Straining his full bulk
Lyrnesian Acmon bears a monstrous rock
No mean part of a mountain lesser thewed
He nor than Clytius from whose loins he sprang
Nor his own brother Mnestheus Some with darts
Strive to ward off the foemen some with stones
Or hurl the fire brand or fit shaft to string *131*
Midmost the press for Venus care most meet
Behold! the Dardan boy his comely head

The milk white neck his showery locks receives
Up gathered in a ring of pliant gold
Thee too O Ismarus the great hearted folk

Saw aim the wound, and arm the reed with bane,
High born of house Maeonian, where men till
Rich furrows by Pactolus washed with gold 142
There too was Mnestheus, whom his late renown
In routing Turnus from the rampart's height

Aeneas was cleaving now the midnight sea
For, from Evander parted and arrived
The Etruscan camp, soon as he meets the king,
And to the king relates his race and name,
Boon asked or offered and reveals what arms
Mezentius wins to aid him, and therewith
The unbridled heart of Turnus—warning him
How mutable things human and with pleas
Mingling entreaties—without more ado
Tarchon joins forces, and strikes treaty then
Fate free, the Lydian folk at heaven's behest
Beneath an alien's banner leap aboard
The good ship of Aeneas leads the van,
The Phrygian lions yoked beneath her prow; 157
O er them hangs Ida, a boon sight to see
For Teucrian exiles Great Aeneas here
Sits and revolves in his own heart the while
War s changeful issues, to his leftward side
Cleaves Pallas, and now asks him of the stars—
The road way of dark night—anon of all
His jeopardies endured by land and sea
Now open Helicon ye goddesses,
And wake the strain, what hero company,
Following Aeneas from the Etruscan strand,
Array the decks for war, and ride the deep 165
First, in his brass beaked Tiger, Massicus
Cleaves the sea billows beneath whom are ranged
A thousand warriors from walled Clusium come,

174

Are victims' entrails and the stars of heaven,
And tongues of birds, and bodeful lightning fires
A thousand speeds he on in close array,
And with spears bristling, to his banner bid
By Pisa, city of Alphean birth,
On soil Etruscan Follows in their wake
Thrice beauteous Astyr, Astyr on his steed
And gay wrought arms relying, along with him—
All of one heart to follow—hundreds three
From Caere s home, or who in Minio's fields
And ancient Pyrgi dwell, and fever fraught
Graviscae. *184*

No, nor thee must I pass o er,
Liguria's bravest chieftain, Cinyras,
Or thee, Cupavo, with thy scanty train,
Springs from whose crest the plumage of a swan,
Love your reproach,—for cognizance ye bear
Your father's form For Cycnus, as folk tell,
Bemoaning his loved Phaethon—what time
Amid those sisters shadowy poplar leaves
He sings, with music solacing love's woe—
Donned downy feathers for the snows of age,
Left earth behind, and starward soared in song
The son embarked with all his warlike peers,
Urges with oars the mighty Centaur on
Who leans above the flood, and menaces
With monstrous rock the billows, towering high,
And furrows with long keel the watery deep *197*

Summons a war host from his native shores
Great Ocnus too, from Manto, prophetess,
Sprung and the Tuscan river, who to thee
Gave walls, O Mantua, and his mother s name,
Mantua now rich in noble sires, but not
All of one stock, a threefold race are they,
Four several States in each, o er all the States
Herself the head, her strength of Tuscan blood
Hence too Mezentius arms to his own bane
Five hundred, whom the form of Mincius crowned
With grey green rushes, sire Benacus' child,
Was seaward leading in their pine of war *206*
Aulestes labouring onward smites the flood
With hundred tree stems rising to the stroke,
The sea floor is up-churned, the waters foam
Him monstrous Triton bears, and with his shell
Frights the blue billows downward to the flank
His shaggy front shows human, as he swims,

Ends in a fish the belly, 'neath his waist
Half bestial the wave gurgles as it foams
  Such was the tale of chosen chiefs who came
In thrice ten vessels to the aid of Troy,
Cleaving with brass the fields of brine 214
And now

Sole sitting guides the helm and tends the sails,
When a fair band of once his way fellows
See! meet him in mid course the nymphs, whom kind
Cybebe bade have worship of the sea,
And turned to nymphs from vessels, toward him swam,
Cleaving the floods together, each and all
That had as brazen prows stood moored to shore 223
Their king they know from far, with solemn dance
Surround him but their skilfullest of speech,
Cymodocea, following in his wake,
Grasps with her right the stern, shoots shoulder high,
And with her left hand oars the silent wave
Then thus she accosts him, though he knew not her:
"Wakest thou, son of heaven, Aeneas? Wake
And slack the sail sheets Lo! thy fleet are we,
Pine trees of Ida from his sacred crest,
Now ocean nymphs When us the Rutule false
With sword and fire urged headlong, we thy bonds
Unwilling snapped, and seek thee o'er the main
The mighty Mother, pitying, this our form
Re wrought, and gave us to be goddesses,
And under ocean all our days to spend 235
But young Ascanius wall and trench confine
'Mid Latium's darts and bristling front of war.
The Arcadian horse and stout Etruscan stand
Even now together at the appointed spot.
With interposing host to block their path,
And bar from camp, is Turnus set resolve 240
Up then! at earliest dawn bid rouse to arms

If vain my words thou deem not, shall descry
Vast heaps of Rutule slaughter" She had said,
And with her right hand pushed the lofty stern
At parting, nowise witless of the way

Swifter than javelin or wind wingèd shaft
It skims along the waves thereat the rest
Quicken their course The Trojan prince himself
Son of Anchises stands amazed yet takes
Heart from the omen then with eyes upturned
To the high vault of heaven he briefly prays *251*
Kind queen of Ida mother of the gods
Whom Dindymus and cities turret crowned
And lions coupled to thy rein delight

257

Obey the signal brace their hearts to war
And fit them for the fray And now he holds

Hope comes to heighten wrath their darts they
shower
As cranes from Strymon under murky clouds

And to Ausonia s captains seemed the thing
Till looking back the vessels stems they spy
Turned shoreward the whole main one moving fleet *269*
Blazes yon helm top from the crest above
Spouts fire the gold boss belches floods of flame
As on a clear night glows the baleful glare
Of blood red comets or as Sirius heat

277

Here is the hap ye prayed for sword in hand
To shatter them The war-god s very self
Is in the hands of heroes Now let each
Of wife and home be mindful now recall
The great deeds and the glories of your sires
Up! let us meet them at the brink while yet
Confused and tottering as their feet touch land.
Fortune befriends the bold So saying he mused

Inly whom best to lead against the foe,
Or to whose charge the leaguered walls confide. 286
Meanwhile, with gangways from each lofty stern
Aeneas unships his comrades Many wait
The slack sea's ebb, and hazard a bold leap
Into the shallows some with aid of oars
Tarchon espies a beach where shoals nor pant,
Nor roars the broken billow, but unchecked
Ocean glides onward with advancing tide—
Anon steers thither, and calls upon his men 293
"Now chosen crews bend to your sturdy oars,
Lift and bear in the barks cleave with their beaks
This hostile land and let the keel s sheer weight
Plough its own furrow In such a roadstead I
Shrink not from shipwreck, once we clutch the
shore"
So Tarchon spake, and all his mates at once
Rise on their oar blades, and to Latium s plain
Bear in the foaming vessels, till their beaks
Now grip the dry, and every keel anon
Lies safely bedded, but not, Tarchon, thine
For, dashed amid the shallows, while she hangs
Upon a treacherous ridge, long poised in doubt,
And wearies out the waves, she splits, and casts
Her crew among the billows, broken oars
[illegible]
307

Halts, and confronts them Then the trumpets sound.
First leapt Aeneas on the rustic ranks—
Fair augury of fight—and trampled down
The Latins and slew Theron, mightiest thewed,
Who dared assault Aeneas The sword driven
Through links of brass, through tunic stiff with gold,
Drank of his gaping side And next he strikes
Lichas, once ripped from his dead mother's womb,
And sacred to thee, Phoebus, as a babe
Suffered to 'scape the perils of the steel.
And rugged Cisseus and huge Gyas, too,
While levelling with their clubs the ranks hard by,
He smote to death, no whit might these bestead
The arms of Hercules, or their stout hands,
And sire Melampus, erst Alcides' mate,
Long as earth yielded him his travails sore
While Pharus, seel flings deedless words abroad,

The hero brandishes and plants a spear
Full in his bawling mouth Thou, Cydon, too,
In luckless quest of Clytius, thy new joy,
The young down yellowing on his cheek, hadst lain
Stretched 'neath the Dardan's hand, a piteous sight,
Heedless of youthful loves, thy life long care,
Had not thy brethren, a close-banded throng,

:

Some, by kind Venus turned aside, his limbs
Graze merely Then Aeneas thus bespeaks
Trusty Achates "Bring me store of darts,
None of all those shall my right hand for naught
Launch at the Rutules, which on Ilium s plain
In Grecian flesh stood planted "Therewithal
A mighty spear he grasps and hurls, it flew,
And shattering through the brass of Maeon s shield,
Cleaves plate alike and breast To his brother's aid
Up comes Alcanor, props him, as he falls,
With right hand brotherly, but through his arm
The spear, sped onward, wins its bloody way,
And from his shoulder by the sinews, lo!

.

.

Tall limbed Achates on the thigh Thereat
Clausus of Cures, in his youthful frame
Trusting, drew near, and with a javelin-cast
Smote Dryops 'neath the chin, and, urging home
The tough shaft, pierced his throat, and in mid speech
Reft life and voice, his forehead strikes the earth,
And from his lips he vomits out thick gore *349*
Three, too, from Thrace, of Boreas' lofty line,
And three, by their sire Idas sent to war,
And Ismarus their country, he lays low
By divers deaths Halaesus to the fray
Hastes with the bands Auruncan, and up speeds
Messapus, child of Neptune, steed renowned
Now these, now those, strive to fling back the foe,
And on Ausonia s very verge contend
As in the vast of air when wrangling winds
Rise to do battle, matched in wrath and might,
None to the other yields, wind, cloud, or sea,
Long sways the combat, all stand locked in strife.

So Trojan ranks and Latin, each with each
Clash, foot to foot clings, and man crowds on man. *361*
But yonder, where a torrent far and wide
Had sent rocks rolling and torn bush from bank,
When Pallas his Arcadians saw, unused
To foot encounter, fly the hot pursuit
Of Latium—for the rough ground counselled them
Their steeds to abandon—now with prayers, and now
[illegible]

And his triumphant wars—aye, by the hope
That springs in me to match my sire's renown—
Trust not to flight It is the sword must cleave
Through foes our passage Where yon warrior throng
Press thickest, your proud country calls you back,
Pallas to lead you No gods bear us down,
Mortals by mortals are we driven, who yet
Boast lives and hands as many Behold! the deep
With its vast bar confines us, and land fails
For flight shall ocean be our aim, or Troy?' *378*
So saying he dashed amid the hostile press
First meets him Lagus, led by fates malign,
[illegible]

From Rhoetus' ancient stem, who dared defile
His step-dame's bridal chamber. And ye, too,
Twin sons of Daucus, on the Rutule plain
Fell, Thymber and Larides, wearing both
One likeness, e'en to your own parents' eyes
[illegible] *392*

The fingers quiver, and clutch the sword anew.
Fired by the hero's chiding, and at sight
Of his resplendent deeds, 'twixt rage and shame

The Arcadians steel their hearts to face the foe
Then Pallas pierces Rhoeteus as he sped
Past in his chariot Respite and delay

From thee, right noble Teuthras, as he fled,
And from thy brother Tyres, rolled from car,
Hammers with dying heel the Rutule plain 404
As, at his wish, when summer winds have risen,
Some shepherd fires the forest here and there,
All in a moment the mid spaces catch,
And o'er the wide plains in unbroken line
Sweeps the grim flickering edge of Vulcan's war—
He, perched triumphant, marks the revelling flame
So all thy comrades wax in valour one,
And glad thee, Pallas But to meet them moves
Halaesus, brave in onset, the whole man
Behind his shield up gathered, and hews down
Ladon and Pheres and Demodocus, 413

Blood mixed with brain Halaesus in the woods
Had by his prophet sire been hid, when now
The old man's eyes failed and were glazed in death,
Fates claim their own, and to Evander s darts
Devote the son At him now Pallas aimed,
First praying thus "O father Tiber, grant

423
This heard the god, Halaesus, while he shields
Imaon, to the Arcadian dart lays bare
His luckless breast But Lausus, of the fight
Main champion, brooks not that his ranks be scared
By all the hero's slaughter at their head
Encountering he slays Abas, a tough knot
And barrier of the battle Then goes down
Arcadia's manhood, down the Etruscans go,
And ye, whose frames defied the slaughtering Greeks,
O Teucrians! Matched in leaders, as in might,
Host rushes upon host The rearward ranks
Close up and crowd the battle, hand and spear
Wedged beyond wielding Here is Pallas, see,
Pressing and straining, there, confronting him,

Lausus, in age his equal, both alike
Peerless in beauty, but by fortune's ban
Doomed to no home return Yet were they not
Suffered by great Olympus lord to close
In conflict each beneath a mightier foe
Waits his impending destiny 438
Meanwhile
His gracious sister now bids Turnus bring
Relief to Lausus and on flying car
He cleaves the ranks between them When his friends
He spied, ' Ho now! cease fighting I alone
Go to meet Pallas! Pallas is my due,
Mine only fain were I his sire himself
Stood here to see So spake he, and his friends
Withdrew them from the space proclaimed But
when
The Rutules had made room the noble youth,
Much marvelling at the haughty mandate, stares
Amazed at Turnus over the vast frame
Lets roll his eyes and with fierce glance afar
Scans him at every point, then speech for speech,
Makes answer to the monarch Now shall I
Be praised as winner of the splendid spoils,
Or for a famous death and either fate
My sire can face Away with threats So saying,
He strides into the arena s midst. About
The Arcadian's heart strings the blood curdles cold 452
Turnus has leapt from chariot, and on foot
Prepares for close encounter As a lion,
That from his lofty outlook hath espied
A bull far off, erect upon the plain
Brooding on battle, flies upon the prey,
Even such the look of Turnus as he came
But Pallas when he deemed the foe would be
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Whereto thou cam st a stranger, I thee pray,
Alcides aid me in my vast emprise. 461
Let him behold me from his limbs yet quick
Strip off the blood stained arms and Turnus' eyes,
Dying endure a conqueror." The youth's prayer
Alcides heard and, stifling a deep groan
Within his heart, shed unavailing tears
Then with kind words the Sire bespake his son

"Each hath his term appointed, brief the span
Of all men's life, and irretrievable,
But by great feats to lengthen fame here lies
The task of valour 'Neath Troy s lofty walls
Fell many a god begotten, nay, with them
Perished Sarpedon, mine own offspring Aye,
And Turnus his fates summon, now arrived
The goal of age allotted Thus he spake,
And from the Rutule plain his eyes withdrew *473*
But Pallas launches with main strength a spear,
And plucks from hollow sheath his flashing sword
On flew the shaft, and where the shoulder plates

Turnus long poising a steel pointed spear,
Hurls it at Pallas, crying, Look you now
Whether my dart pierce deeper' He had said,
But crashing through the centre of the shield—
Iron upon iron welded, brass on brass,
Wound all about with bull s hide manifold—
With quivering impact the point tore and pierced
The corslet's barrier and the mighty breast
He plucks the warm dart from the wound in vain *486*
Outburst one way the life blood and the life,
Prone on the wound he sinks, and over him
Loud clanged his armour, as the dying lips
Blood-dabbled smote upon the foeman s soil
Then standing o er him, Turnus spake and said
Arcadians, heed and to Evander s ear
Bear this my message say that, in such plight
As he hath earned him, I send Pallas home

And with his left foot pressed the lifeless corse,
Seizing the belt s vast burden with the crime
Engraved there—in one nuptial night a band
Of youths slain foully, and the bride bower drenched
In blood which Clonus son of Eurytus,
Had traced upon thick gold but of the prize
Turnus now boasts him glorying in the spoil *500*
Ah! mind of man, to fate and coming doom
Blind and that knows no bridle, when elate
With prosperous fortune! there shall come a time
When Turnus fain at a great price would buy

Pallas back scathless and will yon proud spoils
Loathe, and the day he won them But his friends
With many a groan and tear throng round and set
Pallas on shield and bear him from the fray

Huge heaps of Rutule dead thou leav st behind. 509
Now no mere rumour of so dear a loss,
But weightier witness to Aeneas hies
His friends but a bare span from death, tis time
Troy s routed ranks to succour With the sword
He reaps what s nearest, and through serried foes,
Like fire a wide path hews him thee to seek,
Turnus exulting in new deeds of blood
Pallas Evander—on his very eyes
Flashed the whole scene, the board whereto he came
Then first a stranger and the pledged right hands
Four warriors hereupon from Sulmo sprung,
As many reared by Ufens he takes quick
To slay as offerings to the shade, and drench
520

Ripening with young Iulus spare my life
For son and sire A stately house have I,
Where talent weights of silver fair embossed

Can work so vast a difference He had said
All

Turnus fore-cancelled in that hour when he
Smote Pallas dead So deems among the shades
My sire Anchises and Iulus so
He spake and with his left hand grasped the helm, 534

And Trivia, chapleted about the brow
With sacred fillet bands, from head to heel

One splendour of white raiment, glittering arms
Him then he meets, and drives adown the plain,
Stands o er him slipped and fallen, and slaughters
    him,
And in vast darkness whelms The warrior's arms,
Up-gathered, Serestus shoulders and bears off,
Trophy to thee, Gradivus, lord of war   542
Now Caeculus, from the stock of Vulcan sprung,
And Umbro who from Marsian mountains came,
Repair the battle ranks Against them storms
The Dardan With the sword he had lopped off
Anxur's left arm, and, with the arm, his shield s
Whole circle, the man had uttered some big boast,
And thought with deed to match it, and belike

549

To woodland Faunus, crossed his fiery path
He, drawing back his spear, pins fast in one
The corslet and huge burden of his shield,
Then, as he vainly prays, with many a word
Still ripe for utterance, hurled to earth his head,
And, rolling in the dust the yet warm trunk,
In bitter mood spake o'er it ' Now lie there,
Redoubted warrior! no kind mother's hand
In earth shall hide thee, or heap above thy limbs
Ancestral soil but to the ravenous birds
Shalt thou be left, or gulf shall drown and wave
Bear thee, and hungry fishes lip thy wounds "   560
Antaeus next and Lucas, foremost ranks
Of Turnus, he o'ertakes, and Numa brave,
And tawny Camers, noble Volscens son,
Richest in land of all Ausonia's folk,
Who ruled in hushed Amyclae Even as when
Aegeon, fabled of a hundred arms,
A hundred hands, and from whose fifty mouths
And breasts blazed fire, against the bolts of Jove
Clashed on like shields as many, as many swords
Drew, so Aeneas over the wild plain
Rages his fill victoriously, when once
His blade waxed warm Nay see! he moves to meet
[illegible]   571

fear,

Rushed backward, and flung forth their lord, and
 whirled
The chariot shore ward Lucagus meanwhile
With twain white war-steeds dashed amid the throng,
He and his brother Liger, Liger reins
And guides the horses, Lucagus waves fierce
His circling sword blade Their so fiery rage
Aeneas brooked not, but upon them rushed,
579

Nor Phrygia's plain the last of war and life
Now on this soil awaits thee "Such wild words
Fly from mad Liger's lips But not in words
Troy s hero shapes his answer, at the foe
A dart he launches, and when Lucagus
Low leaning, as to smite them, with the steel
His team had chidden, and now, left foot advanced,
Plants him for battle, through the nether rims
Of his bright buckler entering, the spear pierced
His groin to leftward tumbled from the car
Dying, he rolls upon the plain To whom
In bitter accents good Aeneas spake 591
"Thy chariot, Lucagus, no coward flight
Of steeds betrayed, nor foe-flung shadows vain
Turned backward, leaping from the wheels, thyself
The car forsak'st "So saying, he caught the team
Down from the chariot, stretching helpless hands,

From brother "Thereat with the sword's point his
 breast
He cleaves, and lets the life breath from its lair. 601
Thus through the plain the Dardan chief dealt death,
Raging like torrent wave or black typhoon.
At length the young Ascanius and his host
Break forth, quit camp, and foil the leaguer's ring

Nor fiery soul that can all danger dare " 610
Quoth Juno meekly "Wherefore fairest lord,
Vex a sick heart, of thy stern words afear d?
Had but my love that power it boasted once,
And still should boast, I had not asked in vain
Of thine omnipotence to grant me this—
Leave to filch Turnus from the fight, and keep
Unscathed for Daunus, for his sire But now
Even let him perish, and with that loyal blood
Pay forfeit to the Teucrians He nathless
Draws from the stock of heaven his name, and springs
Fourth from Pilumnus, and his lavish hand
Hath oft thy threshold heaped with bounteous gifts " 620
Briefly to her spake high Olympus' lord
"If but from present death reprieve be asked,
And respite for the warrior, ere he fall,
And thou perceiv'st I rule it so, bear hence
Away, pluck Turnus from the impending fate,
Such scope is mine to pleasure thee But if
There lurk beneath thy prayer some ampler boon,

And pledged this loan of Turnus' life to last? 629
Now, some dread end awaits him innocent,
Or I drift void of truth Yet O to be
By false fear cheated, and that thou, who canst,
Wouldst bend thy course to better!' Having said,
Forthwith she darted from the welkin's height,

Like phantoms that, folk say, flit after death,
Or visions that befool the slumbering sense 642
Now in the van of battle stalks the shade
Exulting, with its weapons goads the foe,
With shouts defies him Turnus rushes on't,
And hurls from far a hissing spear, the shape
Wheels and retires But Turnus, when he deemed

Aeneas fled back and with bewildered soul
Drank the delusive hope cries Whither fly st
Aeneas? Quit not thy plighted bridal bower
The soil thou hast crossed the waterways to find
This hand shall yield thee With such clamorous
shouts
He follows and brandishes his naked blade
Nor marks the light winds bear his boast away 652
Fast by a tall rock s base there chanced to stand
A vessel with steps set and gangway geared
Which King Osinius bare from Clusium s coast
Hither the mock Aeneas hurrying fled
And plunged for shelter nor at slacker speed
Turnus pursues treads all that stays him down
Clears the high bridge and scarce had touched the
prow
Ere Saturn s daughter rends the rope and speeds
O er back rolled billows the shore sundered ship 660
Aeneas meanwhile defies a vanished foe
And many a warrior frame that crossed his path
Sends death ward For no further shelter then
Seeks the light phantom but took wing aloft
And with a dark cloud mingled the rough blast
Meanwhile bears Turnus through the billows midst
Blind to the cause unthankful for escape
Backward he gazes and lifts high his voice
With hands up-clasped to heaven Almighty Sire
Hast deemed me worthy of reproach so deep
To pay such forfeit doomed me? Whither bound?

Brave hearts the followers of my sword and me? 672
Whom one and all—ah! horror!—I have left
To nameless butchery yea can see them now
Rank scattered and hear groaning as they fall?
What must I do? What land now deep enough
Can gape to hide me? Rather do ye winds
Take pity and drive the ship on reef on rock—
I Turnus from my heart implore—or cast
On cruel quicksands where no Rutule foot
Nor rumour that knows all may track me out 679
So saying his soul rocks this way and rocks that
Whether upon his sword so deep the shame
Madly to hurl him and twixt rib and rib
Drive the stern blade or plunge amid the seas

So swimming gain the curvèd beach, and fall
Once more upon the Teucrians Either way
Thrice he essayed, thrice, pitiful of heart,

688

Fiery Mezentius now by Jove's behest
Takes up the battle, and falls upon Troy s host
Amidst their triumph The Etruscan ranks
Rally together, and on him alone,
Alone on him, with gathered fury press,
And showering missiles Even as a rock,
That juts far out into the mighty main,
Bare to wind's brunt, a target for the sea,
All stress, all menace both of sky and deep
Outfaces, fixed abiding, so to earth
He strikes down Hebrus, Dolichaon s son,

Phrygian Euanthes too, and Mimas, whom,
Once friend of Paris and his peer in age,
Theano bare to Amycus his sire,
The selfsame night that Cisseus' royal child
Teemed with a firebrand, and gave Paris birth
Paris within his father's city lies,
Mimas, unknown, Laurentum's coast doth keep 706
Lo! as a mighty boar, by sharp toothed hounds
Driven from the mountain heights, which many a year
Pine fruitful Vesulus hath sheltering held,
Many Laurentum's marsh land, pastured fair
Within her reedy jungle, he, once come
Amid the meshes, halts with angry grunt,
And bristles up his shoulders, none durst rage
Against him, or draw nearer, at safe range
With darts and shouts they harass him from far,
He, dauntless, slowly to this side and that
Turns with teeth gnashing, and shakes off the spears
So, of all those who burned with righteous wrath

From the ancient bounds of Corythus a Greek,
Acron who leaving half done marriage rites,
Had fled away him seeing from afar
Amid the ranks deal havoc, gay with plumes,
And in the purple of his plighted bride—
As oft times ranging the deep forest lairs,
An unfed lion, by mad hunger urged,
If haply he hath spied a fleet foot goat,
Or towering antlered stag exults and opes
His monstrous jaws, uprears his mane, and hangs
Over the rent flesh, couching the foul gore
Drenches his cruel mouth—so eagerly
Upon the foemen s mass Mezentius leaps 729
Down goes the hapless Acron, with his heels
Hammers the dark earth dying and stains red
The splintered spear shaft He too deigned not smite
Orodes flying nor deal him a blind blow
With javelin-cast but meets him face to face,
And man to man encounters by no stealth
Filching the vantage, but sheer force of arms
Then on the prostrate foe with foot and spear
Pressing, he spake Here tall Orodes lies,
My men no paltry portion of the war '

738

Enjoy thy victory for thee, too, like fates
Are watching, the same fields thou soon shalt press "
To whom Mezentius with wrath mingled smile

And iron slumber on his eyelids press,
And their orbs close in everlasting night. 746
Caedicus then cuts down Alcathous,
Sacrator slays Hydaspes Rapo s sword
Falls on Parthenius and the knotty strength
Of Orses Clonius by Messapus dies
With Lycaonian Ericetes one
Stretched prone by stumbling of his reinless steed,
One foot to foot confronting him Forth stood

Of Salius, Salius by Nealces falls,
For javelin and far stealing arrow famed 754

Fell Mavors now was meting forth to each
Like dole and mutual death, both equally
Victors, both vanquished, slew and fell, nor thought

But now Mezentius, shaking his huge spear,
Into the field strides stormily, and lo!
Vast as Orion when he cleaves a path,
Wading through middle Nereus' mightiest pools,
And with his shoulder tops the waves, or when,
Bearing an aged ash from mountain height,
He stalks on earth, and hides his head in cloud—
So strode Mezentius onward, vast in arms 768
Aeneas adown the line of battle spies,
And moves to meet him He his noble foe
Dauntless abides, and plants his ponderous bulk,

Arrayed in spoils torn from the robber's corse,
My trophy of Aeneas" He had said,

Antores, friend of Hercules, who, sent
From Argos, to Evander clave, and found
Beneath Italian walls a home But ah!
Smit by another s wound he lies, and looks
On heaven, and, dying, of his dear Argos dreams 782
Then good Aeneas hurls a spear, it sped
Right through the hollow disk of threefold brass,
Through layers of linen, and the inwoven work
Of triple bull s hide, and lodged low i' the groin,
But pushed not home its passage Swiftly then
Aeneas drew sword, rejoicing to behold
The Tuscan's blood forth plucks it from his thigh,

790

If length of time e'er make believable

Such exploit, nor thyself, brave youth, right meet
To be remembered, will I leave unsung
He, thus defenceless and sore hampered now
Was back retiring trailing from his shield
The foeman's dart forth leapt the youth and thrust
Betwixt their points, and, as Aene[illegible]
Now ro[illegible]
And h[illegible]
Ch[illegible] [illegible], until
Th[illegible] [illegible], might win safe retr[illegible]
And hurl their javelins [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] among plough folk, every one,
And country hinds fly scattered from the fields,
And cowers the wayfarer in some safe hold,
Or river bank, or high o er arching rock,
While rain still pelts the earth, that they may task
The daylight with returning sunshine so
Aeneas o erwhelmed with countless darts, endures
The war-cloud till it growl itself away,
Still chiding Lausus, threatening Lausus 'Why
Rush upon death and overdare thy strength? *811*
Love fools thee into rashness. Not the less
Madly he riots till in the Dardan chief
Fierce wrath rose headier, and the sister-Fates
Lausus last threads up-gather, for now drives
Aeneas his strong sword through the stripling's
frame
Till the whole blade is buried His light shield,
Frail arms for one so threatening the point pierced,
And pierced the tunic which of pliant gold
His mother wove him, and blood filled his breast,
Then life regretful, on its airy way
Fled to the shades, and left the body lone *820*
But when he saw the dying look and face,
The face so wondrous pale, Anchises son
Uttered a deep groan, pitying him, and stretched
His right hand forth as in his soul there rose
The likeness of the love he bore his sire
Poor boy! what guerdon for thy glorious deeds—
Say what, to match that mighty heart of thine
Shall good Aeneas yield thee? Those thine arms
Wherein thou gloried st, keep them, and thyself,
If such a care may touch thee, to the shades

And ashes of thy fathers I restore *828*
Unhappy! yet for thy sad end some balm
Be this by great Aeneas thou art slain
Then hails he his attendants chiding them
For loiterers and uplifts their lord from earth,
Where he lay dabbling his trim locks with blood
Meanwhile the sire by Tiber's stream now staunched
His wounds with water, and for ease lay propped

His flower of war, he panting and in pain
Foments his neck, and lets the flowing beard
O erspread his bosom, many a time inquires
Of Lausus, and oft sends to call him back,
And bear the lad his sorrowing sire s command *840*
But Lausus laid on shield, a lifeless corse,
His friends in tears were bearing—mighty soul
Quelled by a mighty wound The father s heart,
Ill boding recognized their wail afar
With showers of dust his hoary locks he soils,
And spreads both hands to heaven and clasps his arms
About the corse "Did then such joy of life
Possess me, O my son that in my stead
I suffered thee, even thee whom I begat,
To meet the foeman s stroke? Am I, thy sire,
Saved through thy wounds and living by thy death?
Ah! to my sorrow now at last I know
What exile is! now is the wound pushed home *850*
Yea, and I too with infamy my son
Thy name have spotted, by men's hate of me
Thrust from the throne and sceptre of my sires!
To mine own country and my people s spite
I should have paid the forfeit, by all deaths

His force flagged somewhat, with no downcast air
Called for his war steed This was ay his pride,
And this his solace hereon he was wont
From all his wars to ride victorious home
The sorrowing creature now he thus bespeaks *860*

"We have lived long O Rhaebus if aught long
Pertain to mortals Or to-day shalt thou
Bear back in triumph the bloody spoils and head
Of yon Aeneas, and be of Lausus' pangs
My co avenger, or, if all force fail
Our path to open, shalt beside me lie'
No nor wilt thou, methinks, my bravest, deign
Brook stranger's bidding, or a Teucrian lord "
He said, and mounted on his willing back,
As ever wont bestrode him, and both hands
Charged with keen javelins his head bright with
brass
Shaggy with horse-hair plume So galloping
He dashed amidst them In one single heart

874

"May the great Sire of gods so bring to pass,
So lord Apollo! fall on, begin the fray!'
Thus much he spake, and with his threatening spear
Moved on to meet him But the other cried
'Reft of my son, why thinkest thou fierce man,
To fright me now? sole way was this whereby
To work my ruin I shudder not at death,
No nor spare any of thy gods Now cease,
I come to die, but bring thee first these gifts "
He spake, and hurled a dart against the foe, 882
Then yet another and another plants,
In a wide circle wheeling but the boss
Of gold bides all Thrice round the watchful foe
Rode he in rings to leftward from his hand
Launching the javelins thrice the Trojan prince
Bears round with him upon his brazen targe
A dense spear forest Then wearying to prolong
Delays so many, so many darts to pluck,
And by the unequal conflict sore bestead,
Much inly pondering forth at last he springs,
And in betwixt the war steed s hollow brows
Hurls his spear mightily The beast reared up,

894

Trojan and Latin shouts set heaven ablaze
Up speeds Aeneas and plucks sword from sheath,
Then o er him "Where is bold Mezentius now,

And all his heart s wild violence? Unto whom
The Etruscan as up glancing he drew in
A draught of heaven and to himself returned
  Why bitter foe dost taunt and threaten death?
In slaying is no sin nor with such thought
Came I to battle nor did my Lausus so

With bitter hate of my own folk I wot
Fend me from this their rage and with my son
Grant fellowship in burial So he spake
Welcomed the sword to his expectant throat
And o er his arms let pour life s ruddy tide *908*

BOOK XI

Bewildered to the gods at earliest dawn

Twice six times smitten and pierced through and
      through,
And on the left hand binds the brazen shield,
11

Has been achieved my heroes for the rest,
Let every fear be banished lo! ye see
The spoils and first fruits of the tyrant king,
And here, my handiwork, Mezentius stands
Now lies our path to Latium's king and town
Arm you in spirit in hope forestall the fray,
That when the gods give signal to pluck hence

21
Meanwhile our comrades, that unburied lie,
Commit we to the earth—sole honour left

And to Evander s sorrowing city first
Be Pallas sent whom, lacking naught of man,
The dark day, reft, and plunged in bitter doom." 28
   Weeping he spake and to the tent retraced
His steps, where Pallas' lifeless corse was laid,
Watched by Acoetes old who bare the arms
Once of Evander the Parrhasian, now
In less auspicious hour was faring forth,

In wonted wise for sorrow, but when Aeneas

Of sorrow He likewise, when the pillowed head
And face of Pallas snowy white he saw,
And marked the Ausonian spear head s gaping
    wound
On his smooth breast, spake with o er welling tears 41
  Poor boy, did fortune, when so blithe she came
Envy me thee, that thou shouldst never look
Upon my realm or home in triumph ride?
Not such my parting promise touching thee
Made to thy sire Evander, when he clasped
And sped me forth to win a mighty realm,
And fearful, warned me that right brave the foe,
Stubborn the race, we strove with And now he,

54

The expected triumph? This my solemn pledge?
Yet here no recreant, scarred, with shameful wounds,
Shalt see, Evander, nor a son so saved
That thou, his sire, for dreaded death shalt pray
Ah me! Ausonia, what a tower of help
Here art thou reft of and Iulus thou! 58
  So having wept his fill he bids them lift
The hapless corse, and picks a thousand men
From his whole host and sends them to escort
The farewell pomp, and with the father s tears
Their own commingle—for so vast a grief
Scant solace, yet to that sad father due
Others of arbute-boughs and oaken shoots
In haste plait hurdle wise a pliant bier,

Aeneas bare forth which ravished with the toil
Sidonian Dido erst with her own hands
Had wrought and shot the web with subtle gold 75
One of these twain—grief's latest rite—he wraps
About the dead and with its covering veils
The fire-doomed tresses and heaps high withal
Full many a prize from the Laurentian fray
Bidding the booty in long line be borne
Steeds too he adds and darts from foemen reft
And captives he had bound hands lashed behind
To send as offerings to the shade and slain
Dash with their blood the fire The chiefs them
selves
He bids bear tree-trunks clad with hostile arms
And foemen s titles to be fixed thereon 84
Hapless Acoetes overworn with age
Is onward led now marring with clench d fists
His bosom now with nails his face and falls
Forward and casts his length upon the ground
The car too bathed in Rutule blood they lead

Turnus as victor holds Then sad array
Follow the Teucrians and Etruscans all
And men of Arcady with arms reversed 93

We by the same grim destinies of war
Are summoned hence I bid thee hail! for aye
O mightiest Pallas and for aye farewell
No more he spake but to the lofty walls
Turned him and campward bent his steps

And now

From Latium s town came envoys olive wreathed
Craving his clemency the dead which lay
Sword scattered o er the plain would he give back
And suffer neath an earthen mound to pass
With vanquished folk and bodies void of breath
There is no warring let him spare whom once
He hailed as hosts and fathers of his bride 105
Aeneas for such a prayer he might not spurn

Grants courteously the boon, and adds these words
Moreover "Latins, say what hard mishap
Hath wound you in so vast a web of war
That thus ye fly our friendship? Do ye ask
Peace for the dead, by chance of battle quelled?
Fain would I grant it to the living too
Nor came I, had not fate assigned me here
A place wherein to settle, nor any war
Wage I against your folk it was the king
Left our alliance, and made choice to lean
On Turnus' sword for succour 'Twere more meet
Had Turnus faced the death ye mourn to-day *115*
If with armed force he thinks to fight it out,
And drive the Teucrians forth, beseemed him well
To meet me man to man, and spear to spear

Aeneas had spoken They stood wonder hushed,
Eyes fixed and faces in one mutual stare *121*
Then, old in years, and still with slanderous spite
Armed against youthful Turnus, Drances thus
Makes answer "O mighty in fame, in arms
Yet mightier, Trojan hero, by what praise
Can I exalt thee to the sky? Or should
Thy soul s uprightness, or thy toils in war
Win first my wonder? We indeed thy words
Will to our native town bear blithely back,
And knit thee fast, so fortune find a way,
To Latium's king Let Turnus for himself
Go seek confederates Nay, twill please us well
The destined ramparts of thy walls to rear,
And on our shoulders heave the stones of Troy " *131*
He had said, and all his comrades with one mouth
Murmured assent. For twice six days a truce
They plighted, and, with peace to interpose,
Teucrians and Latins o er the wooded heights
Roamed without scathe together The tall ash

138

Evander's home and city—she, who late
Of Pallas triumph o er the Latins told.

Out streaming to the gates Arcadia s sons

Moving to meet them joins the weeping train

To stay him but he thrusts amid the throng
And when the bier was set on Pallas form
Casts him and clings to it with groans and tears
Scarce loosed by sorrow words at length win way 151
Not such the pledge thou gavest to thy sire
My Pallas warily to put thy faith
In the fell god of battles Well I wist
How potent was the new born pride in arms
And a first onset s all-entrancing spell 158
Ah! bitter first fruit of youth s flower! and harsh
Prelude of neighbour war! and vows and prayers
No god gave ear to! and thou holiest wife

A son surviving sire Troy s friendly arms
Would I had followed! would the Rutule darts
Had overwhelmed me! So should I have given
This life of mine and I not Pallas here
Been thus with funeral pomp borne homeward! Yet
You would I blame not Teucrians nor our league
And right hands clasped in friendship long ago
The lot ye deal me to mine age was owed
But if untimely doom was o er my son
Impending twill rejoice me that he smote
His Volscian thousands ere himself was slain
Leading the Teucrians into Latium Nay
Nor other funeral could I deem thy due
Pallas than good Aeneas hath devised
And the great Phrygians and the Tyrrhene lords
And all the host Tyrrhenian Trophies great

Stay I the Teucrians from the onset? Go
Bear heedfully this message to your king
That I bereft of Pallas still drag on

This hated life, thy right hand is the cause,
Which, well thou seest, to son alike and sire
Owes Turnus Yea, for fortune and exploit
No room is left thee else The joys of life
I ask not, 'tis forbid me but to bear

181

Now Prince Aeneas, now Tarchon, have set up
Their funeral pyres along the winding shore
Hither bare each the bodies of their kin,
With rite ancestral from the murky flames,

Compassed on steeds the mournful fires of death,
With loud lamentings Their tears rain on earth,
And rain on armour Up to heaven is borne
Shouting of men, and clarion blare Anon

And luckless weapons Many a steer around
To death falls stricken, and bristly swine and sheep,
From all the country ravished, they let bleed
Above the flame Then over the wide shore
They watch their comrades burning, and keep ward
O'er the charred embers, nor can tear them thence,
Till dewy night now turns the face of heaven,
Studded with glittering stars 202

Nor less, the while,
The hapless Latins, far remote, have reared
Innumerable pyres of many slain
Some in the delvèd earth they lay, some lift
And carry to the neighbouring fields, or send
Home to the city what remains one vast
And indistinguishable slaughter heap,
They burn untold, unhonoured. Then far and wide
Flare the void fields, thick sown with rival fires
Thrice dawn had driven chill darkness from the sky,

212

But now in homes of rich Latinus town
Is the chief uproar, and the mightiest share

Of long-drawn lamentation Mothers here
With their son's brides forlorn, here cherished hearts
Of sorrowing sisters, boys of sires bereft,
Curse the fell war and Turnus' bridal troth

219

Fierce Drances fans the fire, bears testimony
Turnus alone is challenged, he alone
Called to do battle Many a voice withal
In various counter strain for Turnus pleads,
The queen s great name o'ershadows him, the praise
Of many a well-earned triumph is his stay
Amid this stir and fiery tumult, lo!
From Diomede's great city, to crown all,
The envoys bring sad answer all their toils
For naught were lavished, naught have gifts, or gold,
Or strenuous prayers availed them, other arms
Must Latium look to, or with terms of peace
Approach Troy's monarch 'Neath that load of woe
Sinks King Latinus That Aeneas is here,
Fate borne at heaven's clear bidding, the god's wrath
Warns him, and those new graves before his eyes 233
Therefore a mighty council of his chiefs,
By royal mandate summoned, he convenes
Within his lofty portals They have flocked
Together, and all along the crowded ways
Stream toward the palace In the midst is set,
Eldest in years, and first in sceptred sway,
With joyless brow, Latinus Hereupon
The envoys from the Aetolian town returned
He bids declare their tidings, point by point

242

"O citizens,
We have seen Diomede and the Argive camp,
And overpassed all perils of the way,
And touched the hand whereby fell Ilium's realm.
He walled Argyripa was founding, named
From his own nation, in the new won fields
Of Iapygian Garganus So,
When we had entered, and gat leave to speak,
Our gifts we proffer, name and race declare,
Who our invaders, for what cause we come

What chance disturbs your quiet, and lures you on

In yonder Simois—have, the wide world through,
Paid, one and all, the forfeit of our crime

Far as to Proteus' pillars exiled dwells,
Ulysses hath the Aetnean Cyclops seen 263
Why of the realm of Neoptolemus
Tell, or Idomeneus' uprooted home,
Or Locrians dwelling on the Libyan shore?

For conquered Asia crouched a paramour.
To think that heaven hath grudged me to return
Home to my country's altars, and behold

274

Celestial frames and outraged with a wound
The hand of Venus Nay, constrain me not

280

Bear rather to Aeneas We have faced
The rude edge of his weapons, hand to hand

Had stormed the gates of Inachus, and Greece,
With doom reversed, were wailing All the time
We lingered 'neath the walls of stubborn Troy,
Twas Hector and Aeneas by whose might
Checked was Greek victory, and for ten years' space
Fell backward Both renowned for valour, both
Matchless for martial exploit, this man bare
The palm for goodness Hand to hand with him
Unite in friendship, by what means ye may,
But see your weapons shun the shock of his' 293
Thou hast heard the monarch s answer, gracious sire,
And what he counsels for this mighty war"

Scarce ceased the envoys, ere tumultuously
From mouth to mouth of the Ausonians ran
A various hubbub, as, when rocks impede
Some rushing river, from the imprisoned flood
A dull roar rises and the neighbour banks
Chafe loud with plashing waters Soon as hearts
Beat calm again, and busy tongues were still,

To have determined of our kingdom's weal,
Nor at such hour to bid you to debate,
While foemen sit before the walls A war
Disastrous wage we, O my countrymen,
With the gods offspring and a hero-race

307

If aught ye had, resign it. His own hope
Is every man but this how frail ye see,
All else, in what wide ruin overthrown,
Needs but the witness of your eyes and hands
Nor blame I any, what utmost valour could,
We have compassed, with the realm's whole strength
have striven 313
Now mark, the upshot of my wavering thoughts
I will unfold, and—give me your good heed—
Teach briefly Bordering on the Tuscan stream
An ancient tract have I, stretched westward far
Past the Sicanian borders tilled it is

Or lofty pine-clad highland, be made o er

To Teucrian friendship, and just terms of peace
Name we and summon them to share our realm 322
Here let them settle, if this be their desire,
And build them ramparts But, if other bounds,
Another folk than ours they list to win,
Are free to quit our borders,—twice ten ships
Of oak Italian frame we, ay, or more,
If they can man them, by the water's edge
Lies wood enow, their number and their size
Themselves shall teach us, be it ours to give
Brass hands, and shipmen s tackle Furthermore,
For word hereof, and warrant of our league,
I will a hundred Latins, noblest born,
Make embassage, and proffer boughs of peace,
And bear them presents—talent weights of gold,
And ivory, and a chair and robe of state,
Our royal emblems Freely before all
Give counsel, and uphold the weary state" 335
Then Drances foe inveterate, whom the fame
Of Turnus aye with sidelong envy stirred
And stung to bitterness, lavish of wealth,
Tongue valiant, but a frosty hand for war,
At council board no vain adviser held,

342
"Obscure to none
Nor needing voice of ours, O gracious sire,
The theme that thou debatest. One and all
Whereto the State's weal tendeth own they know,
Yet dare but mutter Let him now concede
Untrammelled speech and his blown pride abate,
Through whose disastrous leading, froward men—
Ay I will speak it, though with arms and death
He menace me—so many stars of war
Have we seen set, and the whole city plunged
In mourning, while the Trojan camp he braves,
Counting on flight, and scares the heaven with arms 351
Yet one to all those gifts thou badest send
Or promise to the Dardans—add but one,
Thrice gracious king, and let no blusterer s wrath
O ersway thee not to give thy daughter, sire,
In meet espousal to a peerless son,
And on this treaty set a lasting seal
But if such terror hold us, heart and mind,

Himself conjure we, sue his grace to yield,

O fount and well spring of our Latium's ills? 361
No safety is in war 'tis peace we all
Crave of thee, Turnus, and, with peace, her one
Inviolable pledge I first, whom thou

Enough of routs and slaughters have we seen,
Vast tracts have left to desolation Else,
If glory stir thee, if such hardihood
Thou nurse within thy breast, so hug to heart
A palace for thy bridal dower, be bold,
And launch thee fearless on the opposing foe 370
Must we, that Turnus to his arms may take
A royal bride, as paltry lives forsooth,
A herd unwept, unburied, strew the plain?
Thou too, if there be in thee aught of force,
Aught of the war-god of thy sires, confront
And face thy challenger."

As thus he spake
Out blazed the fury of Turnus, loud he groaned,
And from his bosom's depth these words broke way' 377
"Lavish, I wot is aye thy wealth of tongue,
Drances, when war demandeth hands and when
The sires are summoned, there the first art thou
Nathless naught need we fill our court with words,
Which big albeit, fly from thee safe enow,
While the wall rampart keeps the foe at bay,
Nor blood yet drowns the trenches Ay, let peal
The wordy thunder, 'tis thy wont of old,

With trophies What the pulse of valour can,
Yet may'st thou prove nor far methinks to seek,
But round our very ramparts swarm the foe
We march to meet them wherefore hold'st aback?
Or will the war god ever make his home
But in that windy tongue, those flying feet? 391
What, vanquished? I? Will any, thou foul liar,
Flout me as vanquished justly, who beholds
Tiber still swelling o'er with Ilian blood,

Evander's whole house by the roots laid low,

Penned and shut fast within the foeman s wall 398
'No safety in war? Such brainless bodings keep
For thine own fortune, and the Dardan s head

Latinus arms beside it Now, forsooth,
The Myrmidonian lords and Tydeus son
Tremble before the Phrygian host, now, too,
Achilles of Larissa and Aufidus

Ne er shalt thou forfeit, let it with thee dwell,
Of that thy breast fit denizen Now, sire,
To thee and thy great counsels I return 410
If in our arms thou rest no further hope,
If we so friendless are, and, routed once,
Are utterly o erthrown and fortune foiled
Hath no retrieval, pray we then for peace,
And reach out helpless hands But ah! if aught
Were ours of wonted valour, him would I
Deem before all men of his travail blest,
Peerless of soul, who such a sight to shun,
Fell once for all and bit the dust, in death
But if means yet be ours a host for war
Unminished, and Italia s towns and tribes
Remain to aid us if with outpoured blood
Troy bought her triumph—for their own dead have
they,
And the like tempest swept o'er all—why thus
Inglorious faint we on the threshold s edge?
Why quake our limbs before the trumpet-call? 424
Time, and the shifting toil of changeful days,
Hath many a lot repaired and many a man
Wave after wave of fortune hath by turns
Played with and planted on firm ground again
The Aetolian—Arpi—will not succour us
Yet will Messapus and Tolumnius blest,

And all those chiefs by many a nation sent,
Nor will scant fame attend the chosen flower
Of Latium and Laurentum's land Ours too,
Camilla, from the Volscians' peerless stem,
Heading her horse troop, squadrons bright with
brass 433
But if the Teucrian lords bid me alone
Do battle, and ye would have it so, and I
Stand here the hinderer of your common good,

And my bride's sire, Latinus, I devote
My life—I Turnus of the brave of old
Second to none in valour Me alone
Aeneas summons? Let him, I implore,
Nor Drances rather, if heaven's wrath be here,
With his life pay the forfeit nor, if here
Prowess and honour, bear the palm away!' 444

So of dark issues held they hot debate
Aeneas meanwhile moved on from camp to field
Lo! one with tidings, amid uproar wild

From Tiber's river o'er all the plain At once
Confusion and heart shaking seize the crowd,
And wrath roused in them with no gentle stings
With quivering hands they clutch at arms for arms

Even as in some tall grove when flocks of birds
Have settled, or on Padusa's fishy stream
Swans hoarsely cry athwart the clamorous pools 458
"Ay, crowd to council, citizens' Turnus cries,
Seizing the moment, "and sit praising peace,
While they rush armed on empire' No word more
He uttered, but, up-starting swiftly flung
From out the lofty hall "Thou, Volusus,
Bid arm the Volscian cohorts" he exclaimed,
"And lead the Rutules on Messapus thou
And Coras with thy brother, array the horse,

And o'er the wide plain spread them Some secure
Each access to the town, and man the towers,
The rest, where I shall bid, fall on with me" *467*
At once a wild rush to the wall begins
From every quarter Sire Latinus too
Quits council, and breaks off his high designs,
By the dark hour dismayed, and oft his heart
Upbraids him that he freely welcomed not
Dardan Aeneas to the adopted rank
Of citizen and son Before the gates
Others dig trenches, or heave stakes and stones
On shoulder The hoarse clarion for the fray
Gives bloody signal Then in motley ring
Boys, see, and matrons gird the ramparts, all
To one last effort summoned Furthermore,
Up to the temple that crowns Pallas' height,

Her comely eyes cast earthward Entering in,
The matrons fill the holy place with smoke
Of incense, and send forth a mournful cry
From the high portal "O mighty in arms,
And mistress of the sword, Tritonian maid,
Break with thy might the Phrygian robber's spear,
Himself cast prone on earth, and spurn him low
Beneath our lofty gates" Turnus the while
With emulous fury arms him for the fray *486*
Even now, the ruddy breastplate donned, he stood
Bristling with brazen scales his legs he had sheathed
In golden cuishes, and, bare browed as yet,
But battle-blade on thigh, all golden shone,
As down he hies him from the fortress height
Exulting, and in hope forestalls the foe
As with snapped tether free at length, a horse
Breaks stall, and, launched upon the open plain,
Or seeks the herds and pastures of the mares,
Or, wont to plunge him in the well known stream,
Darts forth, and, rearing his proud crest on high,
Neighs for mere wantonness the tossing mane
Plays over neck and shoulder Him to meet,
Backed by her Volscian host, Camilla sped,

501

I dare and pledge me here Troy s troop to face
And sole against the Tyrrhene horsemen ride
Let me first prove the perils of the fray
Tarry thou here on foot beside the wall
And guard the ramparts Whereunto replied
Turnus his eyes on the dread maiden fixed
O maiden glory of Italy what thanks
Can I or hope to utter or repay?
But since thy spirit doth all price out soar
Share now the task with me Aeneas tis said—
And scouts sent forth confirm the tale—hath pushed
Forward relentless still his light armed horse
To scour the plain himself mounting the ridge
Draws cityward by the lone mountain heights *514*
In the wood s hollow track a sleight of war
I purpose—to beset with armèd men
The thoroughfare of the mountain gorge Do thou
Meet and do battle with the Etruscan horse
Valiant Messapus at thy side will be
With Latium s squadron and Tiburtus band
Take thou too on thyself a leader s sway
So saying Messapus and the federate chiefs
Cheered with like words to battle he moves to meet
The foe There is a vale that curves and bends
Well framed for stratagems and wiles of war
Hemmed in on either side by wooded walls
Impenetrably dark Hereinto leads
A narrow footpath and a strait ravine
Churlish of access Over it there lies
High on the watch towers of the mountain top
A broad expanse unlooked for safe retreat
[illegible] nd
529

Within the treacherous forest
But meanwhile
Latona s daughter in the halls of heaven
Addressed fleet Opis of the sacred band
Of maids that be her fellows and poured forth
These sorrowing words Lo! to the cruel war
Goes forth Camilla maiden and in vain

Touched with a sudden charm When Metabus

Now driven through hate of his tyrannic sway
Forth from his realm Privernum s ancient hold

Camilla for Casmilla To the long
Lone forest heights he sped still carrying her
Before him on his bosom From all sides
Fierce darts beset him and in circling swarms
Hovered the Volscian soldiery when lo!

Love for the babe withholds him and he quakes
For his dear burden Pondering every way
Hardly at last this swift resolve took root 551
A huge spear which the warrior s stalwart hand
Bare of hard knotted and fire seasoned oak—
To this he lashed his daughter swathed in bark
Of the wild cork and midmost of the shaft

I vow this babe thy servant I her sire
Thy weapon first she grasps and from her foe
Flies through the air thy suppliant For thine own
Goddess receive her I implore who now
Is to the random breezes given He spake
Drew back his arm and strongly wheeled the spear
And threw it the waves roared over the swift stream
Flies poor Camilla on the hurtl ng dart 563

Nor had his wild heart brooked it but he led
A life of shepherds on the lonely hills

572

Hung from her head adown the back Even then
With tender hand she launched her puny darts
And whirling round her head the smooth thonged
sling
Struck crane Strymonian or white swan to earth
Her many a mother through the Tyrrhene towns
Sought for their sons but vainly Well content
To mate alone with Dian she cherishes
A lifelong passion for the hunter s darts
And maidenhood unsullied Would she had ne er,
Caught up by such a wave of war essayed
To brave in fight the Teucrians! so were she
Still dear and of my maiden band to-day *586*
But come since harsh fate dogs her hard at heel
Glide nymph from heaven *and Latium s borders*
seek
Where now begins the dark ill omened fray
Take these and pluck from quiver a vengeful shaft
Herewith whoe er with wound her sacred flesh—
Or Trojan or Italian—shall profane
Let him like quittance pay me blood for blood
Thereafter I in hollow cloud will bear
Her hapless corse for burial and of arms
All undespoiled to her own land restore

596

Told into ordered troops The war steed neighs
Paws the wide plain and with the tight-drawn curb
Fights as he faces to this side and that
Then bristles the wide plain with iron spears
And the field blazes with their brandished blades
Nor less Messapus Latium s swift foot sons
And Coras with his brother and the light troop
Of maid Camilla show forth upon the plain
Confronting them with back-drawn hands afar
They couch the spear or shake the quivering lance *606*
And fiery fierce now grows the tramp of men
Neighing of steeds By this had either host
Paused within spear-cast then with sudden shout
Forward they burst cheer on their maddened steeds
And all together from all sides pour forth
Darts thick as snowflakes that obscure the sky
At once Tyrrhenus and Aconteus keen
Rush each on each with spears that meet amain

And first deal thunderous downfall, either steed
Shock shattered with the brunt of breast to breast.
Aconteus, like a levin *bolt flung forth*,

617

Troy gives them chase, Asilas leads the van
And now the gates they near, when once again
The Latins lift the war shout, and wheel round

Shoots o'er the crags in torrent foam, and bathes
With curvèd billow all the sandy bourne,
Now, with swift ebb, retreats, and sucking back
The shingle, leaves the beach with gliding shoal 628
Twice o'er the Tuscans to their ramparts drive
The Rutules headlong, and twice o'er look back
Routed, and sling behind their covering shields
But when, for the third onset charging home,
Army gripped army, and man singled man
Then were there dying groans, and deep in blood

His shoulders nor wounds daunt him such a front
He offers to all weapons The spear sped,
And, quivering through the mighty shoulder joints,
Pinned, and bowed double all his bulk with pain 645
Dark blood flows wide, as with the sword they slay,
Fighting, or seek through wounds a glorious death
But midst the slaughter, like an Amazon,

The doughty war axe with unwearying grasp,
While from her shoulder clangs the golden bow,
The arms of Dian Nay, if forced to fly,
And backward beaten with bow turned she aims
Retreating arrows Round about her throng
The comrades of her choice, Larina, maid,

658

Like Thracian Amazons when Thermodon's flood
Shakes to their tramp as in gay arms they ride
To battle or round Hippolyte, or when
Penthesilea child of Mars, from war
Comes charioted and all the woman host
With loud tumultuous shouting madly prance,
Armed with their moony shields Whom first, whom
last,
Fierce maiden didst thou dash to earth? What tale
Of warrior forms stretch dying in the dust? 665

Liris and o er him Pegasus, of whom
One thrown in act to gather up the reins,

She adds Amastrus, son of Hippotas,
And leaning forward, plies with spear from far
Tereus Harpalycus Demophoon,
And Chromis yea for every shaft that sped,
Hurled from the maiden s hand some Phrygian fell.

683

Him now she caught—amid the battle's rout
Light task enow—and speared, and over him
Cried in fierce scorn ' O Tuscan, didst thou deem
'Twas forest-game thou huntedst? Lo! the day

Is come that shall your people's vaunts refute

And Butes next, in bulk Troy's mightiest twain
But Butes from behind she stabbed, where gleamed
The neck 'twixt helm and hauberk, as he rode,

693

Pursuing the pursuer Then at length,
Up towering higher, through basnet and through
bone
With strokes redoubled the strong axe she drives
For all his supplicating cries the wound
Spatters his face with the hot brain Here happed
Upon her path, and at the sudden sight
Hung terrified aback, the warrior son
Of Aunus, dweller upon Apennine,
Not meanest of Ligurians, while the Fates

Essaying to ply trickery, thus begins
What glory is it, woman as thou art,
To trust in a steed's strength? Give o'er escape,
Dare close with me on equal ground, and come
Gird thee to fight on foot, full soon shalt know
To whom vain boasting bringeth bane He spake,
She, stung to fury, and with the bitter smart

711

Passes the steed, confronts him grasps the rein,

High in the cloud, and, clutched within his gripe,

Mangles her body with hooked feet, the while
Blood and rent feathers flutter from the sky 724

But with no eyeless watch the Sire of men
And gods hereon from high Olympus' top
Sit gazing To the ruthless fight he goads
Tyrrhenian Tarchon with no gentle stings
Pricks him to fury So, mid weltering heaps,
Ranks wavering rides he, with this cry or that
Kindles the troops, and, calling each by name,
Rallies the runaways to fight What fear,
O never to be shamed, O laggards still!
What coward sloth hath seized your Tuscan hearts? 733
Routs and makes rabble of such ranks as these
A woman? Say why then wield we sword or grasp
These idle darts? To love naught slack are ye
And nightly bouts or, when the wry necked fife
Of Bacchus hath the dance proclaimed to look
For revel and wine-cup on the loaded board—
Your joy your passion this—till favouring seer
Announce the sacred feast and victim fat
To the tall groves invite you Thus he spake,
And courting his own death amid the press
Spurs and at Venulus like a whirlwind drives,
Hales him from horse and in a foeman s grip
Clasped to his breast bears off at furious speed. 744
A shout goes up to heaven all Latin eyes
Upon them turn Like fire along the plain
Bearing both man and armour, Tarchon flies
Then from the foe s spear snapping off the head,
Gropes for a vulnerable point, to deal
A death blow The other from his throat the while,
[illegible] 750

Scourging the air with pinion strokes e'en so
Tarchon from Tibur s battle ranks bears off
His prize in triumph Maeonia's sons rush on
Following their chief s example and success
Then Arruns ripe for doom, wheels dart in hand,
Round swift Camilla, and, with many a wile
Preventing tries what chance may best bestead.

Where'er the maid spurs furious 'mid the ranks,
There up comes Arruns, silent scours her track—
Where'er triumphant from the foe retires,
Thither turns he his swift and furtive rein

Sacred to Cybele, and erewhile her priest,
In Phrygian arms shone glorious from afar,
Urging his foamy steed, its saddle-cloth
A fell with brass scales feathered, clasped with gold. 771
In foreign purple darkly dight he rode,

burned
With woman's love of booty and of spoil,
When Arruns from his ambush seized at last
The moment, and let speed his javelin, thus

The glow of heaped pine, while 'midst the fire
Thy votaries we, by holy zeal up borne,
In the live embers deep our footprints press,
Grant, Sire, that this foul shame, for thou canst all,
Be by my darts abolished I desire
Nor arms, nor trophies of the maid s defeat,

793

Half the fulfilment of his prayer, but half
To the fleet winds he scattered To lay low
Camilla with swift stroke of death—thus far

So, when the spear sped hurtling, launched through
heaven,
Their eager thoughts and eyes the Volscians all
Turned toward the queen She only nor of breeze
Nor hurtling sound nor sky borne weapon weened,
Till, buried in her protruding breast, the spear
Clave, deeply driven, and drank her maiden blood *804*
Her scared troop hurry round her, and sustain
Their sinking mistress Fearful beyond all
Flies Arruns, terror mingling with his joy,
Nor longer dares he on his lance rely,
Nor face the maidens weapons And as the wolf,
Ere hostile darts can follow, plunges straight
By pathless ways into the mountain heights,
If shepherd he hath slain, or mighty bull,
And 'ware of his bold deed, with slackened tail
Clapped quivering neath his belly, seeks the woods,
So Arruns whirled from men's eyes madly, plunged,
Content with flight, amid the warrior throng *815*
She plucks the dart with dying hand, but deep
Betwixt the rib-bones sticks the embedded steel
Bloodless she droops, droop too her death-chilled
eyes,
The once bright colour from her face has ebbed.
Then thus with failing breath to Acca one
Of her companions spake she, who alone
Of all Camilla s maiden band had been
Friend of her bosom, and partner of her cares·
Acca my sister, 'in such wise she spake,
' I can no more even now the bitter wound
Quells me and all around grows dim and dark
Fly bear to Turnus this my latest word *825*
Bid him bear up the battle, and ward off
The Trojans from the wall And now—farewell"
So saying, she dropped the reins all helplessly
Gliding to earth Then, cold and colder grown,
Slowly she slipped the body's bonds, let fall
The neck now nerveless, and death ravished head,
Dropping her war-gear, and the spirit passed
Moaning indignant to the shades below
Then boundless uproar surging heavenward strikes
The golden stars, around Camilla fallen
The fight grows bloodier, in one dense array
On rush the Teucrian host, the Tyrrhene chiefs,
And, flanking all, Evander's Arcad horse. *835*
But Opis, Trivia's sentinel long since,

Throned on the mountain height, sits undismayed
Watching the conflict When amid the din
Of raging warriors far away she spied
Camilla by death s bitter doom fordone,
She groaned, and thus with heart-drawn utterance
spake
'Dearly, too dearly, maid, hast thou atoned
Thine armed defiance of the sons of Troy,
Nor aught availed thee in green solitudes
To have served Dian or on shoulder borne
The quiver of our craft Yet hath thy queen
Not left thee, even in death s extremity,
Bare of all honour, nor shall this thine end
Be noised not through the world nor thou endure
An unavengèd name For whosoe er
With desecrating wound hath pierced thy flesh,
The well earned forfeit with his life shall pay"
'Neath a tall mountain stood the giant tomb
Of King Dercennus the Laurentine old
Of mounded earth and roofed with ilex dark *851*
Here first the lovely goddess with swift spring
Plants her, and from the lofty rising ground
Spies Arruns When in flashing armour bright

Due guerdon Must such as thou by Dian s darts
Perish? She spake and like a Thracian maid,
Forth from gilt quiver plucked a winged shaft,
Stretched it on bow to strike him and drew far,
Until the bent tips meeting and both hands
Now level with her left the point she touched,

The barb within his body Him, gasping out
Life s latest groan his comrades leave to lie
Forgotten in the plain s unnoted dust,
Opis to high Olympus wings her way *867*
First flies of queen bereft Camilla s troop
Of light armed horse the Rutules break and fly,
Flies keen Atinas captains scattered far
And cohorts leaderless for shelter make,
And backward turning, for the ramparts ride
Nor any can with darts sustain the rush
Of the death-dealing Teucrians or make stand

Against them but their unstrung bows they cast
On fainting shoulders, and the four foot tramp
Of galloping horse-hooves shakes the crumbling plain
Rolls toward the ramparts a black storm of dust,
And on the watch towers mothers beat their breasts,
And raise a woman's wail aloft to heaven 878
Who through the open gates dash first, on these
The foe press madly mingling with the rout,
Nor scape they piteous slaughter, but thrust through
Even on the threshold, with their native walls
And sheltering homes around gasp out their lives
Some close the gates and dare not to their friends
Open or let them pass, for all their prayers,
Within the ramparts and anon begins
Most piteous carnage as these guard with swords
The portal those upon the sword points rush 886
Shut out before their weeping parents eyes,
Into the trenches some are headlong hurled
By the wild rout some spurring at full speed,
With battering force tilt blindly at the gates
And their stout barriers At the conflict's height
The very mothers from the walls—true love
Of country points them—when their eyes beheld
Camilla shower down darts with trembling hand,
With stout oak truncheons and fire hardened stakes
Hotly they strive to ape the strength of steel,
And foremost for their ramparts burn to die 895
Meanwhile amid the wood fills Turnus ear
The terrible tale and fraught with dire amaze
Comes Acca's word the Volscian ranks are quelled,
Camilla fallen the foe rush fiercely on,
And with triumphant arms have swept the field
Now to the ramparts spreads the panic. He,
Raging—so rules it Jove's relentless will—
Quits his hill ambush, the rough wood forsakes
Scarce had he passed from sight, and gained the plain,
Ere Prince Aeneas enters the void glen,
And tops the ridge and quits the forest-gloom 905
So swiftly both with all their war array
March town ward, nor far parted each from each,
And lo! Aeneas at once beheld the plain
Smoking with dust afar, and therewithal
Laurentum's host, and Turnus was aware
Of fell Aeneas armed for fight, and heard
The approach of tramping feet and neighing steeds
And straight in shock of battle would they clash

But ruddy Phoebus in the Iberian flood
Now dips his tired team, and with ebbing day
Bids night return Before the city walls
They bivouac, and entrench the ramparts round. *915*

BOOK XII

When Turnus saw the Latins had waxed faint,
Crushed by the war's reverse, his promise now
Claimed for fulfilment, all eyes turned on him,
With wrath implacable he burns, and rears
Aloft his courage As lo! on Punic plains
A lion, his breast by hunters wounded sore,
At last to battle stirs him, with fierce joy
Shakes from his neck the shaggy mane, and snaps
The robber's rooted weapon, undismayed,
Roaring with blood stained mouth, not otherwise,
Once fired the rage of Turnus swells apace
Then thus the king accosts he, and begins
With blustering speech "In Turnus is no stop,
Yon dastards of Aeneas have no plea
Their bond to cancel, or their vows recant   12
I go to meet him Bring the holy rites,
Sire, and rehearse the treaty Or will I
To Tartarus hurl this Dardan runagate
From Asia—let the Latins sit and see—
With my sole arm our common shame rebut;
Or let him hold us as his thralls of war,
And take to bride Lavinia."
With calm breast
Answered Latinus "Peerless hearted youth,
The loftier mounts thy valour, the more meet
That I stint naught of counsel, weigh with fear
All issues Thine is thy sire Daunus' realm,
And many a war won city, nor lack I
Latinus gold or the goodwill to give   23
In Latium's and Laurentum's realm are yet
Maids, nor of race to shame thee Let me strip
The ungentle utterance bare of all disguise,
And thou in soul absorb it unto none,
Who heretofore came wooing, might I wed
My daughter, so sang gods alike and men
Won o'er by love of thee, won o'er by claim
Of kinship and my sorrowing consort's tears,
I brake all fetters, plucked from her true lord
The plighted bride, and flew to impious arms.   31
Thenceforth what perils, what wars pursue me still,

Turnus thou seest yea and what mighty toils
Thyself art first to suffer On stricken field
Twice conquered scarce within our walls we guard
The hopes of Italy Tiber waves are yet
Warm with our blood the wide plain white with
bones
Why drift I back so oft? What madness turns
My purpose? If the light of Turnus quenched

39

In Italy beside them if to death—
Fortune refute the word!—I thee betray
Seeking our daughter and alliance? Mark
War s shifting chances pity thine old sire
Whom now his native Ardea far aloof
Holds sorrowing With such words he bends no whit
The fury of Turnus it but mounts the more
Grown worse with healing When his lips at length
Gat utterance he begins Prithee good sire
The load of care that for my sake thou hast
Lay for my sake aside and suffer me

Will be his goddess mother with a cloud
To shield the recreant woman like and hide
Her form in empty shadows 53
But the queen
At these new terms of battle sore dismayed
Stood weeping and as one resolved to die
Clave to her fiery son By these my tears
O Turnus and if aught still touch thy heart
Of reverence for Amata—thou art now
Sole hope and solace of my sad old age
Latinus honour and imperial sway
Rest in thy keeping upon thee alone

Turnus for me the selfsame hour will I
Quit the loathed light nor with a captive s eyes
Look on Aeneas as my daughter s lord 63
Lavinia heard her mother s voice with cheek
Flaming and tear suffused for a deep flush
Kindled and o er her burning features ran

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[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Won o er by love of thee, won o'er by claim
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] *31*
Thenceforth what perils, what wars pursue me still,

Who dost all wars with power paternal sway, *180*
And Floods I call, and Fountains, and what Awe
Dwells in high heaven, what gods in the blue sea
If victory to Ausonian Turnus hap,
We vanquished will depart—so stands the bond—
Hence to Evander's town, Iulus then
Shall quit the soil, nor e'er in after time,
Armed for new war, Aeneas' sons return,
Or vex this kingdom with invasion But,
If victory will the battle to our hand—
As I deem rather, and so seal it heaven!—
Nor shall Italian at my bidding bow
To Teucrian, nor list I to reign, let both,
Unconquered, beneath equal laws unite
191

And, as my sire, the daily round of State
For me the Teucrians shall build walls, my town
Be named from fair Lavinia' So spake first
Aeneas and after him Latinus thus,
Eyes raised to heaven, and right hand star ward
stretched
"Now by the self-same Earth, Sea, Stars, I swear,
Aeneas, and by Latona's double brood,
And two faced Janus, and the might of gods
Infernal, and relentless Pluto's shrine, *199*
Let the Sire hear, who doth on treaties set
His seal of thunder I these altars touch
The flames and powers betwixt us I adjure
No lapse of time shall break for Italy
This covenant of peace, betide what may,
Nor any force me from my purpose turn,
Nay, not though earth into the waves be washed
In one blind deluge, and the vault of heaven
Poured into Tartarus as this sceptre here —
For sceptre in right hand he chanced to wield—
Shall never into light leaved twigs expand,
Or shady spray, since in the greenwood once,

Bound in fair brass, for Latin sires to hold *211*
So spake they, pledging mutual vows of peace,
Amid the gazing lords, then solemnly
Let bleed the sacred victims o'er the flame,

Spurs at and scares Aulestes Tuscan king,
Dight with the kingly diadem but he,
Luckless leaps backward, strikes the altar stone
Behind him and rolls head and shoulders o er. 288
Up speeds Messapus fiery swift, with spear
Huge as a beam and towering upon steed
Deals him for all his prayers one deadly blow
Downward and cries "He hath it here behold
A nobler victim to the high gods given!"
Italia s folk throng round him and despoil
The yet warm body Then Corynaeus snatched
A charred brand from the altar and therewith,

Following he clutches in left hand the locks
Of his dazed foe, with push of bended knee
Pins him to earth, and buries the stark blade
Deep in his side As shepherd Alsus rushed
Through showering darts along the battle s front,
Lo! Podalirius with bare blade pursues
And overhangs him whom with axe swung back
Full in his face he cleft from brow to chin
Drenching his armour with wide-spattered gore. 308
Stern rest and iron slumber seal his eyes,
And their orbs close in everlasting night

Whence springs this sudden quarrel? O curb your ire!
The league is stricken, and all its laws allowed,
I only may do battle balk me not,
And have no fear this hand shall consummate
The treaty by these rites is Turnus mine' 317
As thus he spake even in mid utterance, lo!
Wing borne against him glides a whizzing shaft,
Launched by what hand, who steered its stormy
speed,
Knows no man nor what power, or chance, or god,
Glory so boundless to the Rutule brought,
The fame of that high deed lay locked from sight,
And none e'er boasted of Aeneas' wound
When Turnus marked Aeneas quit the host,
The chiefs dismayed, with sudden hope he fires,
Anon cries out for horses and for arms
Springs proudly on the car, and grasps the reins

Spear after spear and hurls them on the fliers. 330
As when at furious speed anigh the banks
Of Hebrus icy wave blood-dabbled Mars
Clangs on his shield and rousing war lets loose
His raging steeds they scour the open plain
Swifter than south or west wind utmost Thrace
Groans with their hoof beat all around him rush
Dark frowning Fear and Wraths and Treacheries

At furious speed spirts showers of ruddy dew
And neath their tread the sand is caked with gore 340
Now Sthenelus to slaughter hath he given
And Thamyrus and Pholus, this and this
Encountering close that other from afar
From far both Glaucus too and Lades sons
Of Imbrasus whom Imbrasus himself
In Lycia reared and with like arms arrayed
To fight as footmen or out ride the winds
Elsewhere Eumedes hies him to the fray
The war famed son of ancient Dolon he

Pelides chariot with far other wage
Dowered for his daring by great Tydeus son
He to Achilles team no more aspires 352
Him Turnus eyeing afar on open plain

Trojan and measure those Hesperian fields
Thou cam st to fight for lo! such meed they win
So found their walls who dare me to the fray

361

Antheus and Mnestheus therewithal rush on
With serried column, from the abandoned camp
Streams the whole host Then all the plain is blent
In one blind dust-cloud, the affrighted earth
Trembles beneath their foot tread Turnus saw
From an opposing height, as on they came,
The Ausonians saw, and through their inmost bones
Ran a chill shudder instant before all
The Latin host Juturna heard the sound,
Knew it, and fled in terror He speeds on,

Shudder, afar foreboding, it will bring
Downfall to trees, destruction to the crops,
Whelm all in one wide havoc, the winds fly
Bearing its sound before it to the beach· 455
So the Rhoeteian chief his war host speeds

Achates hews in sunder Epulo,
And Gyas Ufens falls Tolumnius too,
The Augur, who had first hurled hostile dart.
The cry mounts heaven, and Rutules, chased in turn,

Or wielding javelins Turnus, him alone,
He tracks, still circling through the battle's night,
Bids him alone to combat. Hereupon
With fear heart-stricken, Juturna, the man maid,
Flings forth Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,
From twixt the reins, and leaves him far behind
Fallen from the pole, so leaps into his seat,

472

With circling pinion, for her noisy brood
Some tiny morsels gleaning, and now whirrs
Adown the empty corridors, and now
Round the moist fish ponds, with like course to hers,
Juturna through the thickest foemen drives,
Careering o'er the field with flying car.
Now here, now there, her brother she displays

In triumph, yet suffers not in fight to close,
But whirls far off away Aeneas no less
To meet him thrids the winding maze of war,
And tracks his steps and through the sundered ranks
With mighty voice defies him Oft as he
Spied out the foe and strove afoot to match
The flying hooves, so oft Juturna wheeled
And turned the chariot Ah! what can he do?
Tossed vainly on a restless tide, and called
Now this, now that way by conflicting cares!
At him Messapus, for his left hand chanced
To hold two supple javelins tipped with steel,
Up speeding lightly, levelled and let fly
One with unerring aim Aeneas stopped
Huddled behind his shield, and on one knee
Sank, yet the swift spear took his helmet top,
And smote away the crest plume Then up surged
His ire, and, by their treachery constrained,
While steeds and chariot whirl away from sight,

At last awakens indiscriminate

499

Now Turnus, now the Trojan hero drives?
Was it thy will, great Jove that folk with folk,
To everlasting peace ordained, should rush
So furiously together? Aeneas meets
Sucro the Rutule—and that fight first checked

blade 508
Amycus and Diores, brothers twain,

The brethren sent from Lycian land, and fields

Loved of Apollo and loathing war in vain,
Youthful Menoetes the Arcadian, who
By Lerna's fishy stream had erst his craft
And full poor home, nor cares of greatness knew,
Whose father needs must hire the land he sowed 520
As when two fires from points opposing fall
On a dry forest and brakes of rustling bay,
Or as down tumbling from the mountain heights,
Roar foamy rivers, and swept seaward strew
Each its own path with ruin so, swift as they,

Mouthing of sires and grandsires, names of yore—
A whole line downward traced through Latium's kings—
Aeneas with whirl of a huge craggy rock
Dashed headlong from his car, and stretched on earth,

534

Pierced helm and brain the weapon and there stuck
Nor could thine arm from Turnus win thee free,

Thee too Laurentum's plain, O Aeolus,

545

Thy stately home, thy stately home where lies
Lyrnesus, in Laurentum's soil thy tomb
Yea the whole lines now turning—Latins all,

Strain each to do man's uttermost, no pause,
No respite but one giant tug of war 553
Now from his beauteous mother was the thought
Borne on Aeneas to draw nigh the walls,
Upon the city launch his host amain,

And with swift slaughter Latium's folk confound
As through the ranks from point to point he roves,
Still tracking Turnus with wide-circling eye,
He marks the city from all that conflict free,
At ease and unmolested Fires his heart
Forthwith the vision of a mightier fray,
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold,
His chiefs, he summons, and plants him on a mound,
Where all the remnant of the Teucrian host
Throng dense around, but loosed not hold of shield
Or javelin Midmost on the hillock's height
Erect he cries "Let naught my bidding stay—
Jove with us stands—nor yet be any man,
That sudden seem the call, more slack to go *566*
To-day this city, the cause of war, itself
Latinus' seat of sovereignty, will I—
Except they take my bridle in their mouth,

To bide our onset, and, once beaten, brook
The fight's renewal? Here stands the head and front,
O countrymen, of this accursèd war
Bring torches quick! with tongues of fire reclaim
The treaty" He had said, when all, as one,
With emulous hearts, wedge welded, on the walls
In dense array bear down, and in a trice
Lo! ladders, and the flash of sudden fire! *576*
Some, scattering for the gates, who front them slay,
Some hurl the steel, and darken heaven with darts,
Aeneas, his right hand toward the rampart raised,
Chides with loud voice Latinus in their van,
Bids heaven attest him forced again to fight,
The folk of Italy twice o er his foes
And snapped the second treaty Strife up springs
Betwixt the fluttered townsmen some bid ope
The city-gates, let in the Dardans, yea,
Would to the ramparts hale their very king,
Others bring arms, and haste to man the walls *586*
As, when some shepherd hath a swarm of bees

Is heard a hum, rock-stifled and smoke soars

Into the void of air 592
This further fate
Befell the war worn Latins, and with grief
Shook the whole city to its base The queen,
When from her towers she sees the approaching foe,
Her walls assailed, fire to the house roofs fly,
No Rutule host, no sign of Turnus near

To the high beam a noose of hideous death 603
Whose woful end when Latium's women knew
Lavinia first, her daughter, with rude clutch
Tore flower like locks and vermeil cheek, then
The rest around her throng, one frenzied rout,
Rings the wide palace with their wail From hence
Through the whole city the dark tidings spread,
Hearts sink, Latinus with rent raiment goes,
Stunned by his consort's fate, the city's doom,
Soiling his white hair with unsightly dust 613

But Turnus, battling on the plain's last verge,
Still drives the minished stragglers, more and more
Slackening the while, and ever less and less
Exulting in his steeds' victorious course
Blent with blind terrors came the wind borne cry,
And from the city smote his straining ears
Sound of confusion, and no joyful hum
"Ah me! what mighty anguish shakes the walls?
What shrill cry from the city speeds afar?" 621
So saying half frantic he draws rein, and halts
To whom his sister, wearing still the form
Of charioteer Metiscus, as she swayed
Steeds, reins, and chariot, thus gives counter word
"This way pursue we yet the sons of Troy,
Turnus, where quickest victory clears a path,
Others there are may strike for house and home
Aeneas falls hotly on Italia's folk,
And spreads the broil of battle, hurl we too
Fierce havoc on the Teucrians nor in fame,
Nor tale of dead, shalt thou come worse away." 630
"Sister, long since I knew thee," Turnus cried,
"Who first by stratagem didst mar the league,

vert sent

Was it thy brother's piteous death to see?
For what can I? What pledge of safety yet
Doth Fortune yield me? Nay, these very eyes
Saw perish, and with my name upon his lips,
Murranus, dearest left of all my friends,
Mighty, and vanquished by a mighty wound 640
Fell ill starred Ufens, not to see my shame,
His corse, his arms, are now the Teucrians' spoil
And shall I suffer—that alone was left—
Our home's upheaval? nor with blows rebut
The taunts of Drances? Shall I fly?—this land
See Turnus play the runagate? Is death
A lot so grievous? O ye Powers of hell,
Befriend me, for heaven's face is turned away
To you, a stainless shade, will I descend,
Witless of that foul wrong, nor ever yet
Degenerate from my mighty sires of old ' 649
Scarce had he said when through the foemen's midst
Lo! Saces borne upon a foamy steed,
Comes rushing full in face an arrow wound,
By name conjuring Turnus as he flies
' Turnus, in thee is our last hope of life,
Have pity on thine own Aeneas in arms
... to hurl down,

On thee their looks, their eyes the Latins bend,
The King himself, Latinus, muttering, doubts
Whom to call son, to whose alliance turn
Aye, and the queen, thine ever staunchest friend,
Self slain, hath fled in terror from the light. 660
Messapus, keen Atinas, at the gates
Are our sole props of battle Around these
The serried lines throng close, and with bare blades
Bristles the iron harvest thou the while
Whirlest thy chariot o er an empty plain"
Wildered with manifold imaginings
Stood Turnus, mutely gazing in one heart
Seethe boundless shame, and madness mixed with grief,
And frenzy goaded love, and conscious worth
Soon as, the darkness from his heart dispelled,

Light dawned afresh toward the walls he bent
His burning eyeballs stormily and glanced
Back from his chariot on the mighty town
When lo! a spire of wreathed flame rolled on
From floor to floor went wavering up to heaven
And clasped the tower the tower which his own hand
Of welded beams had reared and under it
Set wheels and from aloft high gangways hung   675
Now sister now Fate masters us forbear
To hold me loitering follow me where heaven
And cruel fortune call Resolved am I
To grapple with Aeneas resolved to bear
The utmost of death s bitterness no more
Shalt see me shamed my sister Thus far first
Suffer the madman to give madness way
He spake and swiftly leapt from car to plain
And dashed through foes through javelins and there
left
[illegible]

By the wind s blast—whether with stormy shower
Washed free or loosened by slow lapse of years—
With mighty rush relentless the mass swings
Down the abyss and riots o er the plain
Men flocks and forests rolled along with it
So rushes Turnus through the scattered ranks
On to the city walls where streams the earth
Deepest with torrent gore and sings the wind
With missiles and there beckons with his hand,
And with loud voice begins Rutules forbear
And hold your darts ye Latins mine to-day
The award of Fortune whatsoe er it be
Let me— tis meeter—for your broken troth
Sole penance pay my sword alone decide   695
The mid ranks part asunder and make room
But Prince Aeneas hearing Turnus name
Forsakes the wall forsakes the lofty towers,
Spurns all delay breaks off all enterprise
Exultant and clangs terribly his arms
Vast as mount Athos or as Eryx vast
Old Apennine no vaster when he roars
Through all his quivering holm-oaks and aloft
With snowy crest soars jubilant to heaven   703
Now Rutules Trojans and Italians all
Turn emulous eyes—who held the lofty towers

Nor less who battered at the walls below—
And shield from shoulder drop Latinus even
Stood all amazed those mighty ones to see
Born in far distant climes, met man to man,
To try the sword s arbitrament But they,
Soon as the plain gave open space, dart forth,
Hurl from afar their spears and with loud clang
Of brazen bucklers dash into the fray 712
Earth groans and thick and fast the sword strokes
shower,
Valour with chance commingling Even as when
On mighty Sila or Taburnus top
Two bulls for fierce encounter each on each
Rush, brow to brow, the affrighted keepers fly,
The herd stands hushed in fear the heifers muse
Which of the twain shall lord it o er the grove,
Which all the kine must follow they mix amain
Blow upon blow, and gore with butting horns,
Blood streams o er neck and shoulder all the grove
Rebellows with the roar not otherwise
Trojan Aeneas and the Daunian chief
Clash shields together the vast din fills heaven 724
Two scales at equipoise in his own hand
Holds Jupiter and sets therein of both
The diverse destinies—whom travail dooms
Whose weight with death sinks downward Hereupon
Forth Turnus darts nor dreaming of mishap
Rears his whole height to the uplifted sword,
And strikes Trojans and Latins all a quake
Cry out both armies stand at eager gaze

734

He mounted his sire s sword in headlong haste
Then left behind him he caught up the brand
Of charioteer Metiscus and, while yet
The straggling Teucrians turned their backs in flight,

ere

Spreads a waste fen, here girdling ramparts tower. 745
Nor less Aeneas, though, hindered by the wound,
His knees oft fail him, and their speed deny,
Pursues and hotly presses, stride by stride,
The panting foe as, when a hound of chase
Lights on a stag hemmed in by river-bend,
Or hedged about with scare of crimson plumes,
With foot and clamorous tongue it plies him, he,
Or of the toils, or the steep bank afeared,
Darts here, darts there a thousand ways, but close
Clings the keen Umbrian open mouthed, and seems
Now, now to clutch him, and, as though he clutched,
Snaps with his jaws, and baffled bites the air. 755
Ah! then a shout uprises, marge and mere
Re-echo round all heaven roars back the din
He flying upbraids the while, calls, each by name,
The Rutules, clamouring for the sword he knew.
Aeneas in turn vows death and present doom,

. . . . . .

They measure in their course, as oft again
Unravel and retrace them, for not light
The prize they seek, nor trivial, the heart's blood
And very life of Turnus are at stake 765
A bitter leaved wild olive, as it chanced,
Sacred to Faunus, here had stood, a tree
Revered of old by seamen, where they wont,
Snatched from the billows, to set gifts, and hang
Their votive raiment to Laurentum's god
But Teucrian hands indifferently had shorn
The sacred trunk away, thereby to win
Clear space for shock of battle. Here stood fixed
The lance of Aeneas, hither its own rush
Had driven and in the tough root held it fast. 774
The son of Dardanus bent over it,
Fain by sheer strength to wrench the weapon free,
And follow up with spear, whom catch with speed
He could not Then at last, with terror crazed,
Cried Turnus "Pity me, O Faun, I pray,
And, kind earth, keep the weapon, if I still
Held dear your honours, which the Aeneadae
Have with foul war polluted." So he spake,
Nor to vain prayers invoked the aid of heaven 780
For wrestling, lingering o'er the stubborn stem,
No strength availed Aeneas to prise ope

The knotty vice While hard he tugs and strains,
Forth darts the Daunian goddess, changed once more
To charioteer Metiscus, and restores
Her brother the lost sword Then Venus, wroth
At the nymph's chartered arrogance, drew near,
And from the deep root wrenched the weapon free
So both elate, with arms and courage new,
He trusting to his sword, and he with spear
Impetuously up towering, take their stand
Face to face, panting, in the lists of war 790

Meanwhile the Lord of heaven's almighty throne
To Juno speaks, as from a golden cloud
She marks the strife "Say, what shall be the end,
O consort? or what yet remains to do?
Full well thou knowest, and dost thyself allow,
Heaven claims Aeneas a tutelary god,
Fate lifts him to the stars What schem'st thou yet?
With what hope hang'st amid these chilly clouds?
A god by mortal wounded—was it meet?
Or—for what could Juturna without thee?—
In Turnus' hand to set the sword anew,
[illegible] had? Nay

[illegible]

Nor bitter woes from thy sweet lips so oft
Return to vex me Lo! the bound is reached;
To chase the Teucrians over land or wave
[illegible] to kindle monstrous strife,

[illegible]

Thus Jupiter and thus with look demure
Replies Saturnia 'Even because thy will
Was known to me great Jove, have I forsook
Turnus and earth, unwilling, else shouldst thou
Not see me thus on my lone airy seat,
Patient of foul or fair, but girt with fire
I on the battle's very verge had stood
Drawing the Teucrians on to deadly fray. 811
Juturna—I confess—*I moved to aid*
Her hapless brother, for his life's sake allowed
Scope to her daring, not to hurl the dart
Or bend the bow. I swear it by the source
Of Stygian wave inexorable, sole awe
[illegible] vouchsafed to gods above
[illegible] strife. 818

Affright me There he ceased and glancing round,
Spied a vast stone an ancient stone and vast
Which chanced to lie there for a landmark pitched
Twixt rival fields to sever on the plain
Scarce could twice six of such as earth in bulk
Now bears upon their necks have heaved it he
Caught with quick hand and hurled it on the foe
High towering and at hero s utmost speed
Yet knew he not himself as on he rushed
Or reared aloft and swung the mighty stone
But his knees totter his blood curdles cold
Nor the stone s self which through the void he
whirled
Sped to full distance or brought home the blow 907
Even as in dreams of night when languorous sleep
Weighs down the eyelids with vain wish we seem
Some eager course to ply but helpless sink
Even in mid effort and the tongue lacks power
And the limbs wonted strength besteads us not
Nor voice nor utterance follows even so
Strain as his valour might the goddess fell
Bars Turnus from fulfilment Through his heart
Shift changeful phantasies on Rutule host
And on the town he gazes and with dread
Falters and quails before the impending lance
Nor whither scape with what force meet the foe
Nor car he sees nor sister-charioteer 918
Even as he faltered his death bearing dart
Aeneas brandished marking with his eye
The happy moment then with all his bulk
Hurled it against him Never stone so crashed
Flung from the leaguer s engine nor such roar
Burst with the fire bolt Like a black typhoon
Laden with dire destruction sped the spear
And rending ope the warrior s corslet rims
And utmost circle of his sevenfold shield

927

The forest-depths reverberate the cry
Lowly with up cast eyes a suppliant hand
Outstretching I have earned it he exclaims
Nor deprecate my doom thy fortune use
If a sad father s yearning heart at all
Can touch thee I implore—thou too hadst such

A sire Anchises—upon Daunus old
Have pity and me or if thou wilt my corse,
Reft of the daylight to mine own restore
Thou art the victor and Ausonia s folk
Have seen me stretch forth vanquished hands tis
thine
To wed Lavinia further hate forgo
Fierce in his arms with rolling eyeballs stood
[illegible] more and more

Turnus with wound had vanquished [illegible] low
And now on shoulder bore the fatal badge
Soon as those relics—record of fierce grief—
His eyes drank in with sudden frenzy fired
And terrible in his wrath Wouldst thou go hence—
Tricked in my comrade s trophies scape my hand?
Thou art Pallas victim Pallas deals this blow
And claims the forfeit of thy felon blood 949
So saying with fiery force he plunged the steel
Full in his bosom Then the warrior s limbs
Grow chilled and slackened and the spirit flies
Moaning indignant to the shades below 952

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